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# Collier's

MAY 23, 1953 • FIFTEEN CENTS

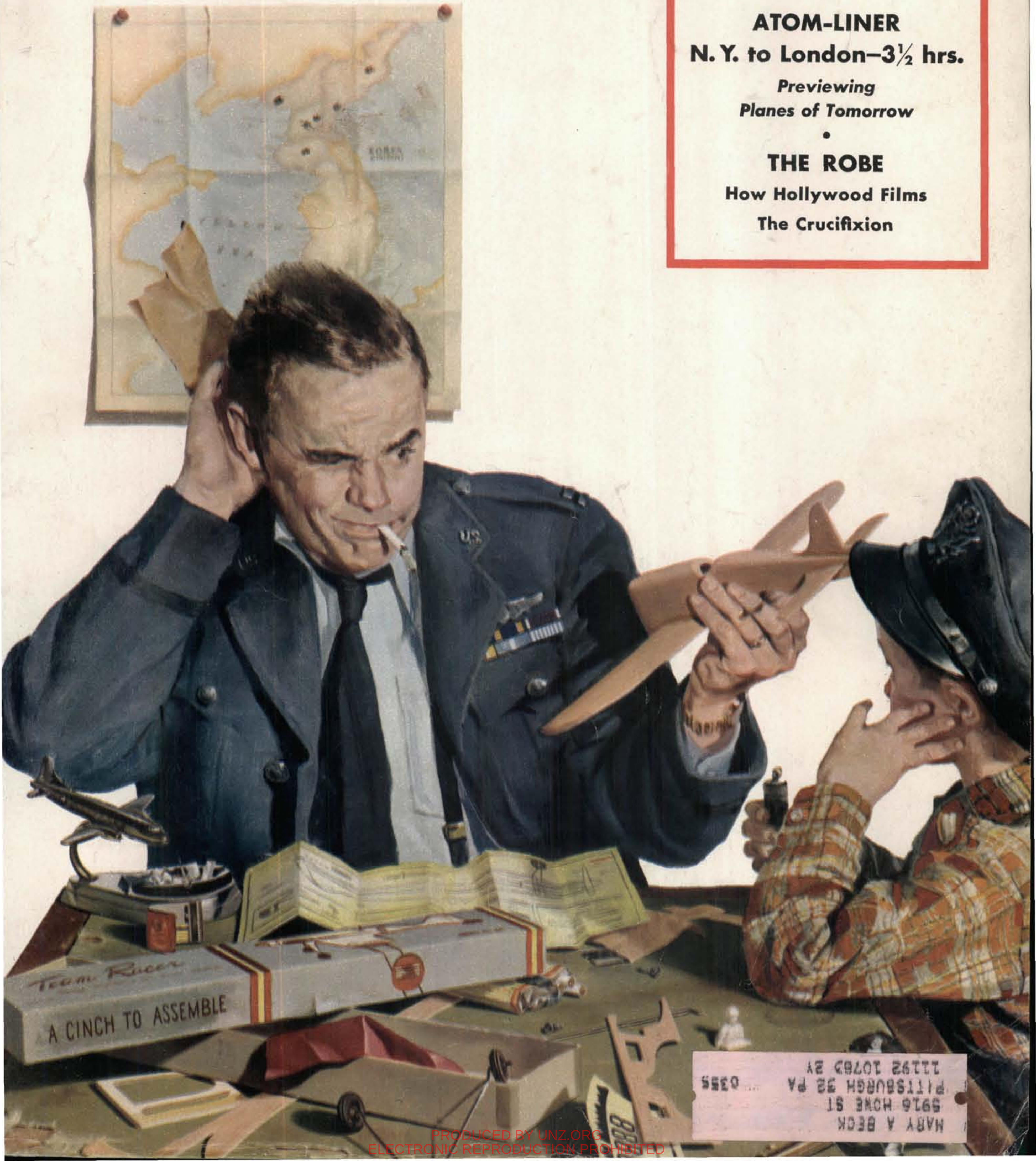
A New
**SHERLOCK HOLMES**
**Adventure**
Complete in This Issue

•

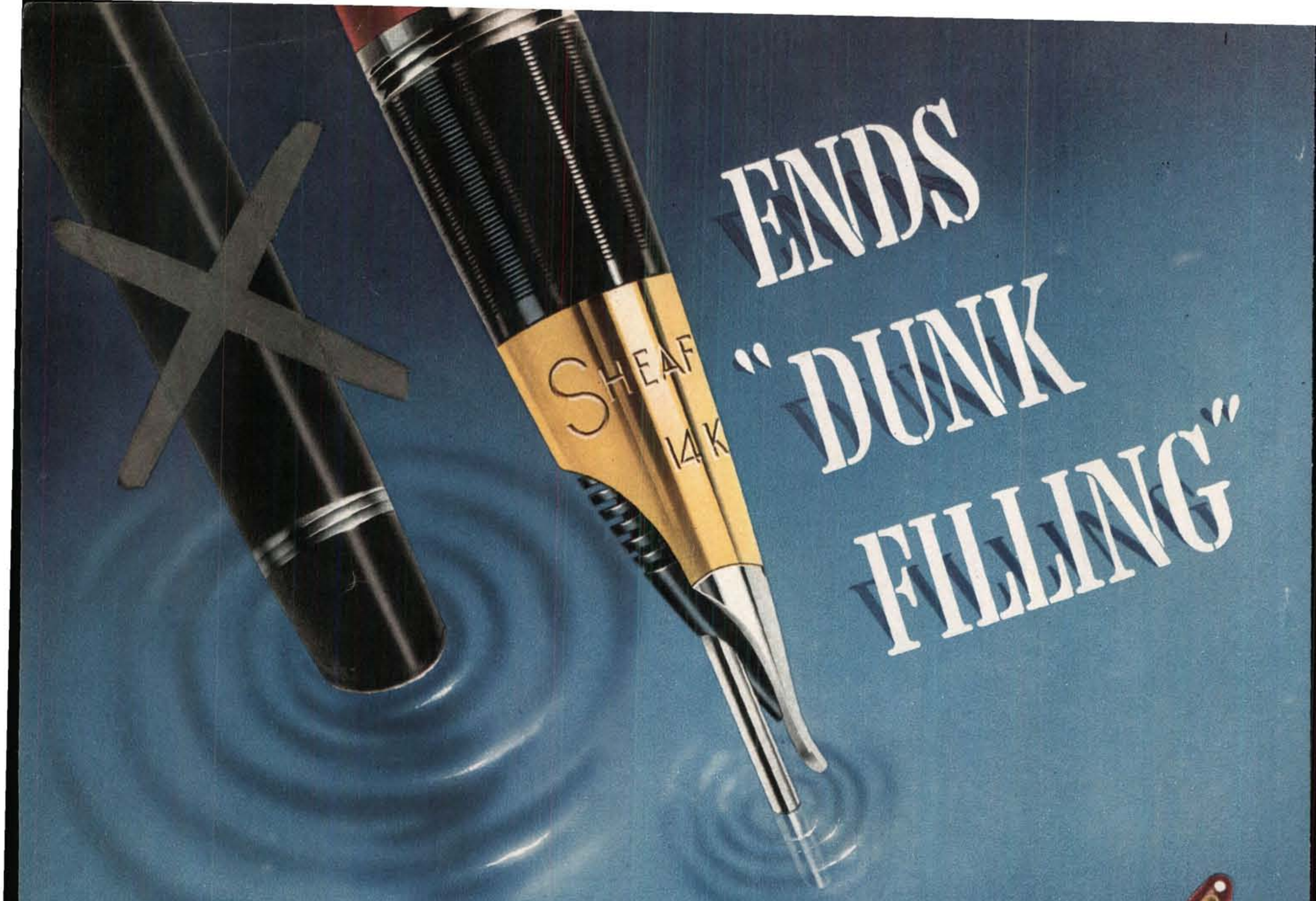
**ATOM-LINER**
**N. Y. to London—3½ hrs.**
*Previewing*
*Planes of Tomorrow*

•

**THE ROBE**
How Hollywood Films
The Crucifixion


KOREA
U.S.
Team Racer
A CINCH TO ASSEMBLE

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32 PA 0355
11192 10783 2Y

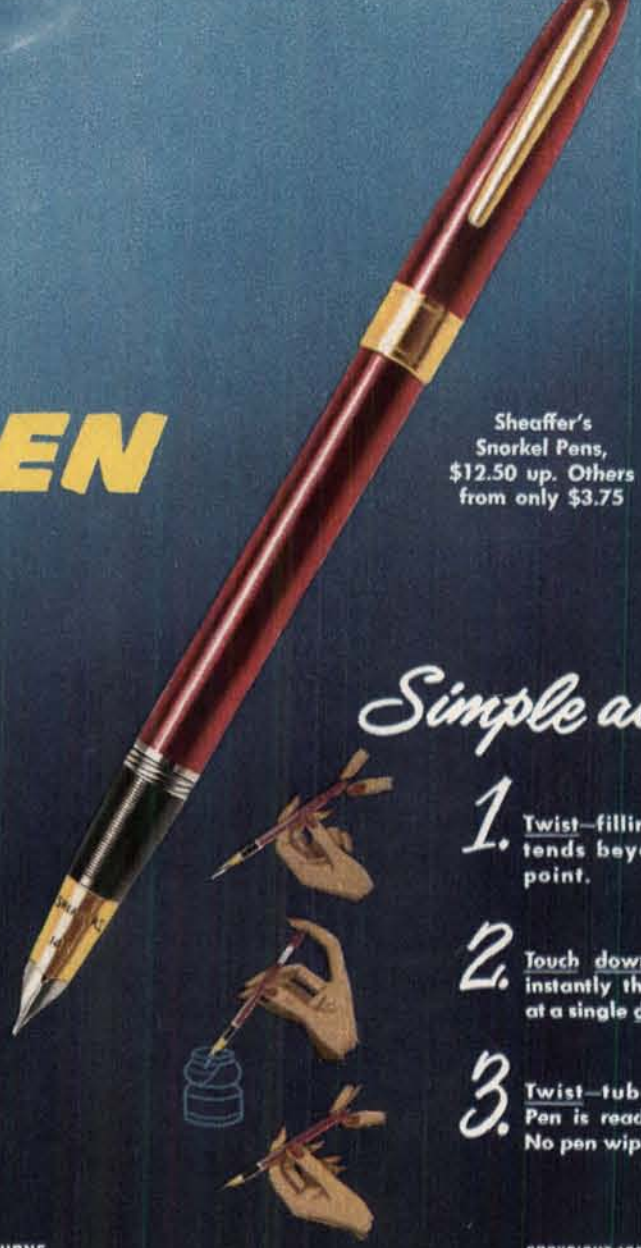


# *Sheaffer's* SNORKEL® PEN

## THE ONLY PEN YOU FILL WITHOUT WIPING OFF THE POINT

You'll never again have a mess on your hands when you own Sheaffer's Snorkel Pen. This picture tells the story—shows you how the magic tube reaches out to drink the ink, while all other pens must be "dunked" to fill. What you can't see, of course, is the shock-protected, precision movement that safeguards performance. Nor can you realize at a glance how it is leak-sealed for safety. How it fills instantly, at the touch of your finger. How it cleans and flushes itself at every filling . . . so only *fresh* ink is ever in the barrel. How smoothly it glides your thoughts on paper. But why take our word for it? See what impresses *you* most about Sheaffer's Snorkel Pen. Try it at your Sheaffer dealer's.

SHEAFFER'S
WHITE DOT OF DISTINCTION



Sheaffer's
Snorkel Pens,
$12.50 up. Others
from only $3.75

*Simple as...*

1. Twist—filling tube ex tends beyond tip o point.
2. Touch down—pen fil instantly through tub at a single down strok
3. Twist—tube retract Pen is ready to writ No pen wiping neede

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY, FORT MADISON, IOWA, U.S.A. IN CANADA: MALTON, ONT. IN AUSTRALIA: MELBOURNE

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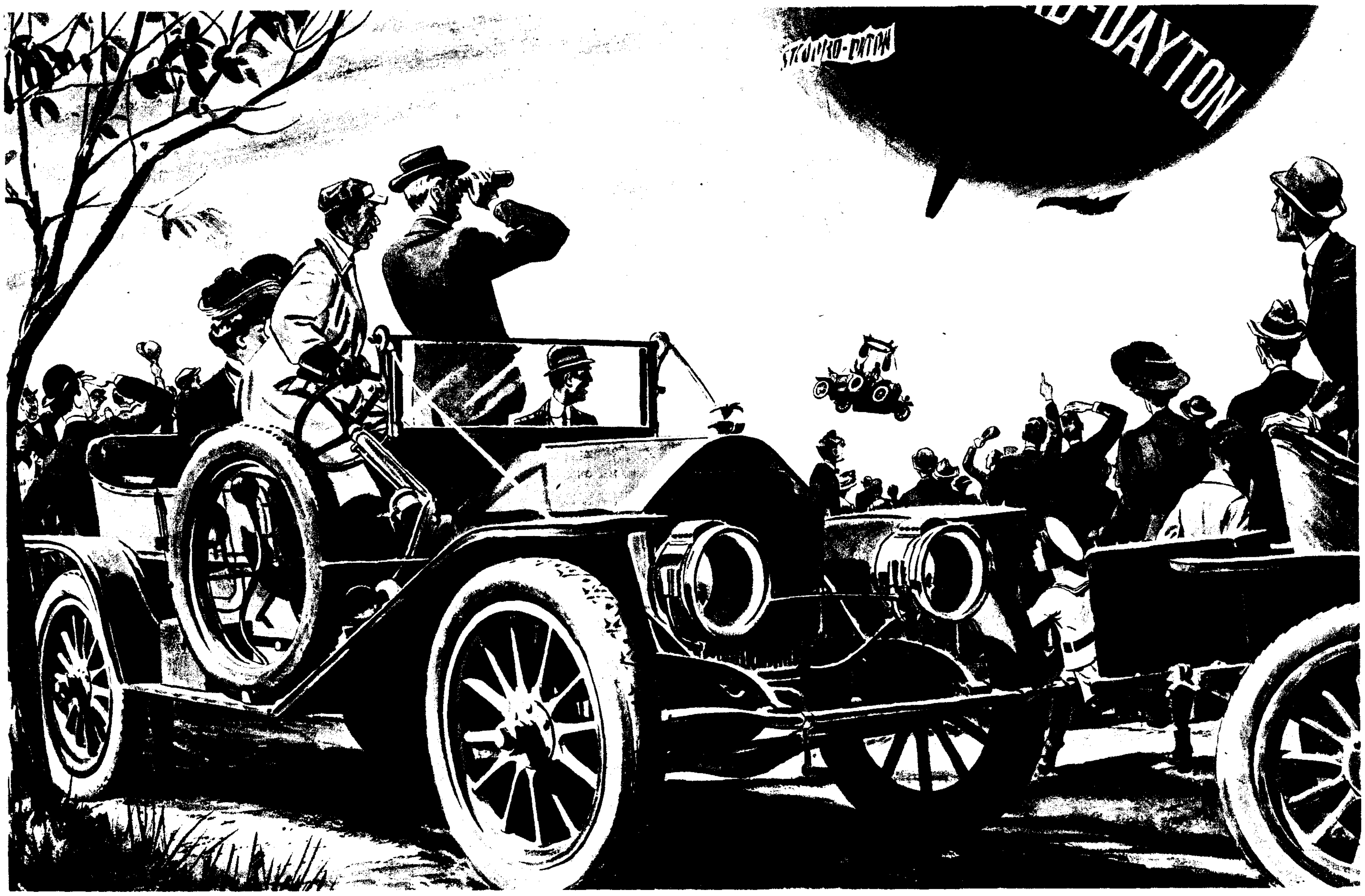
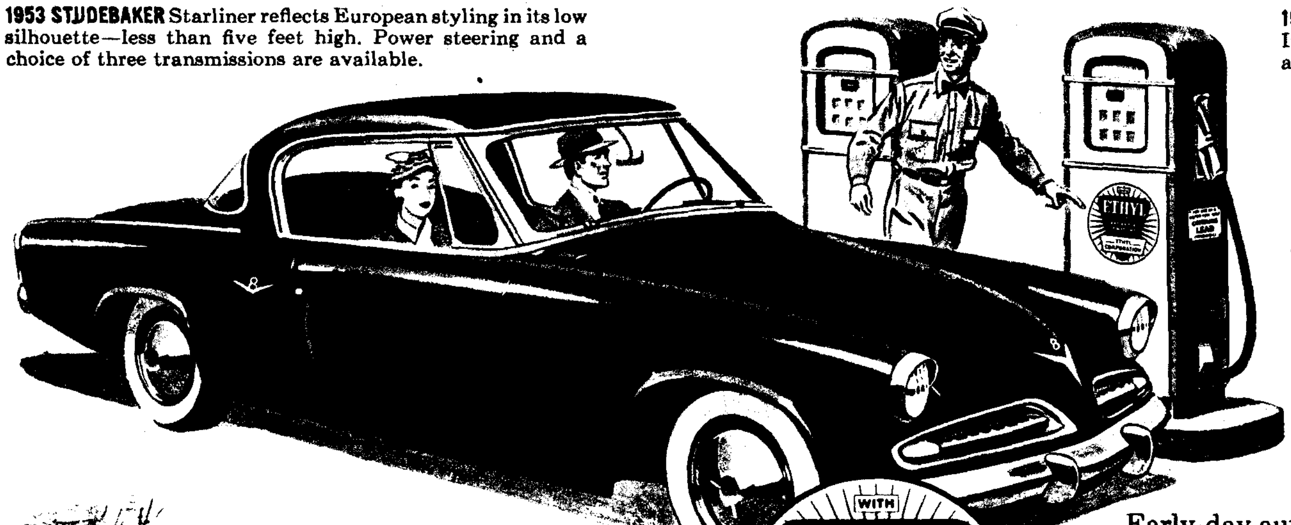


**1909 STODDARD-DAYTON** was typical of its day and proved quite popular. Priced at $2,500, it offered a four-cylinder, 36-horsepower engine. It was manufactured in Dayton, Ohio.

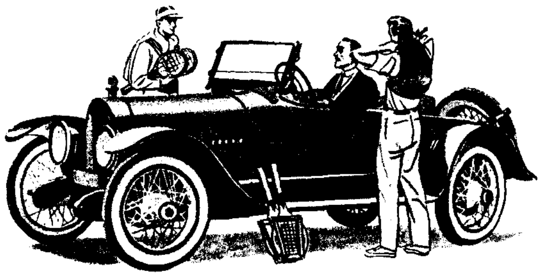
TODAY AS YESTERDAY

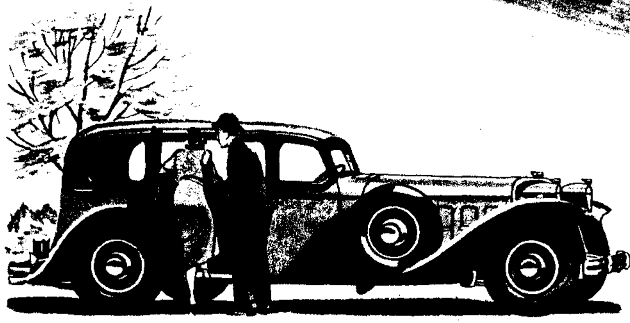
# Cars run their best on the best gasoline

**1953 STUDEBAKER** Starliner reflects European styling in its low silhouette—less than five feet high. Power steering and a choice of three transmissions are available.



**1916 OWEN** was called "The Car of a Thousand Speeds." Its electromagnetic transmission anticipated today's automatic shifting.





**1933 LEVER** claimed "50% saving in fuel . . . 100 miles per hour . . . extreme smoothness" because of its trick engine. A peculiar lever linkage between pistons and connecting rods was designed to increase torque at low engine speeds.

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"ETHYL"
TRADE MARK
ANTIKNOCK
COMPOUND
ETHYL
CORPORATION

**ETHYL**
**CORPORATION**
New York 17, New York
Ethyl Antiknock Ltd., in Canada

Early-day automobile manufacturers often devised fantastic stunts to publicize their cars. One promoter actually hung a car and driver from a huge balloon and sent them sailing over Indianapolis, Indiana.

Probably he was trying to prove that his car had "high" performance. However, today's car owners have their feet very much on the ground when it comes to their cars' power and performance. And millions of them have found the way to get the best out of a modern high compression engine is by using "Ethyl" gasoline.

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men who care

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their hair

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## May 23, 1953

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*The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.*

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## The Cover

Fifty years ago, most fathers and sons weren't faced with flying problems. Fifty years from now, things will be different, too. (For the prospects, see pages 39-53.) Meanwhile, even an Air Force father can come a cropper with the camber of a model plane wing. After he resignedly lays down the sandpaper, Junior will take over and get the "easily assembled" toy into the air.

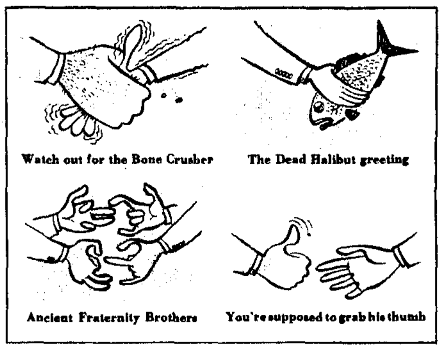
## Week's Mail

### Collegiate Space Science

EDITOR: Marietta College, Marietta, Ohio, is one jump ahead of Parks College of St. Louis University in offering a course in space travel (Week's Mail, April 11th). I am enrolled in Space Travel, which is taught by Dr. Phillips of the Physics Department. I believe that Marietta College is the first college in the United States to offer such a course.

SUSANNE J. BARRETT, Vincent, Ohio

### Hand Wringers


Watch out for the Bone Crusher
The Dead Halibut greeting
Ancient Fraternity Brothers
You're supposed to grab his thumb

EDITOR: That treatise by Gurney Williams on the various types of handshakers (Shake!, April 4th) was a masterpiece.

In my little circle of acquaintances I have managed to encounter all nine types which Williams so capably analyzes. I also invested in nine copies of this issue of Collier's as a present to these shakers. I think they're beginning to get the point.

Thanks to Mr. Williams for this great service to mankind.

BILL MITTLEBEELER, Louisville, Ky.

### Land Grab

EDITOR: May I give you my heartiest congratulations on publishing the infamous land grab of our phony prospectors (How Collier's Grabbed 20 Acres of Valuable Public Land for $1.25, April 11th).

These ancient mineral laws should have been changed years ago. Population pressures make it imperative now.

RAYMOND MOSTEK, Chicago, Ill.

. . . I have been mining nearly 30 years and have never known of a mining claim being used for a hot-dog stand or other business. Of course mining claims *do* have houses on them—your photos showed three. Why didn't you picture some of the hotels, filling stations, restaurants, fishing lodges which you mention? That would have been much more convincing.

You say "only 3 per cent of (your own guessing figures) 30,164,000 acres" is being used for legitimate mining. But

**Reduce highway speeds when nearing small towns and villages.** ***Drive as you'd want others to drive in your home town!***

# How much do reckless drivers add to your auto insurance bill?

AUTO ACCIDENTS keep happening to the same people. That's why each year approximately *one*-fifth of the drivers on the road have almost *four*-fifths of all accidents.

Obviously, an insurance company which avoids the one-fifth who have most of the accidents and concentrates on the four-fifths who have few can afford to charge low rates for its auto insurance.

That's what State Farm Mutual does. It aims to insure *only careful drivers.* Careful driving means fewer accidents—fewer claims—makes low rates possible for all State Farm members.

If your own driving entitles you to State Farm's low-cost "careful driver" insurance, it will pay you to talk to your local State Farm agent. Phone him today. He's listed under "State Farm Insurance" in your local classified phone book.

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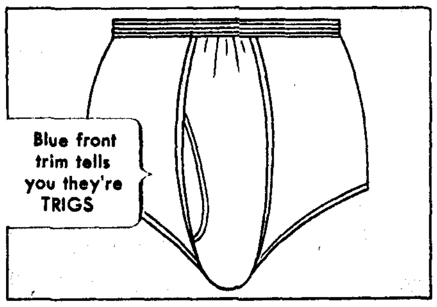
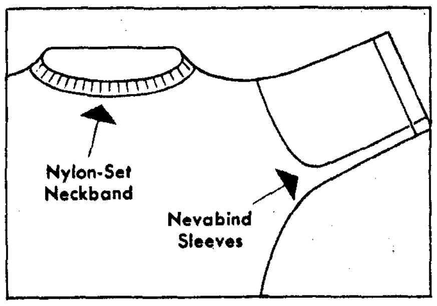

Blue front trim tells you they're TRIGS



**EXCLUSIVE NEVA-VEX* FRONT** gives individual male fit. Trigs are the *only* briefs designed to adjust to your body. Never too snug, won't sag or ride up. Seamless seat, long-life heat-resistant elastic in waist and leg bands. *For Dads,* $1.10 — $1.25. *For Lads,* 89¢

*Pat. app. for

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ALL TRIGS ARE Carter-Set® — WON'T SHRINK OUT OF FIT!
FINE COMBED COTTON KNITS NEED NO IRONING

Yes Carter's makes fine underwear for the whole family
The William Carter Company, Needham Heights 94, Mass.

## Week's Mail CONTINUED

why not go further and tell the *real* reason for mining inertia? I personally know of hundreds of claims being held but not worked simply because of (a) a gold price of 1933 with operating costs of 1953; (b) strategic minerals imported from foreign countries at prices greater than paid U.S. miners; (c) ruinous taxation.

G. B. M. MEDEARIS, Quincy, Cal.

. . . Admitting that there is a great deal of truth in Bill Davidson's story, and that there are undoubtedly abuses in many, many instances, and that there should be some revision of our mining laws, I am one who has just gone through Uncle Sam's wringer in his administration through the Engineers' Corps of the United States Army. The condemnation proceedings through which repossession was gained do not make a pretty picture.

I assure you that the people who make up the bulk of the "locators," both in the mining and grazing areas, are good, average American citizens, and in nearly 12 years of living among them and knowing them intimately, as well as their problems, I can say that I am proud to have lived among them and to count them as neighbors and friends.

A. C. BOHRNSTEDT, President,
The American Fluorspar Group, Inc.,
The Cooperative Mines, Inc.,
La Madera, N.M.

. . . If Collier's does no more than post the discovery notice on the Reilloc No. 1 claim at a total cost of $1.25, contrary to the assertion made by Mr. Bill Davidson, no valid subsisting mining claim exists. Our United States Supreme Court has decided the point in the case of Belk *vs.* Meagher. Fraud is not limited to miners. There have been many cases whereby timber operators, oil lessees and others dealing with the federal government have perpetuated fraud.

The solution to this problem is not to enact new laws and create another extensive federal bureaucracy (which would result if the recommendations of the President's Minerals Policy Commission in the so-called Paley Report are followed), but, rather, to enforce vigorously the present existing laws. The Secretary of the Interior already has the conclusive authority to establish the mineral and nonmineral character of public lands.

THOMAS A. COOKE, Reno, Nev.

. . . Your most interesting article on the mining laws is attracting considerable attention in the Bureau of Land Management. We are especially happy about the paragraph which exonerates the legitimate mining industry. I am referring to the sentence: "The legitimate miners have used the mining laws with careful regard for the public interest, and neither the Forest Service nor the Bureau of Land Management can recall a single serious instance of abuse on their part."

MARION CLAWSON, Department of the Interior, Washington, D.C.

**We should like to re-emphasize the point stressed in the sentence that Mr. Clawson quotes, for it is a point that several apparently hasty readers seem to have missed. Neither Mr. Davidson nor Collier's had any thought of disparaging the valuable work of legitimate miners or impugning their honesty. To several other readers who question the accuracy of Mr. Davidson's article, we offer the reminder that the author was "land-grabbing" in territory governed by federal law, which in several ways is different from the laws of the states which contain the government land. Mr. Davidson's article was thoroughly checked and approved by authorities on government mining laws.**

### *The Able Disabled*

EDITOR: Howard Whitman's terrific article What Do You Mean *Handicapped?* (April 11th) was most timely and we commend Collier's on the way the story was handled. It is one of the finest articles we have ever read on the subject and we wish it were possible to get a copy of it into the hands of every employer in the United States.

We, of course, have heard of the fine work done at General Motors in behalf of the handicapped, and the great corporation has only put into practice what it has always believed: that there are abilities in everyone.

CHARLES MOOSHIAN, Little Rock, Ark.

### *Big Moving Job*

EDITOR: I read with considerable interest the very good article on The Louisiana Purchase (March 21st). However, I wonder how the author, Bernard De Voto, could move the Milwaukee Railroad from southwestern Montana to the northwestern part of the state so glibly.

According to a Montana map, the closest the Milwaukee road gets to Marias Pass is about 125 miles! Doesn't the author know that the Great Northern Railroad crosses *North* Dakota and Montana through Marias Pass?

J. L. MURPHEY, Missoula, Mont.

**Sorry. Guess we took the wrong train.**

### *He Says It Isn't So*

EDITOR: In her article titled I Was Called Subversive (March 28th), Mrs. Dorothy Frank stated: "Some (who opposed UNESCO in Los Angeles) were local members of the American Flag Committee of Philadelphia, which is led by W. Henry MacFarland, Jr., former director of the Nationalist Action League, cited by the Justice Department as a Fascist organization."

Mrs. Frank neglected to state that I have denied this allegation in a sworn statement submitted to the Attorney General's office which, if untrue, should have caused my arrest and conviction for perjury.

Since my name was used in Mrs. Frank's article, I feel that I should be given the opportunity to place this letter in your Week's Mail column, in partial defense of my loyalty to the government of the United States of America. I am a vigorous opponent of totalitarianism, whether Communist or Fascist, as my writings and past activities will show.

W. HENRY MACFARLAND, JR.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

**In spite of Mr. MacFarland's denial of the allegation that the Nationalist Action League was a Fascist group, Mrs. Frank was correct in her statement that the league had been cited by the Justice Department. And the citation still stands.**

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THESE MEN ARE DISCUSSING YOUR FUTURE. They know that atomic war is for keeps. They know that tomorrow's defenses against atomic attack must be planned *today*.

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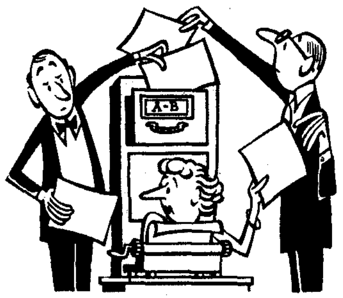
*The* Kenmoor, *S-1270, black calf and white nylon mesh U-wing tip. $18.95*

*Other Florsheim Styles* $17.95 *and higher*

*The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago • Makers of fine shoes for men and women*

# 48 STATES OF MIND

## By WALTER DAVENPORT



Last time we were in Washington, D.C., a fellow in one of the bureaus told us that his department head had given him permission to get rid of a couple of tons of ancient papers, directives, documents and the like that had accumulated over a period of 10 or 15 years. But, his boss said, he'd have to be certain and make exact copies of everything he threw away and keep them—just in case.

★ ★ ★

A little tired of hearing men say they don't understand women, Miss Beryl Fitterer, of Moscow, Idaho, declares publicly that what women know about men may be inconsequential but what they suspect makes up for it.

★ ★ ★

We are trying to be calm about it, but know that sooner or later the title of this column will be enlarged by one. While waiting for Congress to give the statehood nod to Hawaii, we've been looking up a little history. And we find that many of the Senate's objections to Hawaii were advanced against California's being admitted. One farseeing senator, the Honorable Thomas Ewing of Ohio, said during the debate: "With all the extent of California, it will never sustain one half the population of the small state of Ohio—not one half. The population will be very small indeed." In the event you don't know, Senator Ewing was wrong.

★ ★ ★

Shoals of thrill-seeking residents of Cincinnati invaded the Hotel Sinton, demanding particulars. Manager was puzzled until he looked at the hotel's sign. Something wrong with the neon lights. Sign read Hot Sin On. This report comes from one of the many disappointed lobby invaders.

★ ★ ★

Just been reading a piece by a widely syndicated pundit. He says: "The possibility of menace from alleged Russian planes may cause Japan some apprehension." It's that kind of forthright journalism that helps us get a clear view of what's going on.

★ ★ ★

Having invested $50,000 of Milwaukee's municipal moneys in bonds issued by the Associates Investment Company of South Bend, Indiana, and receiving same, City Treasurer Joseph J. Krueger proceeded at leisure to read them. It was time well spent. Said the bonds: "The Associates Investment Company hereby promises to pay to the bearer on the first day of September, 1962, the sum of one thousand dollars in *awful* money of the United States of America." Mr. Krueger is of the opinion that it might be a misprint.

★ ★ ★

Got a nice pamphlet from a group in San Francisco calling themselves The Happy Home Brighteners. On page four of this pamphlet we're told that "Incalculable harm can be done to the home and to family happiness by the selection of the wrong sandpaper."

★ ★ ★

Over the door of the First National Bank in Newark, Ohio, is the face of the late Adam Kissel sculptured in stone. As far as the old 48 research institute can learn, this is our country's only memorial to an arsonist. Eighty-three years ago Mr. Kissel got drunk and set fire to a flock of filthy shacks on the site. Hoped, but failed, to collect the insurance. But Newarkers were so glad to be rid of the shanties they erected a monument to Mr. Kissel.

★ ★ ★

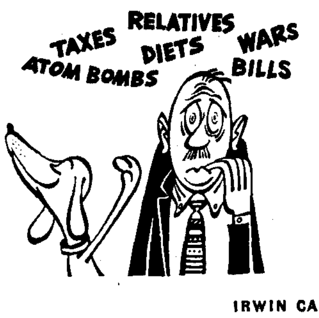
Short short story germ. Sweet little old lady living alone in one of Vermont's loveliest old houses put a sign on the gatepost: NOTICE TO TOURISTS. THIS HOUSE IS FOR SALE. INQUIRE WITHIN. To all who inquired within she told her little secret. Didn't want to sell at all. Just liked to have strangers drop in for a cup of tea and a chat.

★ ★ ★

Well, we've just been assured by Mr. Tom Yellong, of Topeka, Kansas, that he can take us to a Midwestern florist's shop which boasts that all its stock has been treated with chlorophyll.

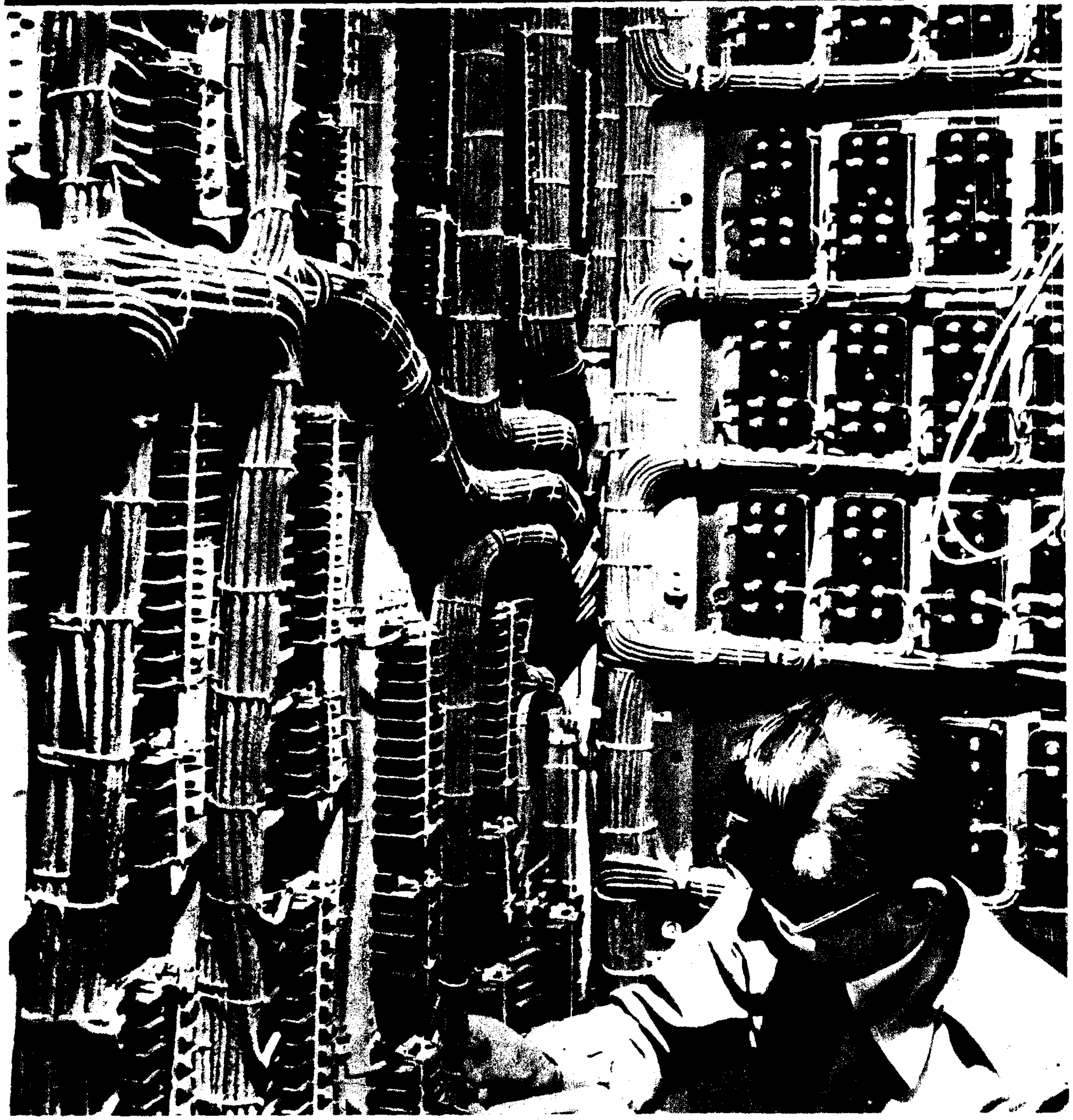
★ ★ ★

Had a nice talk with our dog about that report from the Jackson Memorial Laboratory, at Bar Harbor, Maine, as published by the New York Academy of Sciences. Dog said it was all very well for those learned men down East to say that dogs were potentially capable of ordering and conducting their own affairs, even governing themselves. But he gave us to understand that he, for one dog, had absolutely no intention of leading a man's life. ▲▲▲



IRWIN CAPLAN

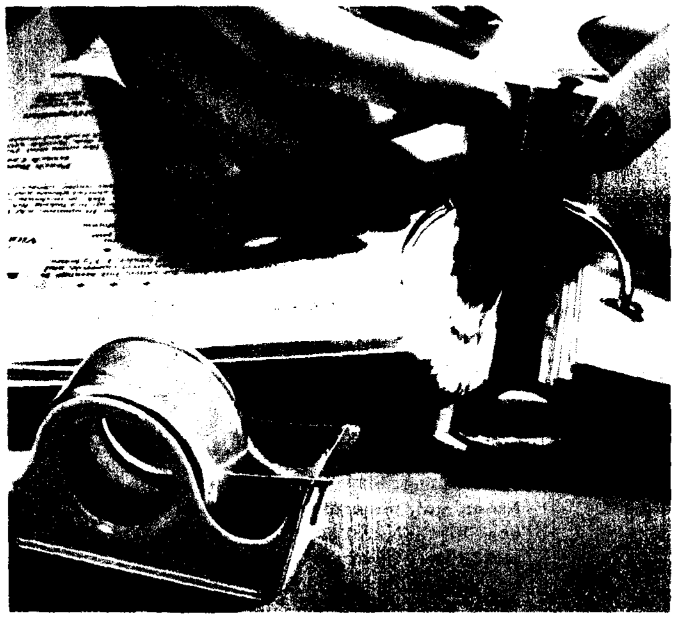
# Only STEEL can do so many jobs so well



**Power for the People.** No doubt about it, America is lucky to have such a generous supply of electric power . . . for electricity contributes enormously to the health, comfort and convenience of all of us. United States Steel helps to provide electricity for better living by manufacturing products like U·S·S Amerbestos Wire, here being used in the generating station switchboard of one of the nation's largest electric utility companies.

**9½ Miles of Hole . . . and Still Going Strong!** The American Tiger Brand Rotary Line with which this "Oilwell" No. 76 rig is strung, has already been used in the drilling of 7 oil wells for a total of 49,700 feet of "hole." In the oilfields, the products of United States Steel are favorites, because they give longer service with less trouble.

**Inside Information.** The growing popularity of steel windows . . . and especially of the picture-window type like this . . . is explained by the ladies very simply: they say they like the way these windows bring the view indoors; they like their weather-tightness, their slender graceful lines; and most of all, they like their ease of cleaning from *inside* the house. Only steel can do so many jobs so well.



**How to use Tape without Getting Stuck.** Easy. Just use the handy dispenser that comes with it! Scores of drug and grocery items these days come to you with ingenious dispensing devices built into them: like pressure cans for shaving cream and bug killers, boudoir covers for cleansers, shut-off spouts for honey containers. Many of these devices are made of steel in the form of tin-plate (1% tin, 99% steel!).

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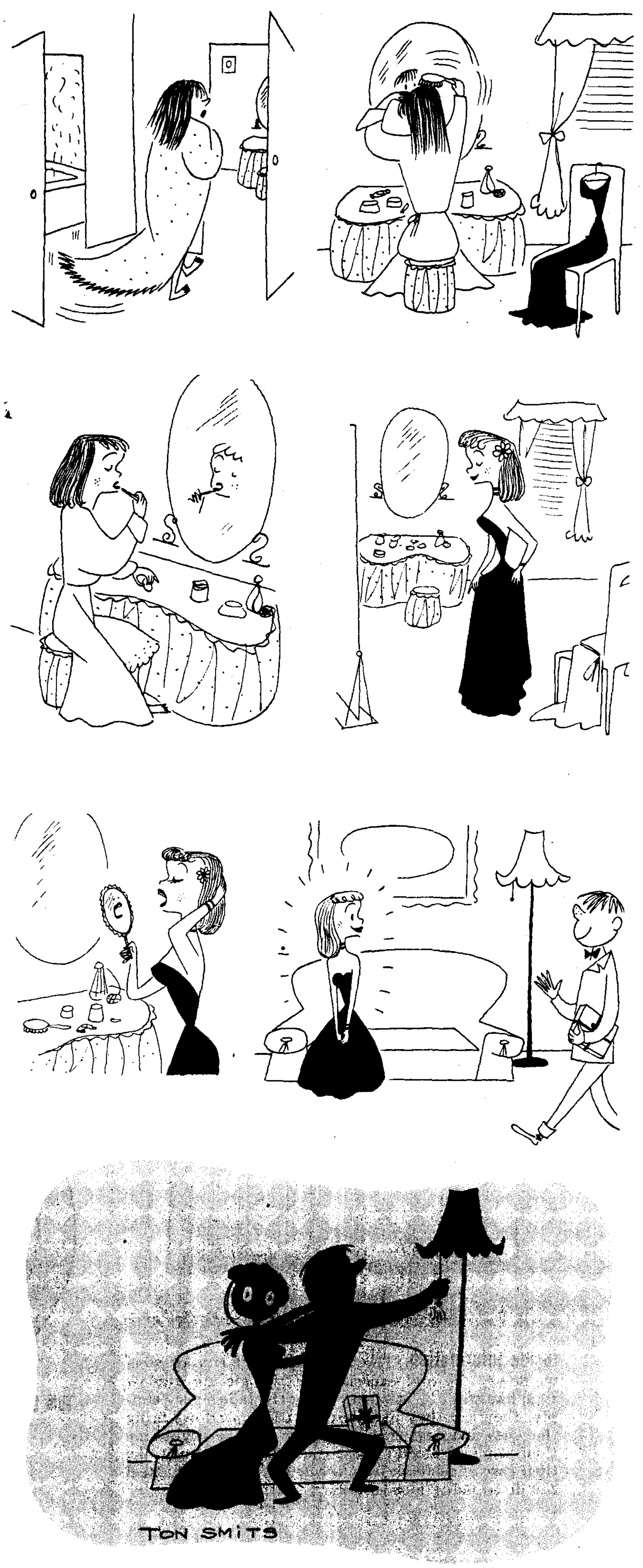
New, Finer VITALIS® with V-7
HAIR TONIC
PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

# BLACKOUT

By TON SMITS



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**Gives you a pretty warm feeling,** doesn't it . . . to know you can provide "more where that came from." But can you be sure there'll *always* be second helpings for your children, *even if you're not here?*

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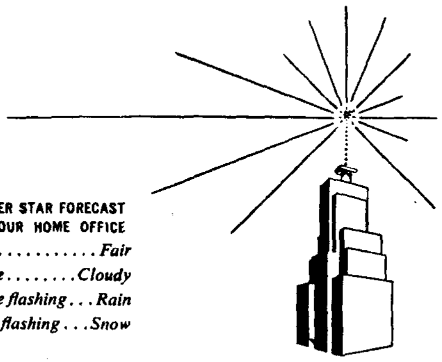
**No company can offer you** *better life insurance for your money than Mutual Of New York. Behind every MONY policy you buy stands the strength of one of the largest mutual companies in the world, and the counsel of trained representatives. Mail this coupon today.*



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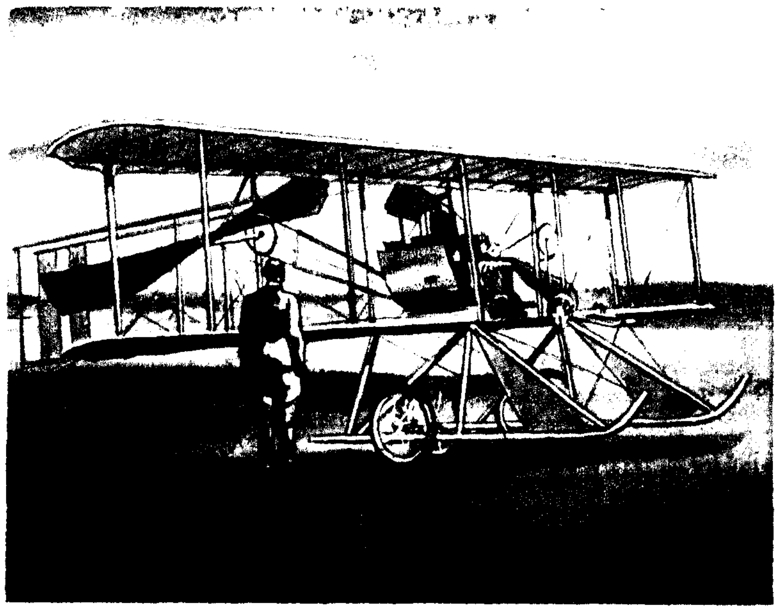
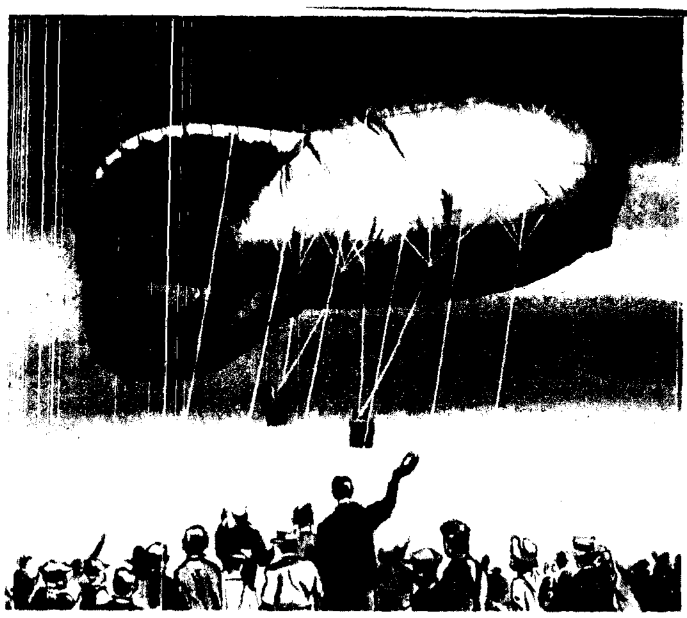
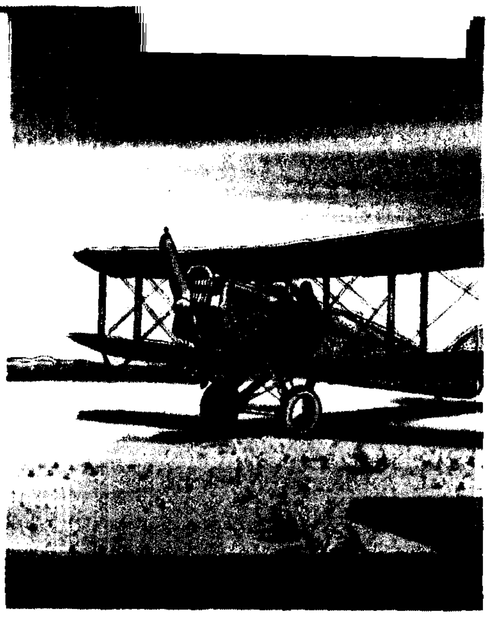


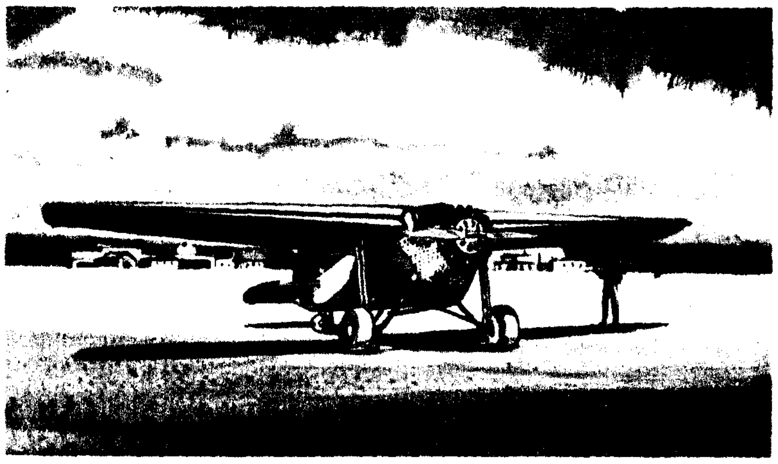
**The "Wing" Aeroplane Tire**—first pneumatic tire ever designed for aviation use was built by Goodyear; resulted in greatly increased operational safety for early aircraft.



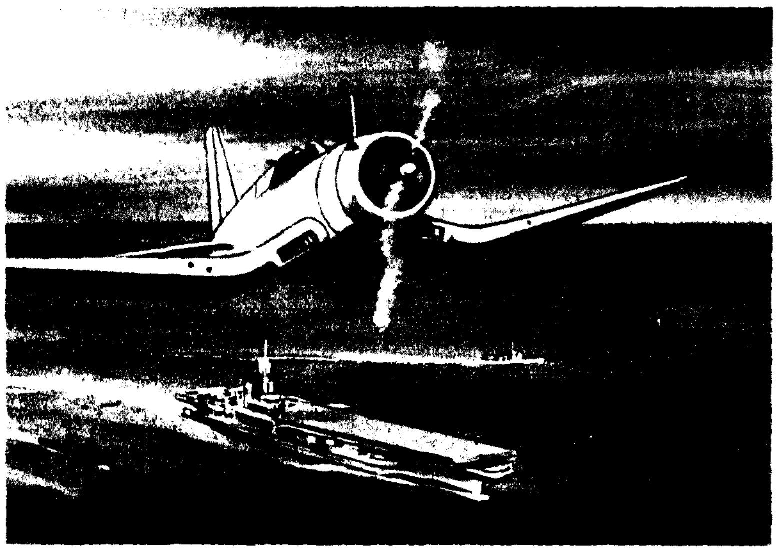
**The "Sausage" Balloon,** used for observation work in the First World War, was built by Goodyear—pioneer of the convoy-watching blimp as well.



**"Stay-Tight" Fabric,** developed b
used on the wings of Wright Brothers' planes a
was standard on famous DH-4 and other Worl



**The Airwheel**—in 1927 Goodyear introduced the first low-pressure pneumatic aircraft tire; its broad, cushioned footprint provided safe, smooth landings on the unimproved landing fields of the day.



**The Goodyear-Built FG-1**—In 1943, the first of over 4,000 complete Navy fighters manufactured by Goodyear rolled off the production line.

# As always—our F

Here, briefly, is the story of Goodyear in aeronautics—a record of contributions which encompasses the whole span of man-made flight.

Today, this prideful past gives new hope for the future of our nation, whose safety lies in a sky

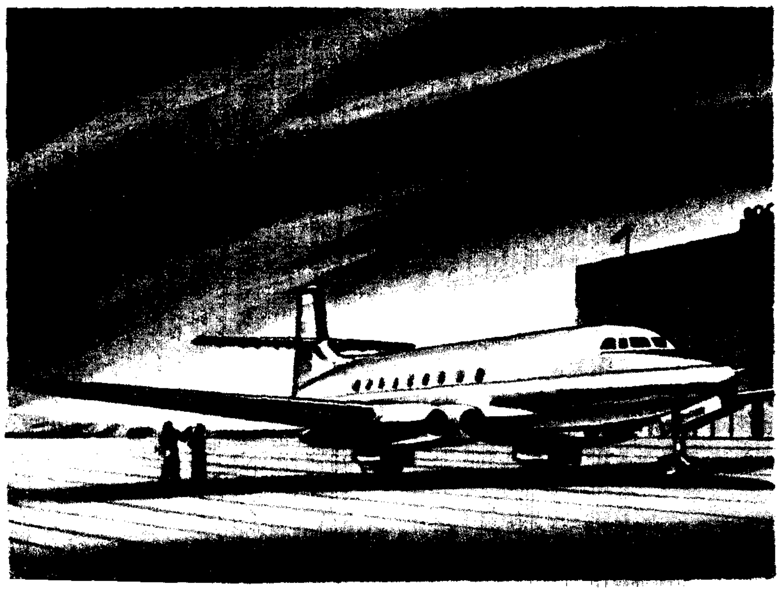
**GOOD**

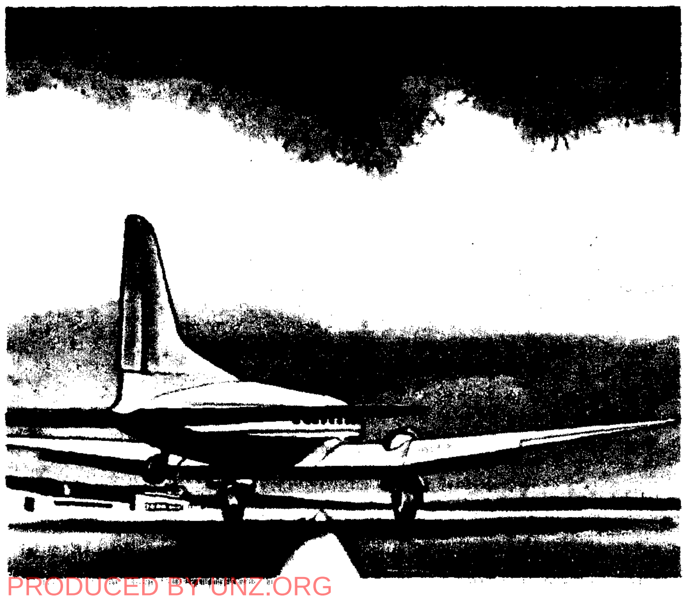
★ **PROUD OF ITS PART IN AVI**

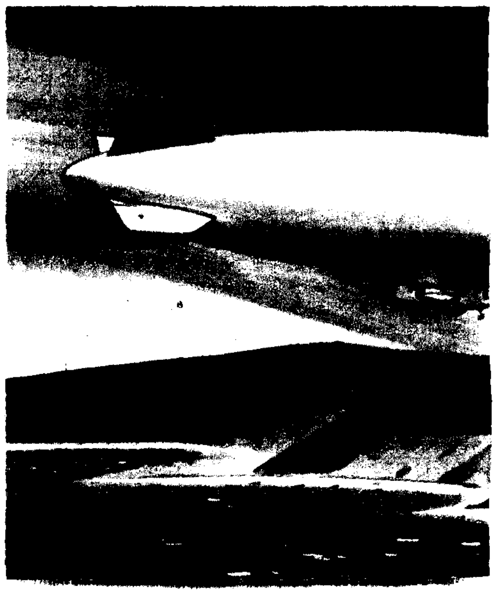
**Iceguards by Goodyear**—new simplified system of ice protection for aircraft — utilized another Goodyear "first," Pliotherm, rubber that *conducts* electricity.

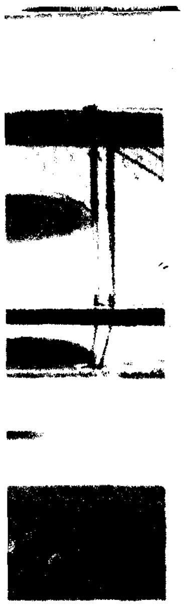
**Cross-Wind Landing Wheel**—1947, Goodyear introduces the *first* successful device for safely landing aircraft on any runway regardless of wind direction.

**The Navy's New "N" Ship**—designed
Goodyear for antisubmarine patrol service; it
sustained flight longer than any other aircraft









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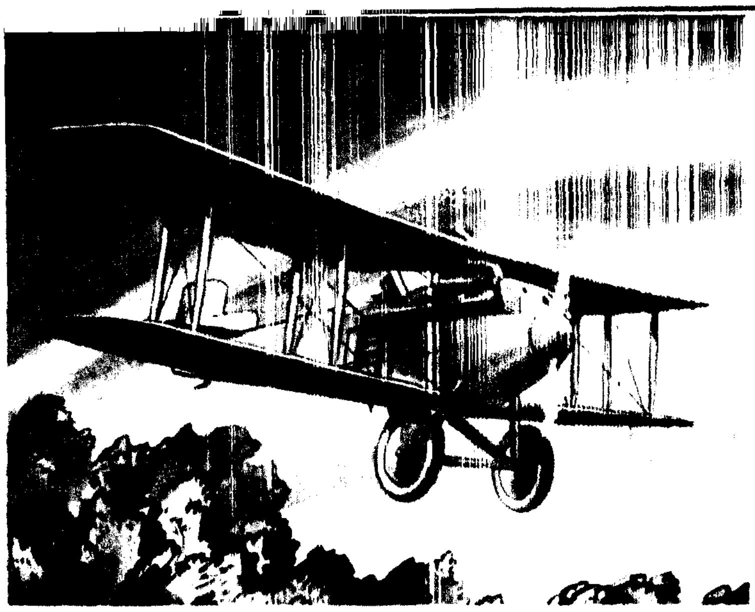
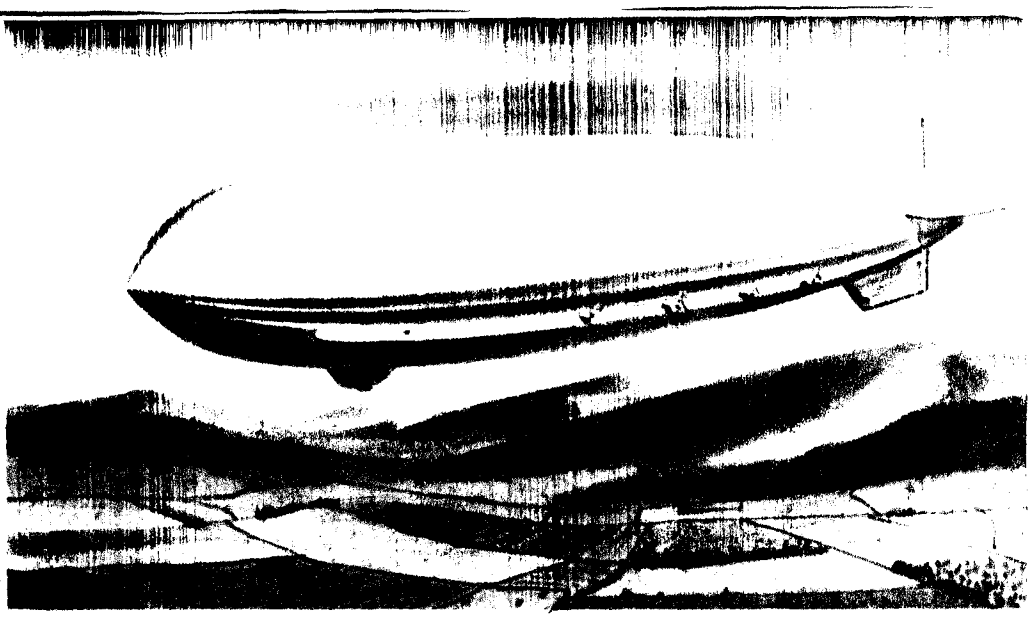


**First Successful Bullet-Sealing Fuel Tank** was developed by Goodyear in 1920—the first of a wide range of Goodyear fuel cells which today meet every aviation need.



**The Rigid Airship**—builder of many of the most famous rigid and nonrigid airships, Goodyear perfected new techniques for spot-welding aluminum and shaping alloys which are used universally in aircraft production today.

# ure's in the Skies!

›ulwarked by American air power and the
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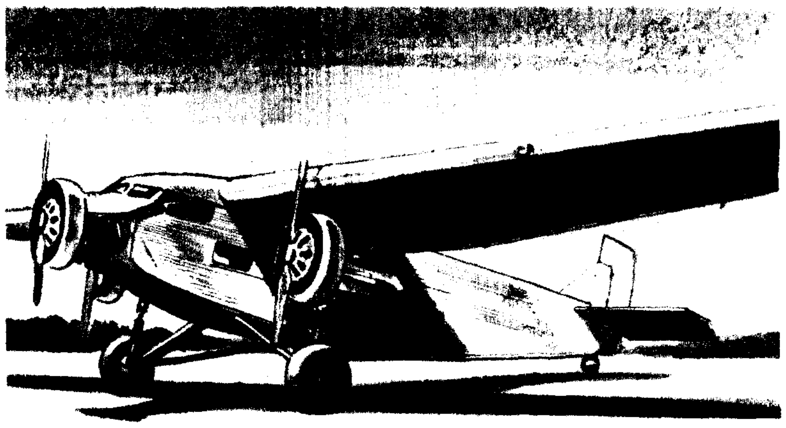
Here, the leadership pioneering of Goodyear will
:ontinue to set the pace for the future, just as it
ıas shaped so many glories of the past.

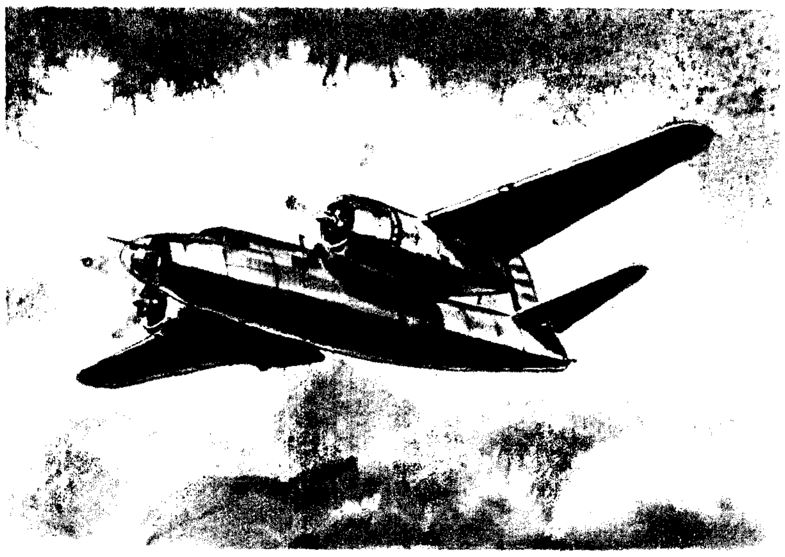
# YEAR

**ON'S 50 YEARS OF PROGRESS ★**

Iceguard, Pliotherm, Airwheel—T. M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



**In 1932, Goodyear** designed the first super-efficient aircraft brake—paved the way for larger, speedier planes; followed this with the renowned, spacesaving Single Disc Brake in 1940.



**The Famous B-26** bomber and many other airplanes of World War II utilized Goodyear's ability to produce aircraft components and subassemblies—in this case, complete empennages and wings.

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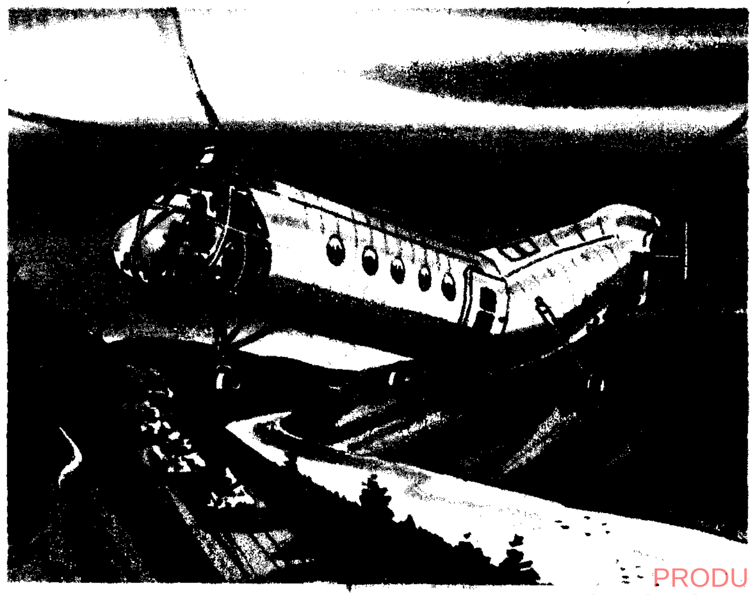
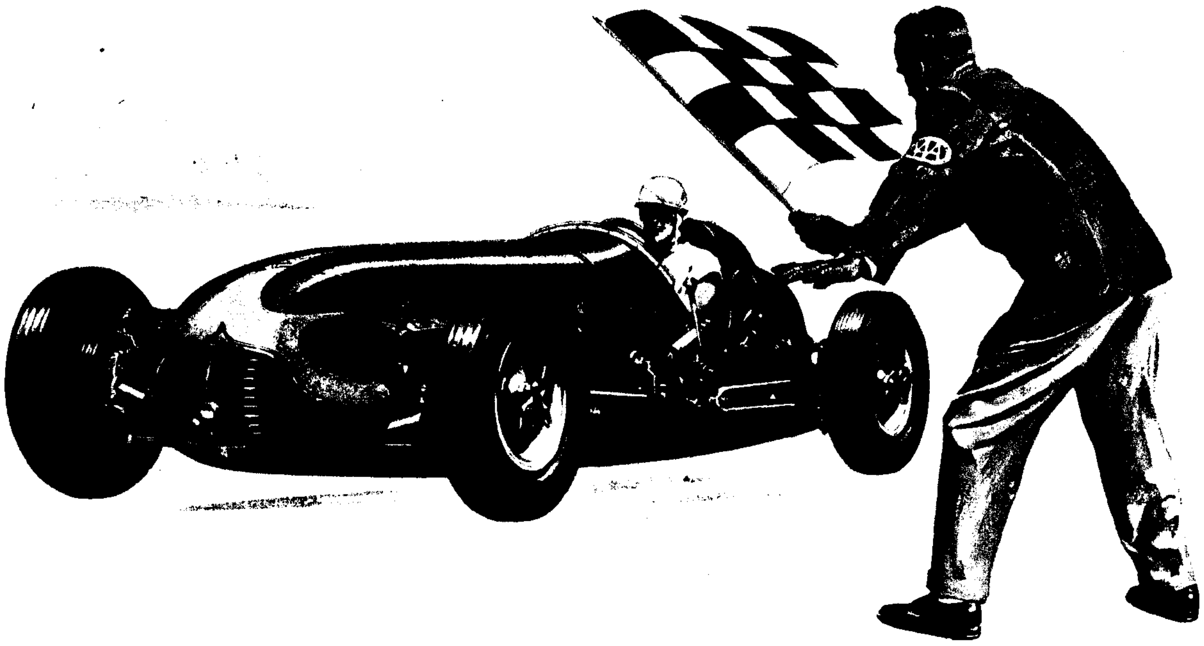
**Contributions** of Goodyear by the advancement of the helicopter include: designing and building complete fuselage shells for the type shown below, supplying vital components for other makes.



**Many of Today's Fastest Bombers** are equipped with optically clear canopies, droppable fuel tanks, Iceguards, electrically transparent radomes for gun-laying radar—all built by Goodyear.



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AMERICA'S FAVORITE
CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS
SOLD HERE
IGNITION SERVICE

*Better by Far for* **EVERY CAR** *Regardless of Make or Year!*

The first glimpse of daylight came when Commander Gerald Duffner, the over-all chief of the project, opened the hatch. For author and the men below, the long confinement was over

LEW MERRIM

# We Were Sealed In a Sub for 60 Days

### By LT. CMDR. RALPH E. FAUCETT

*Medical Corps, U. S. Navy*

**For two months they saw "no sun nor stars, nor felt the wind nor the rain." The man who led 22 volunteers tells the story of an imprisonment vital to the future of atomic submarines**

FOR most of my men, the morning of January 19th must have dawned like the start of a prison sentence. Only worse.

Ahead lay 60 days in the sweating recesses of the old submarine Haddock without a breath of fresh outside air. I could almost read the men's minds. They were seeing themselves coughing and choking in the narrow, dimly lighted compartments of the sub. Who, they were wondering, would be the first to crack mentally under the strain of constant confinement? How many would be able to stick it out for the two full months?

But I wasn't worried about their courage. Only a few of the 22 had had any previous submarine experience. Yet they all had volunteered to join below in the long-planned, highly important and secret Navy scientific experiment called Operation Hideout.

As a doctor as well as a graduate of the submarine school, I knew that many of their fears were natural, but I also knew they were unnecessary. But as Commander Gerald Duffner, who was in over-all charge of the experiment, left the Haddock at 9:30 that morning and closed the upper hatch to the forward escape trunk, my stomach felt queasy.

Just 15 minutes earlier we had been standing topside in the broad sunlight. Now the 23 of us were locked in below with little more than half a submarine as our home and work station for two full months. We had no assurance as to what would happen to us during these many days. We only knew that the results of the experiment—the good and the bad—might be vital to the future of America's atomic submarines now on the building ways.

The Haddock wasn't submerged. It was moored in position between a barge and the submarine tender Proteus at the United States Naval Submarine Base in New London, Connecticut. But we were to be as thoroughly cut off from an outside glimpse of the world as if we were deep in the ocean on a long wartime patrol. For 60 days, we would neither see morning sun nor evening stars, nor feel the wind nor the rain, unless one or more of us felt he had to quit and leave the submarine.

Theoretically, we would have access to more than 23,000 cubic feet of space aboard the Haddock—the equivalent of a good-sized home. But the forward torpedo room, which housed electronic gear, was reserved for our three electronics technicians, and we had to share the rest of our space almost constantly with droves of medical men and their bulky equipment, as well as with other authorized visitors.

The constant stream of guests didn't break our seal. The forward escape trunk is a tall cylinder connecting the forward torpedo room with the upper deck. The trunk served as a sort of vestibule for visitors and a barrier for us. As the upper hatch now was permanently shut, outsiders entered the trunk by way of a side door. Only after closing the door were they permitted to open the lower hatch and step below.

### Guinea Pigs and Rats Were Favored

Since we sometimes had as many as 30 and 35 visitors on board, crowding became at least as bad as it is in a submarine at sea with its average working complement of 80 officers and men. Even the 60 guinea pigs (in the forward engine room) and 100 white rats (in the chief's quarters) brought aboard the Haddock to be studied during the experiment found life considerably more confining than in the nice airy laboratories they were used to on land. But they managed to get a measure of revenge. When our air conditioning sputtered during the first few days of the project, we shivered, because all heaters were commandeered to keep the animals warm. And the only evidence of the opposite sex during our stay was the mother rats who produced a few litters of baby rats.

As a medical officer stationed at the submarine base, Operation Hideout did not come to me as a complete surprise. I had heard whisperings about it months before I actually descended into the Haddock. The experiment was a direct—and almost mandatory—result of the government's decision to equip a submarine with nuclear power.

With the laying of the keel for the atomic-powered Nautilus last June (Collier's, December 20, 1952), the United States finally was preparing to launch a truly submersible craft: a boat capable of staying under water for months at a time without having to rise to the surface to recharge batteries or recirculate air.

But now a question arose to plague Navy scientists: What about the human factor? Granting the mechanical perfection of the Nautilus and other submarines, how long could crews stay confined under water without mental or physical injury?

A chief remaining obstacle in this regard was the problem of carbon dioxide. We knew that when submerged and unable to use the fresh-air-supplying snorkel pipe, oxygen bottles and new equipment being developed could supply the men in a submarine with sufficient oxygen to satisfy the requirements of life for an indefinite period. But in the process of respiration, humans exhale carbon dioxide—a gas that ordinarily comprises about .04 per cent of the air we breathe.

The high concentrations of carbon dioxide which can easily accumulate in the confining quarters of a submarine unless removal provisions are adequate could choke a man to death. On present-day submarines, the problem is solved either by frequent snorkeling—traveling high enough so that the snorkel is out of the water—or surfacing to get a new air supply.

The atomic submarines, however, had to be able to stay below indefinitely. And the equipment needed to insure the removal of carbon dioxide to a normal level was too bulky and heavy to take aboard. We hoped the solution would be found in a new and highly secret air scrubber developed for the Navy at Northwestern University. The scrubber, which would remove odors and smoke particles, also would take out some—but not all—of the excess carbon dioxide in the atmosphere. It had been tested on land, but never in a submarine.

### Practical Tryout for Air Scrubber

Operation Hideout was intended partly to determine how well it would operate in a sub. We were primarily aboard for an even more important reason. Even if the scrubber did work, could man—meaning the 23 of us—tolerate the amount of carbon dioxide still remaining in the air?

Commander Duffner, the officer in charge of the Naval Medical Research Laboratory in New London, was also officer in charge of Hideout. Those of us bottled in the submarine were only part of his crew. He was also being assisted by some Navy and civilian doctors, psychologists, biochemists and medical technicians. An air line from the barge brought the measured mixtures of oxygen and carbon dioxide into the sub that were necessary for the long experiment.

The volunteer phase of Hideout got under way when our base paper, The Dolphin, carried a story describing the planned project. Although security restrictions immediately were put into force prohibiting any further articles about the test, we were swamped with applicants at the Medical Research Laboratory.

The men came for every conceivable reason. Some simply were seeking excitement and were hopeful that the project would prove dangerous.

## *Crew's View of Operation Hideout*

By FIREMAN ROLAND E. BOUCHER

**Boucher**

**The second week inside the submarine was the toughest one for all of us. Up till then we had been bragging to one another about our "soft duty." The food was as great as we had expected it to be—confirming all the onshore reports about submariners having the best chow in the Navy. We had little real work to do other than routine cleaning details and occasional duty in the galley. And it was sort of fun taking the tests and getting used to all the contraptions which would help decide how much carbon dioxide human beings could tolerate for a long period of time.**

**But sometime around the seventh or eighth day the air in the Haddock seemed to change. We all got headaches and began sleeping restlessly and having strange dreams. We started to get jumpy and quick-tempered. There were even a few threats to "chuck this crazy brig-time."**

**But after a while the headaches went away and we again slept well. I'm no scientist, but I knew there was a change in my blood pressure and heartbeat. I could almost feel my body adjusting to strange elements in the atmosphere.**

**There may be medical explanations for all this, but I'm pretty sure that a steady series of practical jokes helped us all feel better. The two biggest jokesters were Leo Hindsley, of Camden, New Jersey, the ship's cook, and Jim Thomas, of Carlsbad, New Mexico, a seaman apprentice. These two guys always were thinking up new ways to torment the rest of us.**

**But I guess that Roy Lanphear, the torpedoman's mate first class from Roseville, California, who was our executive officer, pulled the best gag of all. One day he hid a tape-recording machine in his compartment and invited John Valentino, a seaman apprentice from Patchogue, New York, in for a visit. Lanphear began needling him and asking provocative questions—mainly about John's technique with women.**

**Under Lanphear's smart prompting, Valentino soon was talking boldly about Operation Hideout, women, the Navy in general, women, the officers in charge of Hideout, and women. He used up about 15 minutes' worth of tape before he found out about the recorder.**

**Just about that time Dr. Faucett—our commanding officer—walked in and was told what was going on. He promptly asked for a playback. He listened seriously as poor Valentino nervously stood by, wearing a sickly smile. When the recording finally ended, the poor guy didn't know what to expect—until the skipper burst out laughing as hard as he could.**

**After a while, life on the sub seemed to revolve around the tests. The one test I'll never forget was the electroencephalograph, or the EEG, as it was called. It was used to record our brain waves while we were sleeping; at least that's all I can figure out.**

**The machine was set up in a stateroom. I'd lie down on the bunk, and one of the visiting medical technicians would start plastering paste on my head. Then he'd attach six wires to my head at various places: on top, back, the forehead, sides and one on the right ear lobe. Of course, we couldn't move much because of the wires, so we'd fall asleep looking like dames getting a permanent wave instead of guys giving out brain waves.**

**As the weeks went by, I think we all got pretty well adjusted to the space limitations of the Haddock. We got an especially big kick out of writing letters on our special Operation Hideout stationery which showed an ostrich with its head buried in the sand. Of course, there was some griping on board, but you'll find that wherever there are ships and sailors. Once two of the guys got in an argument and the debate ended in a little trading of punches. Lanphear broke it up, bawled them out, and soon all was forgotten.**

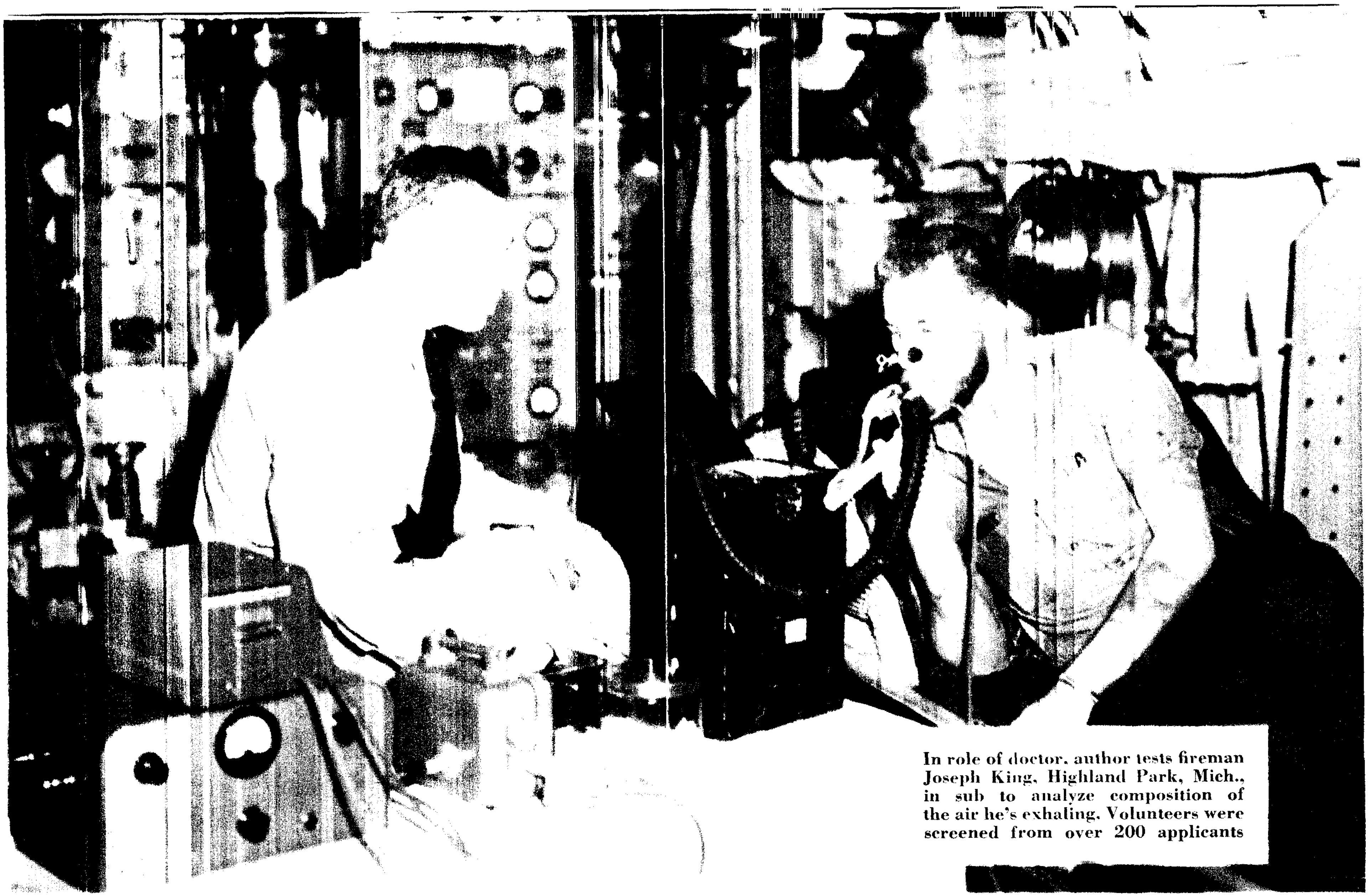
**No one slept much on the night before the experiment ended. And the next morning we sat around talking and dishing out the usual boasts about the first things we were going to do topside.**

**"I'm going to ease myself into a whole crazy pool of beer," said one guy. Another said, "Some New London doll will be *so-o-o-o* lucky tonight." One fellow even admitted to being worried about signing autographs topside. He said he was "too shook up" to hold a pen.**

**Only three of the enlisted men chosen for the project were married. I was one of them. The wives of the other two fellows were far away. But my wife, Rita, was living nearby.**

**She and I had agreed when we first heard of Hideout that the project was so important to the future of submarines that I should consider myself privileged to be a part of it. There were times during the 60-day confinement—especially when I read her letters or heard from my folks back home in Waterville, Maine—that I wished I hadn't been so eager.**

**The bad moments were forgotten, however, on the last day of the test when we heard the welcome tapping from above that meant we could finally come up. We had helped prove that it's possible for men to live and fight under the conditions in which we had existed for so many weeks. I'm glad that I had the chance to help. I think the other fellows are, too.**



**In role of doctor, author tests fireman Joseph King, Highland Park, Mich., in sub to analyze composition of the air he's exhaling. Volunteers were screened from over 200 applicants**

U.S. NAVY PHOTO

Others wanted a change in duty and liked the thought of avoiding the New England winter, even if they had to do it sealed in a submarine. One sailor admitted he was joining up primarily to get the complete physical examination all of the volunteers were subjected to. "They keep me so busy on the base," he explained, "I haven't been able to get my teeth checked."

Altogether, there were some 200 actual volunteers, and at least 150 other inquiries. The group first was weeded down to 40 by selecting only the most physically fit men. The final 22 were chosen on the basis of temperament and background. We wanted a variety of ages and home states and skills, and some fiery natures as well as placid dispositions.

In December it was decided that a medical officer should also be sealed inside the Haddock. Frankly, I didn't leap at the assignment. Sixty days is a long time. Besides, we just did not know what would happen when the carbon-dioxide concentration was raised for weeks at a time.

### Deciding How Many Men to Take

The figure 23 as the number of men who would be enclosed in the submarine wasn't just a random figure. It was felt that we would have to record the physiological and psychological reactions of at least 10 subjects for the entire 60 days to be able accurately to evaluate the experiment. The three electronics technicians were exempt from the physical tests because the air composition in the forward torpedo room where they stayed was subjected to minor variations on account of the airlock opening. That left 20. We were sure that some would be forced to drop out.

I guess I finally decided to volunteer because I realized I was a pretty logical choice for the job. While I am married, Betty and I have no children. Besides, I'm a qualified submarine medical officer and once made a nine-day trip from Pearl Harbor to San Diego submerged on the snorkel-equipped USS Volador. And perhaps most important, since I was assistant head of the Personnel Assessment Program of the Medical Research Laboratory, the results of Hideout directly concerned me.

I officially was accepted for the project on January 12th, seven days before we went below. My executive officer was thirty-year-old Roy E. Lanphear, a torpedoman's mate first class from Roseville, California. Lanphear and our cook, Leo Hindsley, of Camden, New Jersey, were the only men besides myself who ever had served on a submarine. Four others had just finished submarine school, the rest were in other branches of the Navy.

We already knew our boat was to be the outdated, ten-year-old Haddock, which Hindsley had once served on. During World War II, she had sunk 33,585 tons of enemy shipping and won a Presidential Citation. Now the Haddock was being towed down-river from the unused "moth-ball fleet" to the side of the submarine tender to take part in a mission as vitally important as any she ever played in wartime.

The test gear already was in the submarine when we went aboard. The plan was to give physiological tests in the morning, and the psychological ones in the afternoon. The tests were run on a five-day week. But for every one of the 60 days, corpsmen also came aboard to take our pulse, temperature, blood pressure and a urine analysis.

Reveille at 6:30 usually took the form of a thermometer in the mouth. Toward the end of our stay, the cook had great fun walking by the bunks at six in the morning sticking pencils in the men's mouths. By this time his shipmates were so inured to the morning routine, they never noticed the difference—just continued sleeping.

We were given respiratory tests on alternate days. The ten of us who were to take them on any given morning were always in a basal state, having had no food or drink nor done any exercise since the preceding midnight. The testing started about 7:30 and measurements were made to determine the composition of the air we were breathing, the total amount we took in during a 15-minute period and the capacity of the lungs. Then blood samples were collected for chemical analysis.

Shortly after the experiments began, John Mullaney, a volunteer seaman from Brookline, Massachusetts, took me aside to complain about the continued puncturing of his arm. I asked if he wanted to quit and let someone else come aboard to take his place.

Mullaney thought it over for a moment and then refused. "I wouldn't wish these needles on my worst enemy," he said with a grimace.

### Circulatory Tests Thrice Weekly

The men who weren't being tested cleaned up the boat in the early morning. Then, at eleven o'clock three days a week, all of us were put through circulatory examinations. These consisted of having our pulse and blood pressure taken while we were lying down, sitting up, standing and after mild exercise; and having our pulse taken after stepping up on an 18-inch-high platform 20 times within 30 seconds.

The last was our most strenuous exercise. Shortly after we went on measured carbon dioxide, one of the men even collapsed and suffered momentary unconsciousness during his step-ups. This never happened again, although for a time most of the men were more than a little jittery when their test time came.

The psychological tests we took every afternoon were long affairs that dragged out for three hours and more. They usually began about an hour after the noon meal and included body sway, visual perception, pitch discrimination and dexterity tests, all designed not only to measure the effects of the carbon-dioxide concentration on our psychological processes, but also to analyze our individual reactions to the long period of confinement. I think we passed the latter with flying colors. During our entire stay, there were no disciplinary problems to speak of and no serious flare-ups among the men. I'm sure that if the volunteers had been told beforehand that the experiment would last 90 days instead of 60, they would have come through just as well.

By 4:30 or 5:00 P.M. all testing was over for the day. Then we all relaxed a bit before evening chow at 5:30. Movie call usually was at eight, and the men were always in bed and almost always asleep before midnight. I stayed up an hour or so longer to make a final check of the ship.

I was serving aboard the Haddock in what I guess was an almost unique triple capacity. Not only was I a subject being tested, but as a Medical Research Laboratory doctor, I also was helping to give the tests. And finally, as the submarine's commanding officer, I was confronted by a multitude of administrative duties that I'd never had to face before.

I was keeping the log, assigning watches and cleaning details, mapping out a daily plan for the day, seeing to it that the proper testing was done at the proper time, checking the carbon-dioxide levels and the electronic equipment, acting as liaison between the research laboratory and the volunteers, helping keep the pay records straight and worrying about 23 income-tax returns, instead of just one, as March 15th approached.

Strangely enough, we didn't find too much spare time on our hands during our days on the Haddock. The tests consumed a good many hours each week, and when they were over, the men occupied themselves pretty well with movies, television, cards, model sets and reading matter. Some even took General Educational Development courses, and before we left the Haddock, five had passed examinations that gave them the equivalent of a high-school diploma, and six got through tests of a first-year college level.

We were lucky with the television. We could get only one station so there were no arguments over what program to watch. And only Raymond Danish, of Detroit, who worked as a cook's helper, showed any interest in the radio during the hours when the TV set was on. There was a two-hour polka program he just didn't want to miss. The problem was solved by running a long wire lead from the radio to a speaker in the galley where Danish could listen without TV interference.

We managed to get in a bit of leisure competition with a cribbage tournament. The eventual winner was Joseph Van Sloun, a nineteen-year-old seaman from Excelsior, Michigan. How did the commanding officer make out? I was eliminated the first time around by Clarence Weaver, of Port Matilda, Pennsylvania, a man who had never played cribbage before in his life.

Every Sunday we had well-attended church services in the crew's dinette. Commander Francis O'Leary would come aboard at 8:30 in the morning to conduct Catholic Mass, and Lieutenant Commander Richard Snyder, the Protestant chaplain, joined us at two for services.

An unexpected, but still quite welcome, extra religious touch was added one day when we received a 23-page greeting card from some townspeople of Downers Grove, Illinois. The card contained the 23d Psalm, and the envelope was addressed: "23 Sailors, Atomic Submarine, New London."

### Menu for a "Typical" Breakfast

A good many of our other wants also were well taken care of. The food was excellent—much the same as was being served on the base, only more of it. Since the men being tested early in the morning often didn't eat breakfast until after ten, they sometimes had ravenous appetites. Fireman Joseph King, of Highland Park, Michigan, was probably our biggest eater. He had little difficulty downing a typical breakfast of fruit, cereal, wheat cakes, toast, bacon, six to eight eggs and coffee.

With menus like that, the Haddock soon became known as "a good feeder, but a poor liberty ship." Yet there were comparatively few changes in body weight during our stay. The most anyone gained was eight pounds. And a few men even lost a few pounds, probably due to the unusual stress and strain of the experiment. The maximum loss was six pounds. The man who lost it was our cook.

A food story that all of the newspapers pounced on was our supposed unaccountable desire for cottage cheese. What actually happened was this: to add some variety to our salads, I had requested some cottage cheese on our supply list. The form came back stamped NIS—not in stock. We put in the request again, and then again. Still no luck. Somehow on land our order for cottage cheese began to sound like an obsession, and it became headline news. But if our requisition was misinterpreted, the publicity paid a husky dividend. A few days later we not only got a supply from the commissary, but also received 100 pounds as a gift from a Norwich, Connecticut, dairy.

Because of the nature of the Hideout experiment, a good many of the pranks the men played were of a semimedical nature. They delighted in using the medical syringes as makeshift water pistols, and would go around spraying one another when the visiting medics weren't looking. On another occasion, one of the volunteers picked up a big ear syringe and irrigated the men who were sleeping late on a Sunday morning with a Tabasco sauce cocktail. But if the pranks had medical overtones, so did the punishments. Two culprits who were apprehended after putting fresh eggs in their shipmates' bunks paid the supreme penalty. For the next three days they had to carry all the full urine bottles forward.

U.S. NAVY PHOTO

**Men played cards in crew's dinette after the evening meal. They called second week in the sub the worst**

Since our men were pretty well limited as to their jobs and movements, the detail assigned to the neighboring barge had to do a good deal of our dirty work. It seemed that the bargemen were always being ordered onto the Haddock on jobs that ranged from making plumbing repairs to picking up garbage. One day I even heard a disgruntled working visitor mutter: "On the next experiment, I'm going to be *inside* the submarine."

I don't think it would take much to change his mind. We may have had some conveniences—including laundry pickups and once-weekly visits from the barber, although four of our men grew beards—but we had a full share of hardships, too.

Not only were we cramped for space, but during the first few days on board we spent long periods in pitch darkness because the heavy electrical equipment needed for the medical tests kept blowing out the fuses. The plumbing also was a problem. At times we had no showers, and one day the compressed air needed to operate the sanitary tanks was cut off and we had no toilets for 10 hours.

The weather outside also affected us. On stormy days, the Haddock rocked so vigorously that once I was almost sure we were going to break loose from the tender and be carried out to sea. And the condensing moisture inside the submarine could become so heavy that I remember how one sailor was kept busy constantly wiping the overhead and the pipes in the crew's dinette so that a group of men taking scholastic advancement examinations wouldn't be splattered by falling water.

After we went on carbon dioxide, some of the men had almost a steady succession of headaches (90 were reported to me in all). We all found it difficult to sleep soundly, and our breathing seemed a little bit faster. But the most trying part of Hideout was the realization that we were so close to the outside world and still couldn't go home. The tests day in and day out grew monotonous, and all of us, as the experiment neared its close, became a little irritable. The mail calls became the high lights of each day as all of us leaped as eagerly for our letters as we used to overseas in wartime.

### Facing the Glare of Hostile Eyes

Probably the most trying moments of the project occurred on March 11th after Commander Duffner was forced to tell the men that there would be no recuperative leaves when we left the Haddock. Instead, he explained, we would have to undergo more tests on shore so that the scientists could fully evaluate the results of the experiment. When the commander left, 22 pairs of hostile eyes were looking up at me. But still nobody dropped out, and Operation Hideout went on.

If March 11th was our most trying day, March 19th—the day we were getting out—was easily the most exciting. I know that I spent the previous night tossing and turning, and I guess the others did the same. Although the corpsman came in at six, a full half hour early, he didn't have to wake a soul. Everybody was up. We had figured it would take until noon to clean up the ship. Instead, the major part of the job was finished by 8:30. By 10:00 o'clock, all the testing was over, the boat was gleaming and even the swabs were gone. Now the men were dressed in their blues sitting in the dinette just looking at one another under a blanket of cigarette smoke so thick it looked as though we were fogged in.

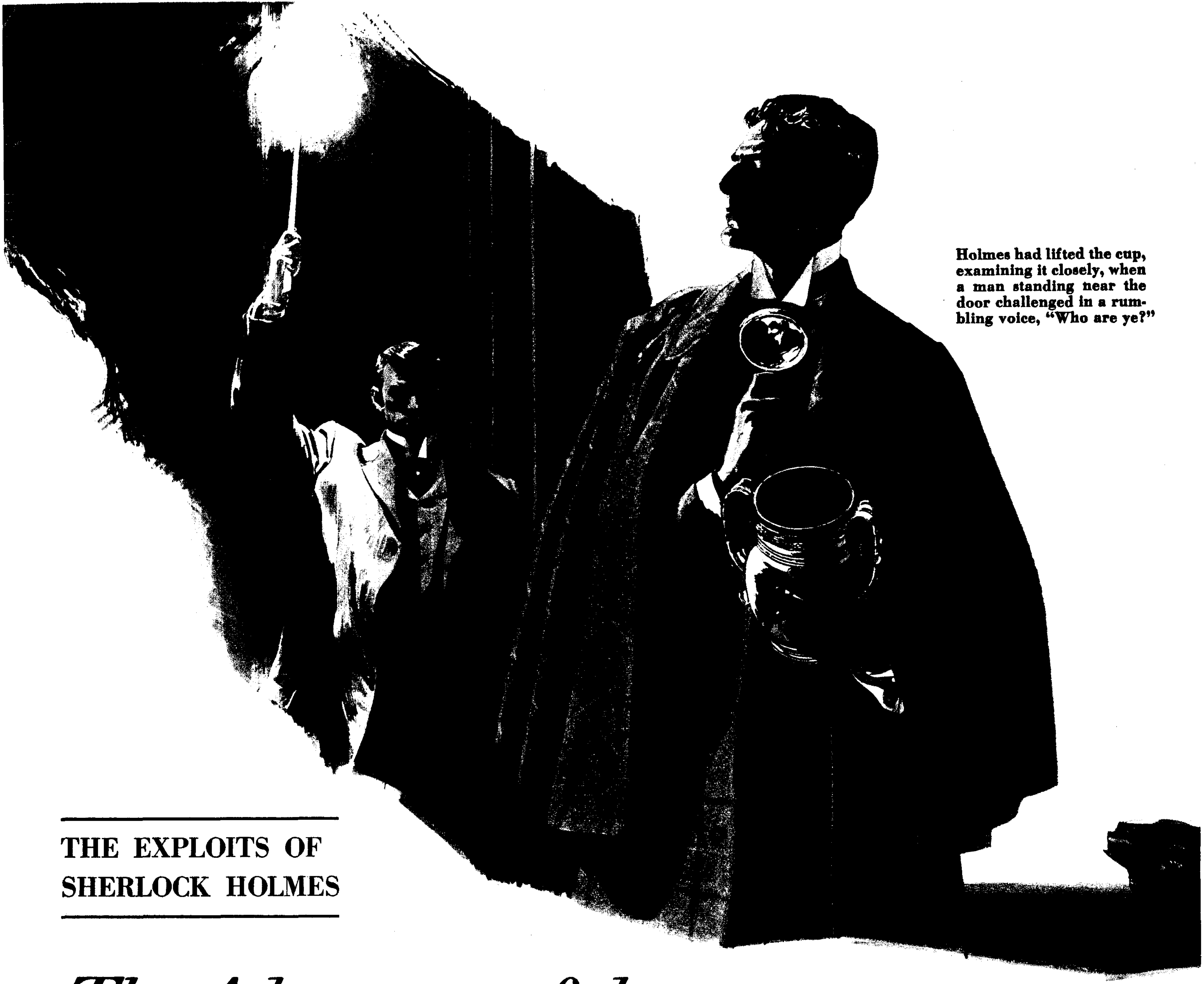
Four hours to go. What had we accomplished during the 60 days? The exact and final results of Hideout wouldn't be known for months, and even then a large portion of the statistical data would probably have to be kept secret. Still, there were certain general conclusions which I felt were evident and quite important.

We had shown, first of all, that the carbon-dioxide concentrations in which we were tested caused only minor physiological changes and did not impair our ability to work. We also had proved that the Navy's new carbon-dioxide-removing machine worked well on a submarine.

The combination supplied the needed evidence that our submarine personnel-assessment program, as well as our machinery, can meet the challenge of the Atomic Age, and that when the time comes we should be able to pick out great crews for our atomic-powered submarines. The conclusive fact was that each of our carefully screened seamen volunteers had come through all 60 days of an unusual and grueling project with flying colors.

Operation Hideout theoretically came to an end at 2:00 o'clock on March 19th as we climbed up the after-battery hatch onto the deck and were greeted by cheering Navy men, a swarm of news photographers and dreary rain. Now the time dragged by as we were photographed, interviewed and filmed by newsreel cameras over and over again.

I wasn't able to leave the base and get home to my wife until almost six o'clock. Almost four hours had passed since leaving the Haddock. That was when I finally felt that science was asking too much of me. ▲▲▲



**Holmes had lifted the cup, examining it closely, when a man standing near the door challenged in a rumbling voice, "Who are ye?"**

## THE EXPLOITS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

# *The Adventure of the* BLACK BARONET

By ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE and JOHN DICKSON CARR

**The Adventure of the Black Baronet is the first of a series of stories Collier's will publish during the current year. The series might be called The Unrecorded Mysteries of Sherlock Holmes. All these further exploits of the world's most famous detective are based on cases referred to in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's original works but never recounted by Dr. Watson, the assiduous historian of Mr. Holmes's amazing deductions. Now Adrian Conan Doyle, Sir Arthur's son and literary executor, and John Dickson Carr, one of America's most admired mystery writers and a leading authority on Holmes and on the elder Conan Doyle, have persuaded Dr. Watson to describe fully these adventures that were only passingly referred to in the original chronicles.**

**The authors have meticulously reconstructed the world in which Holmes lived, the world whose center was his rooms at No. 221 B Baker Street. More than that, they have faithfully reproduced Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's every mannerism, device, characteristic of style, and breath of atmosphere—down to the most minute detail. Their stories are the product of years of scrupulous research, of creative imagination, and devotion to the master of the mystery story.**

**In The Adventure of the Black Baronet, Sherlock Holmes, on a Sussex vacation, is faced with a singular problem: he must solve the mystery of a man who killed himself, and yet was murdered.**

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*Story Begins Next Page* ▶

"I heard your name in the hall, Mr. Holmes," cried the woman. "I know very little, but of one thing I am certain. My husband is innocent! I beg that you will think of that first"

YES, Holmes, the autumn is a melancholy time. But you are in need of this holiday. After all, you should be interested in such a country type as that man we see from the window."

My friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes, closing the book in his hands, glanced languidly out of the window of our private sitting room at the inn near East Grinstead.

"Pray be explicit, Watson," said he. "Do you refer to the cobbler or to the farmer?"

In the country road past the inn, I could see a man on the driver's seat of a market cart, clearly a farmer. But otherwise there was only an elderly workman in corduroy trousers, plodding toward the cart with his head down.

"Surely a cobbler," observed Holmes, answering my thought rather than my words. "He is left-handed, I perceive."

"Holmes, you would have been accused of wizardry in another age from ours! Why the man should be a cobbler I cannot conceive, but a left-handed cobbler? You cannot have deduced it."

"My dear fellow, observe the marks across the corduroy trousers where the cobbler rests his lapstone. The left-hand side, you will remark, is far more worn than the right. He uses his left hand for hammering the leather. Would that all our problems were so simple!"

That year of 1889 had brought some significant successes to Sherlock Holmes, which had added further laurels to his already formidable reputation. But the strain of almost unremitting work had left its mark on him, and I was sincerely relieved when he had fallen in with my proposal that we should exchange the October fogs of Baker Street for the rich autumnal beauty of the Sussex countryside.

My friend possessed a marked resilience, and the few days of relaxation had already put back the old nervous spring in his step and a touch of color in his cheeks. Indeed, I welcomed even his occasional outbursts of impatience as a sign that his vigorous nature had shaken off the lassitude which had followed upon his last case.

Holmes had lighted his pipe, and I had picked up my book when there came a knock on the door and the landlord entered. "There be a gentleman to see you, Mr. Holmes, sir," he said in his soft Sussex burr, "and so hurriedlike that up I must come without even taking off me apron. Ah! Here he is now."

A tall, fair-haired man, wearing a heavy ulster and a Scotch plaid swathed around his throat, rushed into the room, threw his Gladstone bag into the nearest corner, and, curtly dismissing the landlord, closed the door behind him. Then he nodded to us both.

"Ah, Gregson," said Holmes, "there must be something unusual in the wind to bring you so far afield!"

"What a case!" cried Inspector Tobias Gregson, sinking into the chair which I had pushed toward him. "Whew! What a case! As soon as we had the telegram at the Yard, I thought it would do no harm to have a word with you in Baker Street—unofficial, of course, Mr. Holmes. Then, when Mrs. Hudson gave me your address, I decided to come on down. It's less than thirty miles from here to the place in Kent where the murder was committed." He mopped at his forehead. "One of the oldest families in the county, they tell me. By heaven, just wait till the papers get hold of it!"

"My dear Holmes," I interposed, "you are here on a rest."

"Yes, yes, Watson," said my friend hurriedly, "but it will do no harm to hear the details. Well, Gregson?"

"I know no more than the bare facts given in this telegram from the county police. Colonel Jocelyn Dalcy, who was a guest of Sir Reginald Lavington at Lavington Court, has been stabbed to death in the banqueting hall. The butler found him there at about ten thirty this morning. He'd just died; blood still flowing."

Holmes put down his book on the table. "Suicide? Murder? What?" he asked.

"It couldn't be suicide; no weapon was discovered. But I've had a second telegram, and there's new evidence. It appears to implicate Sir Reginald Lavington himself. Colonel Dalcy was well known in sporting circles, but with none too good a reputation. This is crime in high life, Mr. Holmes, and there is no room for mistakes."

"Lavington—Lavington?" Holmes repeated. "Surely, Watson, when we drove last week to visit the Bodiam Ruins, did we not pass through a village of that name? I seem to recall a house lying in a hollow."

I nodded. In my mind rose the memory of a moated manor house, almost stifled amid yew trees, from which a sense of oppressiveness had seemed to weigh upon me.

"That's right, Mr. Holmes," agreed Gregson. "A house in a hollow. My guidebook says that at Lavington the past is more real than the present. Will you come with me?"

My friend leaped from his chair. "By all means," he cried. "No, Watson, not a word!"

THE excellent establishment of Mr. John Hoath again supplied us with a carriage in which for two hours we were driven through the narrow, deep-rutted Sussex lanes. By the time that we had crossed the Kent border, the chill in the air made us glad of our rugs. We had turned off the main road, and were descending a steep lane when the coachman pointed with his whip at a moat-girdled house spread out below us in the gray dusk. "Lavington Court," said he.

A few minutes later we had alighted from our carriage. As we crossed the causeway to the front door, I had a somber impression of dead leaves on dark, sullen water and a great battlemented tower looming through the twilight. Holmes struck a match and stooped over the graveled surface of the causeway.

"H'm, ha! Four sets of footprints. Hullo, what's this? The hoofmarks of a horse, and furiously ridden, to judge by their depth. Probably the first summons to the police. Well, Gregson, there's not much to be gained here. Let us hope that the scene of the crime may yield more interesting results."

As Holmes finished speaking, the door was opened. I must confess to reassurance at the sight of the stolid, red-faced butler who ushered us into a stone-flagged hall, mellow and beautiful in the light of old-fashioned, many-branched candlesticks. At the far end a stairway led up to an oaken gallery on the floor above.

A thin, ginger-haired man, who had been warming his coattails before the fire, hurried toward us. "Inspector Gregson?" he asked. "Thank the Lord you've come, sir!"

"I take it that you are Sergeant Bassett of the Kent County Constabulary?"

The ginger-haired man nodded. "That will do, Gillings. We'll ring when we need you. This is a dreadful business, sir, dreadful!" he went on, as the butler departed. "And now it's worse than ever.

"Yes, sir! Here's a famous gambler stabbed when he was drinking a toast to his best race horse, and Sir Reginald *claims* to have been absent at the time, and yet the knife—" The local detective broke off and looked at us. "Who are these gentlemen?"

"They are Mr. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson. You may speak freely."

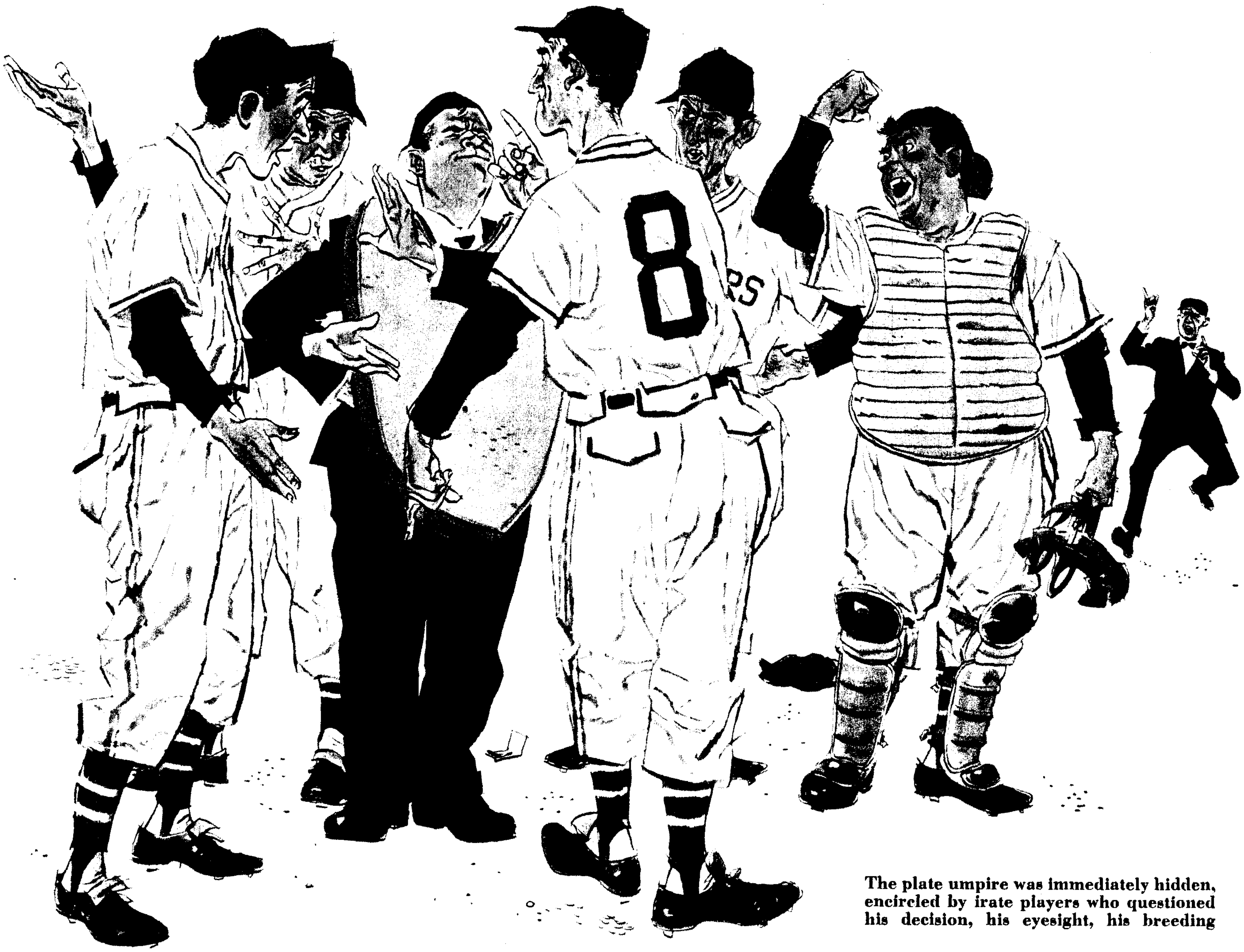
"Well, Mr. Holmes, I've heard of your clever reputation," remarked Sergeant Bassett doubtfully. "But there's not much mystery about this affair, and I hope the police will receive the credit."

"Gregson can tell you that I play the game for the game's sake," my friend replied. "Officially, I prefer not to appear in this case."

"Very fair, I'm sure, Mr. Holmes. Then, gentlemen, please to come this way." He picked up a four-branched candlestick, and we were following him across the hall when there came a most unexpected interruption.

I have had considerable experience of women in many parts of the world,

*(Continued on page 54)*



**The plate umpire was immediately hidden, encircled by irate players who questioned his decision, his eyesight, his breeding**

# Natural-born Liar

**Nobody had a mightier belief in the power of prayer than Deacon Lynch, and he stood there at the plate praying that he wouldn't spoil the visiting pitcher's no-hitter**

### By JAMES ROSS

PEE WEE FOSCUE, the pint-sized lefty pitching for the visitors, seemed to wind up and throw all in one rapid motion. There was nothing rapid about the flight of the ball, however, and Joe Swanner, hitting seventh for the Bedford Weavers, braced himself, then swung from the heels.

"Stir-ike three!" the umpire bawled.

"Well, you look like a born clown on that one," the manager said, when Swanner got back to the bench.

"Well, he give me a hook, but it forgot to break. That's what crossed me up," Swanner said.

"Foscue's got by five innings now purely on his windup and a prayer," the manager said, as the next hitter lined out to the pitcher to retire the side.

The Weavers went out onto the field and Deacon Lynch said, to those who were left on the bench with him, "A praying man don't need nothing else." The Deacon was a spare, slightly stooped man of medium height. What hair he had was gray, and most of it was visible even when he had his cap on. As a regular, he'd been a first baseman, but now the Weavers kept him as a coach and pinch hitter. He could still drive the long ball. He was ice-cold in the clutches too, and was known as a peaceable fellow who was given to quoting the Scriptures at the drop of a hat.

"Do you mean that the psychological effect of prayer tends to help a man play baseball better?" asked Don Thurston, a big, scholarly-looking right-hander who wore glasses.

"I don't know about *that,*" Deacon Lynch said cautiously. "But I seen it proved enough to know the power of prayer, all right."

"Why don't you practice what you preach, Deacon?" asked Jinx Dunn, a lean, hawk-nosed, gray-eyed pitcher who was sitting near the end of the bench, on the Deacon's right. "If you'd spent the winters at prayer meeting instead in poolrooms, you might probably be riding the bench for the Yankees today."

"I see no use praying all winter for what ain't within the ream of possibility nohow," Deacon Lynch said, helping himself to the package of tobacco that stuck out from the pocket of Jinx's windbreaker. "Now I ain't old by a long shot, but gray hair's a handicap in the major leagues, and my hair turnt prematurely gray on me six years ago."

"That ought not to hold you back," Jinx said, "because if you'd get a neck shave, you wouldn't reveal hair of no kind."

The Deacon glanced at Jinx. "You might be baldheaded too, if you'd been through what I have," he said mildly.

"What's happened to you worse'n to anybody else, Deac?" asked Speed Smith, a substitute outfielder, whose long neck made him a head taller than anybody else on the bench. Speed was a country boy from Missouri, a recent graduate from American Legion Junior ranks.

"Well, for one thing, my hair turnt gray on me

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

Four Roses Collins
1/2 JIGGER LEMON JUICE
1 TEASPOONFUL SUGAR
1 JIGGER FOUR ROSES
Shake with cracked ice; pour into tall glass; add carbonated water; stir.

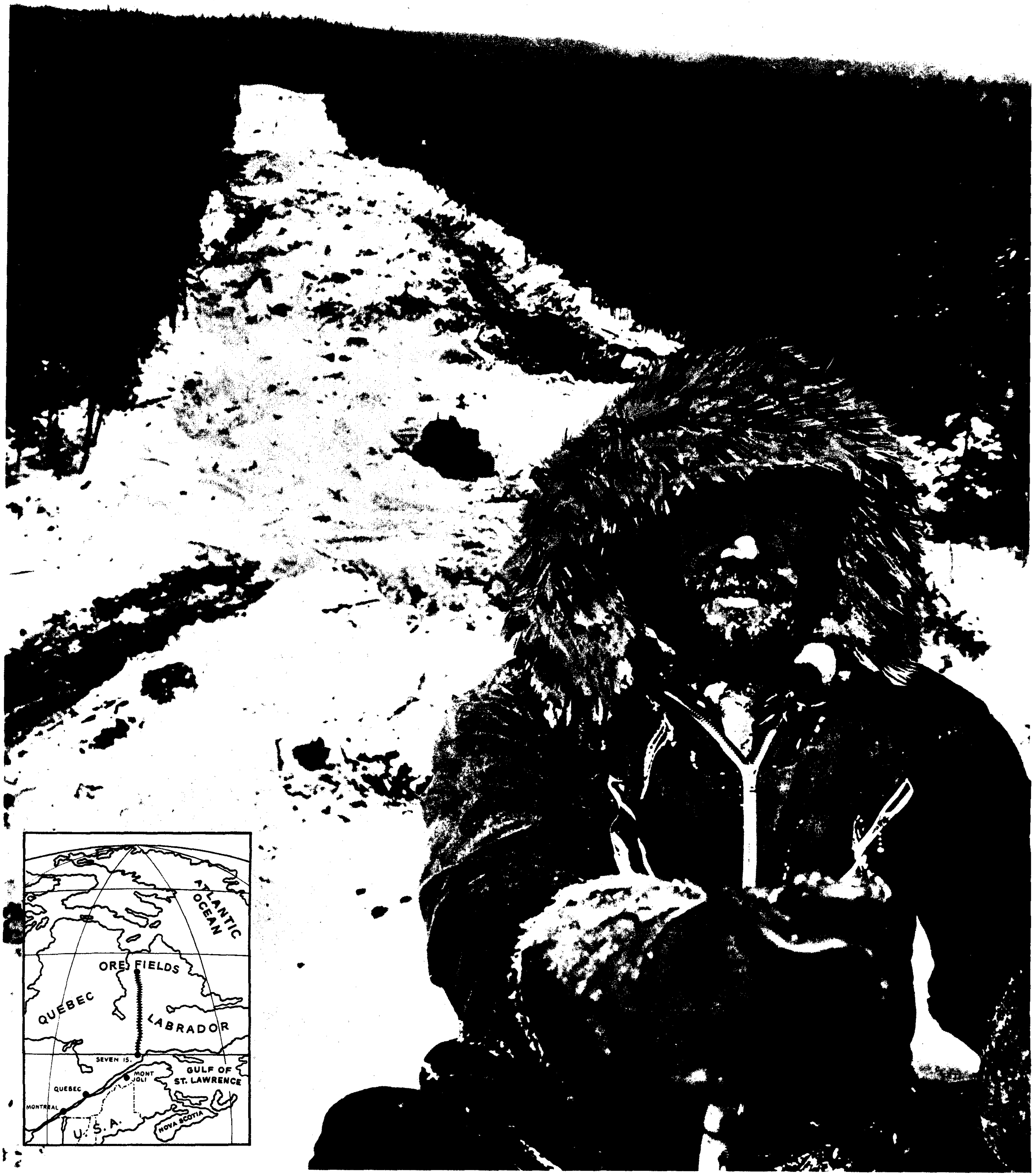
**Summertime Champion.** For cooling refreshment in hot weather, nothing beats a Four Roses Whiskey Collins. It's a distinctively different kind of Collins—for the flavor of Four Roses itself is distinctive. And—as you'll soon discover—the Four Roses you get today is the finest that has ever been bottled.

Wouldn't you rather drink Four Roses

*Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York. Blended whiskey. 86.8 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.*

FOUR ROSES
Blended Whiskey

# Wilderness railroad goes "Rolle


ATLANTIC OCEAN
ORE FIELDS
QUEBEC
LABRADOR
SEVEN IS.
MONT JOLI
GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE
QUEBEC
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U. S. A.
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125 MILES OF WILDERNESS RAILROAD HAVE BEEN BUILT. THE FIRST 100 MILES, OVER THIS JAGGED TERRAIN, WERE TOUGHEST. COMPLETION IS DUE IN 1954.

# Freight" to tap fabulous ore strike

## WORLD'S FIRST ALL "ROLLER FREIGHT" RAILROAD WILL SAVE THOUSANDS YEARLY BY PUTTING ITS 2,000 ORE CARS ON TIMKEN® BEARINGS

IN a remote corner of Labrador, only 850 miles from the Arctic Circle, lies a fabulous deposit of iron ore, more precious today than gold.

To reach it, U. S. and Canadian companies are punching a 357-mile railroad through Canada's wilds. U. S. security is at stake; the high-grade, open-pit Mesabi deposits that now supply 75% of our iron ore needs are being rapidly depleted.

### *Wilderness Road to be Most Modern*

This wilderness railroad, named the Quebec, North Shore & Labrador, will be the world's most modern, with all 2,000 of its 97-ton ore cars on Timken tapered roller bearings to lower the cost and up the speed of hauling the ore.

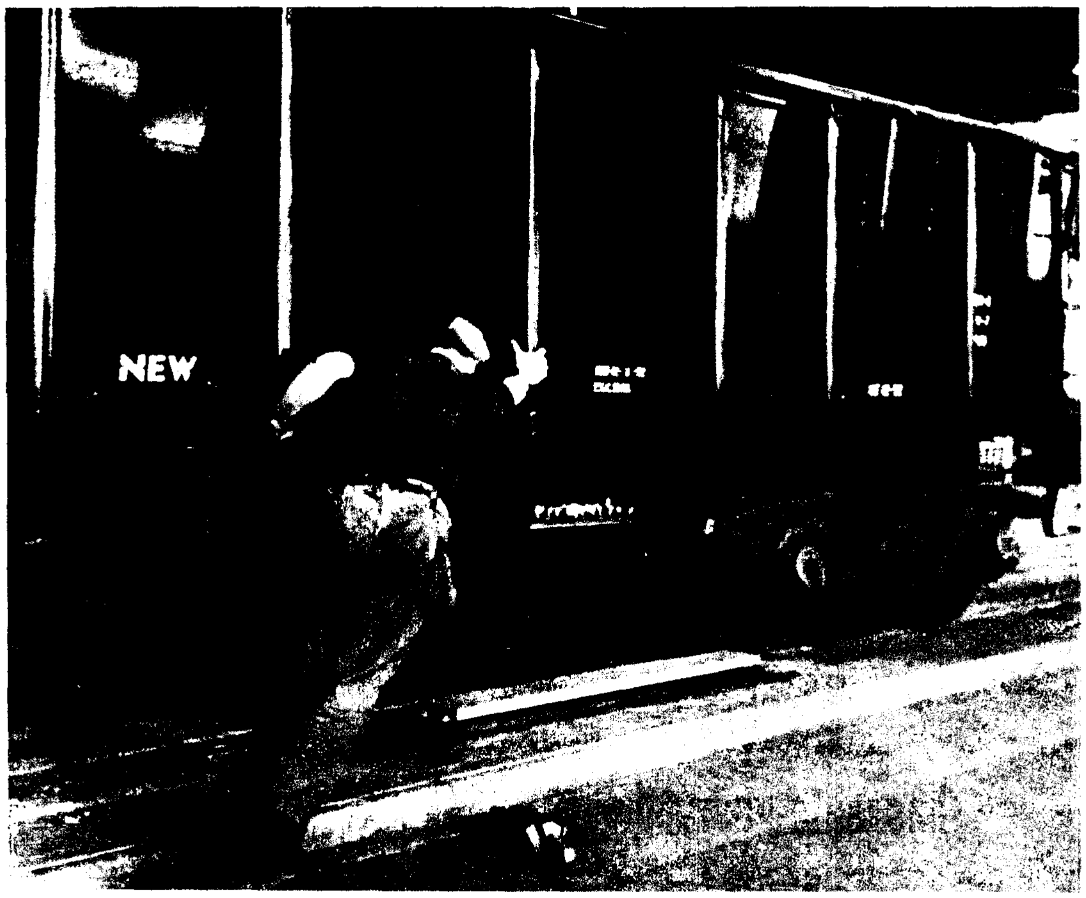
The decision to go "Roller Freight" 100% was based on a detailed cost study which showed that by using Timken roller bearings instead of friction bearings the railroad would save thousands of dollars every year in operating costs.

### *"Hot Box" Problem Eliminated*

Timken bearings will eliminate the "hot box" problem, No. 1 cause of freight train delays. Bearing inspection will require less than 1/20th of the man-hours needed for friction bearings. Cost of lubricant will be cut as much as 89%. And because bearing inspection stops enroute won't be necessary, elapsed time between terminals will be two hours less.

The reasons: Timken bearings virtually eliminate friction, end all speed restrictions due to bearings, go hundreds of thousands of miles without needing additional lubricant.

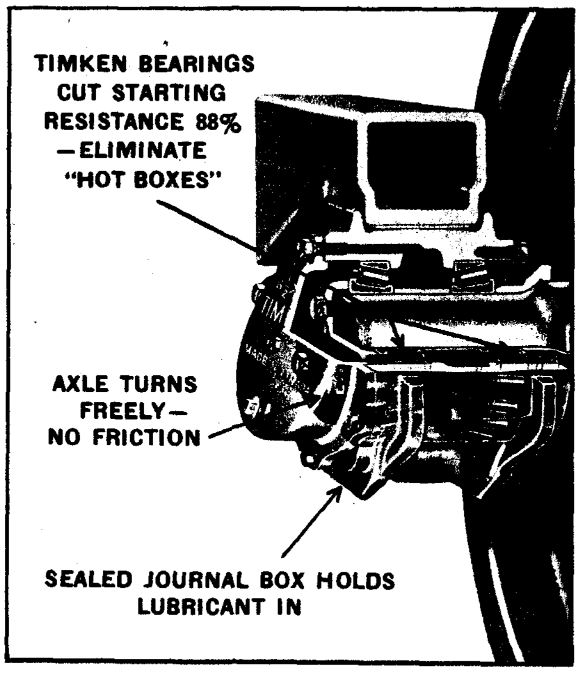
When all railroads go "Roller Freight" they'll save an estimated $190 million a year, earn a 22% return on the investment. For more information, write The Timken Roller Bearing Company, Canton 6, Ohio.



**ON LEVEL TRACK ONE MAN CAN PUSH** a freight car equipped with Timken roller bearings. They reduce starting resistance 88%. They'll make it easy for QNS&L locomotives to haul 115-car strings of 97-ton ore cars like the pilot model above.

**FRICTION BEARING CARS LIKE THIS** must stop every two hundred miles or so while axles are checked for "hot boxes" and oil usually added. "Hot boxes" caused by friction bearings are the No. 1 cause of freight train delays.

**THE "HOT BOX" HAZARD IS ELIMINATED** with Timken roller bearings, above. Terminal bearing inspection consists of just feeling the journal cover. Cars can go hundreds of thousands of miles without adding lubricant.


TIMKEN BEARINGS CUT STARTING RESISTANCE 88% —ELIMINATE "HOT BOXES"
AXLE TURNS FREELY— NO FRICTION
SEALED JOURNAL BOX HOLDS LUBRICANT IN

**NOT JUST A BALL ○ NOT JUST A ROLLER ▭ THE TIMKEN TAPERED ROLLER ▭ BEARING TAKES RADIAL ↕ AND THRUST ↔ LOADS OR ANY COMBINATION**

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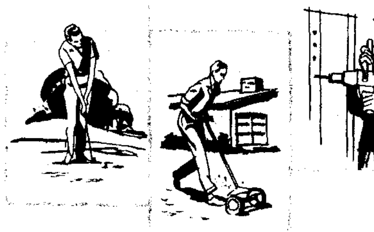

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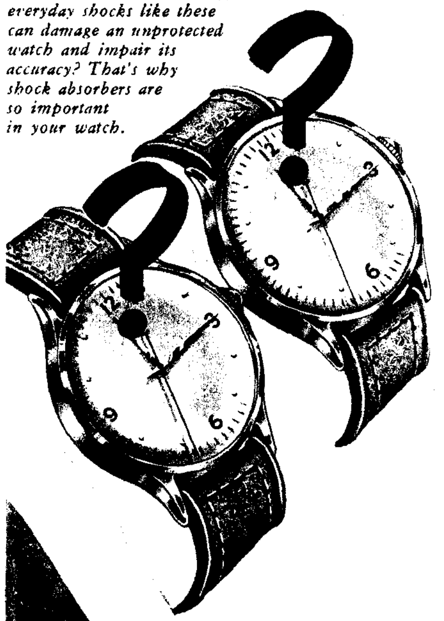

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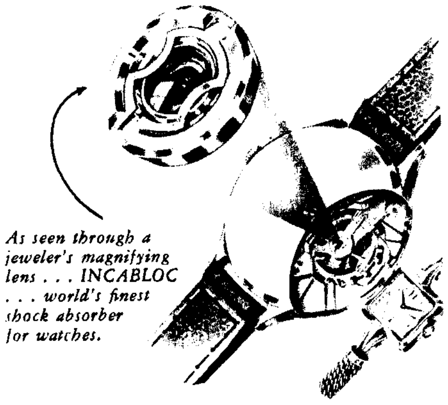

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"and then fell out overnight," the Deacon said. "Slowed me down so bad with the ladies that I just thrown in the sponge and got hitched."

"How come it turned gray overnight?" Speed asked.

"It's a long story, what caused it," the Deacon said.

"We got nothing else to do but listen," Speed said. "Come on, Deac. Now give us the life history of how you've fit galloping dandruff to a standstill."

"Well, if it hadn't been for our national pastime, I'd probably had more hair today than you got yourself," the Deacon told Speed. "When I was just a kid, eighteen or so, why I win a scholarship to Blue Ridge Barber College to play on the baseball nine, and soon's the season open I'm right in there, too, setting them prep-school circles afire. So Josh Klein was scouting for the Cubs back then, and one day he's down to look at some fellow that thrown a submarine ball for the Richmond Grays, which was playing us that day. Well, I hit a home run and three doubles during the game, and really played that first sack sweet and low. Josh didn't waste no time signing me up and shoving me aboard a day coach for Chicago. But the Cubs had Grimm playing first base then, and well, he was a nice fellow that picked the banjo, a family man that had went and bought a house there in Chi, and the manager knowed it'd break his heart to have to pull up stakes and leave town right there at the begin of a season. So they hand me a ticket for Toledo.

"Things started out pretty good at Toledo. Second day I'm there, I taken Shep Carroll's job away from him and commence to play first base myself. I was truly golfing that onion, too, but then Shep started to pray agin me."

Then the Deacon was silent. He was gazing out at the diamond as Andy Anderson, the rawboned right-hander who was pitching for the Weavers, caught a pop-up for the third out. The regulars came in for their turn at bat.

THEY didn't stay long. Pee Wee Foscue needed a total of seven pitches to get three of them with his zero ball. When the regulars (including the manager, who was also the shortstop) had left the dugout again, Speed Smith turned to Deacon Lynch and said, "What you mean, Shep Carroll used to pray against you?"

"Why, every morning, noon and night that heathen use to get down on his knees and ask his Maker to break a leg for me," the Deacon said. "Shep's roomie tip me off to it. 'Deacon,' he says, 'Shep claims he's gonna pray you off the line-up.' At the time I just laugh, but next day they's a fellow named Waller pitch for Columbus, and he's wild as a baboon from Borneo. He hit the side of my face with his fast ball and it laid me up for a week. I was still gun-shy when I come back, and Shep was playing that bag for keeps by then. 'Listen, Shep,' I say to him one day, 'you went and prayed me off the line-up, so now how about offering up one more prayer on my behalve?'

"'Ain't you converted yet, you harden wretch?' he ask me. 'I'm convinced, all right,' I say. 'But how about praying they don't mail me to the Texas League to finish out the string?' 'What you got agin Texas?' he ask. 'Not a thing in the world. It's a great old state,' I say, 'but they got ball parks so big down there that a guy can herd sheep in the outfield—if his heart ain't set on cattle ranching.' So Shep promise to do all he can for me. Next day I'm shipped out to Denver, where I step right in the clean-up slot and finish the season hitting .375."

"That's fully equal to maybe .200 at Toledo, or anywhere else," Jinx Dunn remarked. "You take that mountain air at Denver and it's so thin the pitchers can't break off a curve—they got to throw fast balls all the time. Besides that, a well-placed bunt could easy clear that right-field fence."

"So he prayed you out to Denver and you hit .375. What're you kicking about?" Speed asked the Deacon.

"I'm kicking about hitting .375 for Denver in a Class A league when I could done the same at Toledo and drawn Triple A pay for it."

"Didn't the Cubs recall you then?" Speed asked.

"Well, no, they didn't. Trouble was, Grimm still hadn't done nothing about selling his house there in Chi. So the Cubs got tired of waiting on him and sold me to Cleveland," the Deacon said. "The Indians had bought Shep Carroll, too, that winter, and when we report for spring training they's a three-way tussle between I and he and Jones, their regular first baseman. Shep didn't hardly have time to practice baseball none, he was so busy praying agin both I and Jones. Sure enough it ain't no time before I catch the malaria from a lady mosquito that had fell in love with the back of my neck. Then Jones goes in a terrible slump at the plate—can't hit a thing, until I tip him off to what Shep's doing. Jones thinks that over a bit and then says he ain't a man to be lightly outdid in good works by no raw recruit like Shep Carroll.

"So Jones says both he and the little woman, plus his mother-in-law to boot, will hold daily prayer meeting on behalve of Brother Shep Carroll getting to see America First that very summer. He wants me to tell Shep, to see if it'll get a rise out of him. I'm sore at Shep anyhow, so I go tell him what he's up again. Well, Shep commence to brood about it and pretty soon he jump to a outlaw league up in North Dakota. Meanwhile, the Indians ships me to Hartford, to cure my malaria with a dose of the chilblains. After a while I got resigned to the idea I'd be there in Hartford the rest of my life, but then in nineteen thirty-one they up and sold me down the river to the Piedmont League."

"Was that when your hair fell out wholesale?" Speed asked. "What class league was that anyway, Deac?"

"Class B," the Deacon said. "Only I still had a luxury grow of hair, and it wasn't gray neither. But well, that was during the depression, and I kicked around the bushes a long time. Still I kept on swinging and hoping for the best. Sure enough, the war come on and the Army got a lot of good pitchers, and one year in there I hit .340 for Dallas. So the Phils drafts me that fall."

"Why hadn't Uncle Sam done it?" Speed asked.

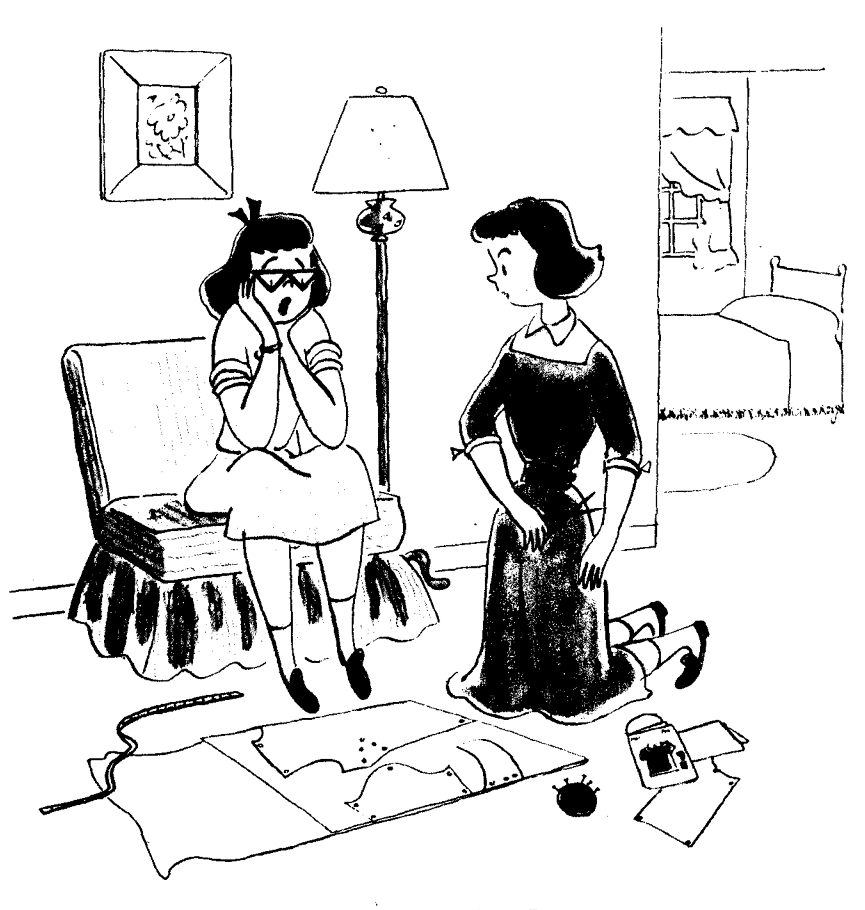
"I was four-F. Both eardrums was found to be fractured as the consequent of listening to bench jockeys all my life," the Deacon said, looking out toward the diamond. "Say, Andy better watch this Krone. Guy wasn't going so good for a while, and they got him hitting sixth, but he had four for four agin the Steelers last night."

BUT Krone lofted one to center field for the third out. As the Weaver regulars came into the dugout again, the manager said, "All right, you guys, lucky seventh. Let's get some runs."

"Foscue's about due to get his this time," Jinx said, "no more stuff than he's got today."

Deacon Lynch was sent out to coach at first base. The fans got up and

**TIZZY**



COLLIER'S "The trouble with my family is I got a couple of *A*'s one time and it spoiled them" KATE OSANN

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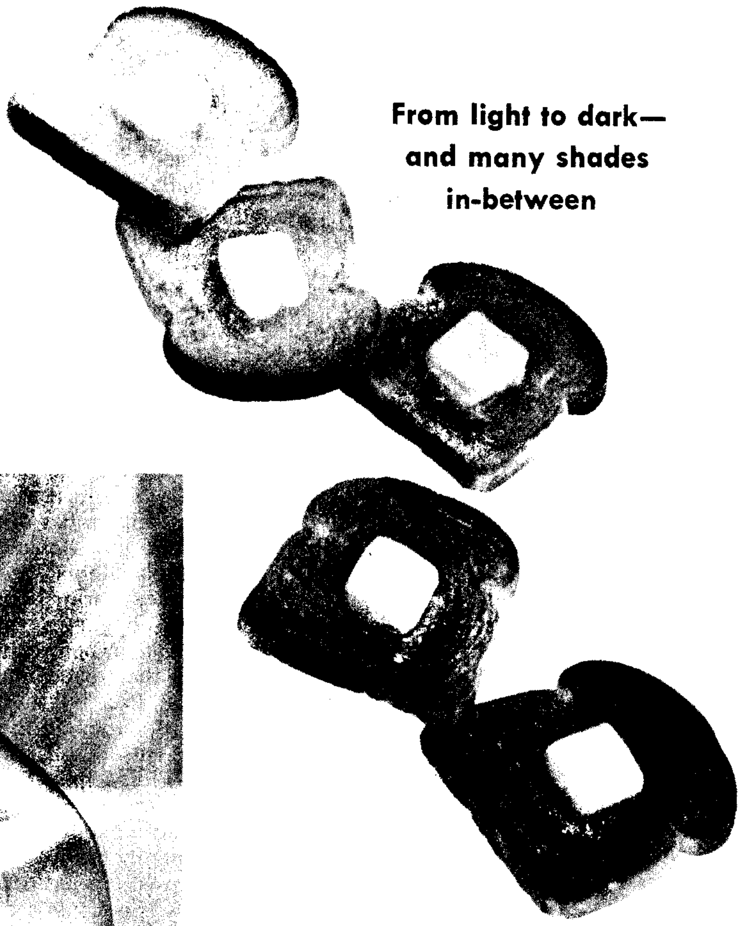

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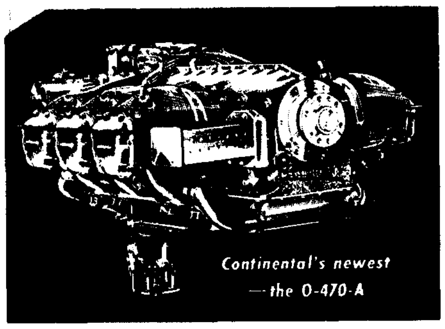

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stretched while Pee Wee Foscue cut down the Weavers, one-two-three.

When the Deacon got back to the dugout, he sat down and said, "How many hits we got off him now?"

"None that I noticed," Jinx said.

"Deac, you'd got to where the Phils had draft you," Speed prompted.

Deacon Lynch nodded. "Only I didn't mention something which taken place before then," he said. "What it was, I'd met a girl named Prudence Reilly there in Dallas. She taken up tickets at the ball park, and I liked her okay, except she was redheaded. I was over to her folks' house a lot, and she used to fix me home-cooked dinners. We got pretty thick, but I never lost my head about it. Then after the season, I got a job at a sporting-goods store there in Dallas. It was December, I guess, when I got news that I'd just been draft by Philadelphia. So I and the girl go out and has a few beers to celebrate.

"Well, the stuff went to my head something awful. First thing I knowed, I'd ask Prue to marry me. Talk about a surprise! She turnt me down flat. 'I couldn't trust you, Deacon,' she says. 'You got too many girls on the string that likes to run their fingers through that black hair of yourn. You're just a playboy that ain't ever taken his career serious enough. And you'll probably get worse instead of better, now that Philadelphia has draft you.' 'You don't give a guy a chance, sweetheart,' I say. 'Philadelphia's going to give you a chance next spring,' she says. 'But it's dollars to doughnuts you'll be playing for Dallas agin before July Fourth.'

"Well, that made me kind of sore. 'All right, Prue,' I says, 'I bet you a hundred dollars agin the same amount of doughnuts that I stay out the season with Philadelphia next year. And if I was to lose, don't think I couldn't pay off. Because playboy or no, I still ain't thrown my money away,' I says. 'Well, if you insist, then I'll take your bet,' Prue says. So it was a deal."

THE Deacon paused, looking out at the diamond, chewing thoughtfully. Speed Smith leaned over and retied one of his shoelaces. His right ear, upturned toward Deacon Lynch, was like a grooved saucer.

"So who won the bet, Deac? You or she?" Speed asked.

"I'm coming to that," the Deacon said. "Well, it was wartime then, and the government didn't allow no travel unless it was big shots and soldiers. So Florida's out that year and the Philadelphias sets up a camp over there in Jersey. I report in good shape that spring, and they wasn't no rivalry at first base, except for old Ike Henry and a kid that had his voice beginning to change. Lumbago taken care of Ike pretty fast, and one day a lady truant officer come out and nab the kid."

The Deacon helped himself to Jinx's tobacco.

"Well, that was a break. For you, anyway," Speed said.

"But then Shotgun Cannon join the club a couple weeks before the season open, and he look pretty good sometimes," the Deacon said. "Claimed to be in his early twenties, but half the time he moved around like he was old enough to join the Centenarious' Club.

"Before the war, Shotgun'd been in the Coast League, but they had him tagged for a in-and-outer. One day he'd be happy as a jay bird, hitting to all fields, stealing home and autographing pop bottles the fans throw at him, and so forth. Next day he'd be charging the fans and umps like he'd got the idea it was a grudge bullfight being held. Them days he don't hit nothing—except maybe the manager for bail.

"I beat him out easy for opening game, because he ain't dependable, and when we'd played ten games, I'm hitting a cool .350. Shotgun's only been up to pinch-hit once, and he might just as well mailed his regrets to the plate then and left his bat in the rack. He was sore because I'd beat him out. I seen he had the blues pretty bad and try to kid him along, but he just cussed me in a unfriendly way. Then it rained us out one day at the Polo Grounds, and he heard me telling some of the fellows how Shep Carroll use to pray agin everybody that was a competition to him.

"So next day when we're taking batting practice, Shotgun come up to me and says, 'Better get a cushion to soften up that old bench for you,' he says, 'because I done gone down on my knee and ask the good Lord to eradicate you off the ball club.' 'Okay, bub,' I says, and I didn't pay no attention to it, because he look like a fellow that ain't had much experience asking nobody for nothing, and wouldn't got it if he had. But first time up that day, I crack out a homer inside the park and sprang my ankle bad when I slide in home. Shotgun went in for me, and he hit three doubles during the rest of the game. It's several days before I'm okay again, and meanwhile Shotgun's been driving the pitchers crazy. He was hitting over .500, but then we went back to Philly for a couple with the Braves, and Shotgun goes hitless the first game. That night I tell Bill Watts—the manager—that I'm ready to play now. Watts says maybe I'd better rest another day or two. 'Shotgun's doing a pretty fair job out there right now,' Watts tells me.

"So next day the game turn into a slugfest and Shotgun got three hits—one of them a triple with the bases full. That kept up for a week or so, and Shotgun was feeling in high spirits about it. 'You see what I told you?' he ask me one night on the train going to Pittsburgh. I said I'd seen it, all right. 'You can't do nothing with a praying man, Deacon,' he says. 'Better give up and go buy a good rocking chair somewheres.' "

Just then a double play by the Weaver infield pulled Andy out of a hole and left a runner stranded. Andy and the manager entered the dugout together.

"That's pitching out of a jam, Andy! But watch out you don't load them up like that for Krone," the manager said. "All right, Mitchell, go and lay the wood to one. Deacon, go coach at first."

Deacon Lynch went out to the first-base coaching lines, where he remained for the five minutes or so that Foscue needed to dispose of three Weavers. Then the Deacon returned to the dugout and sat down beside Jinx Dunn.

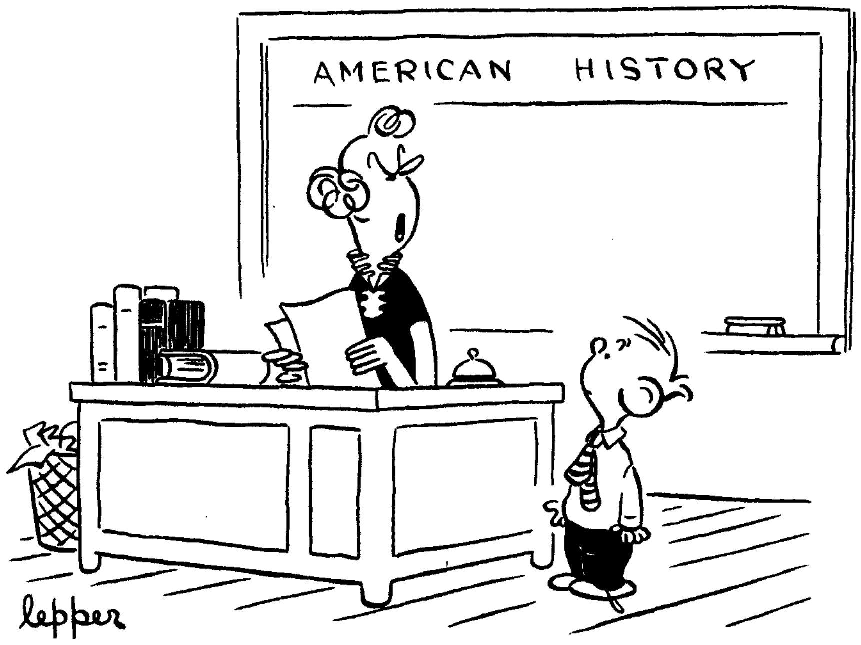
"So it sound to me like he was trying to bluff you off the club. Shotgun, I mean," Speed said to the Deacon. "What'd you do next? Black his eye?"

"Certainly not," the Deacon said. "But that night on the train, I commence to think. And then I see where a lot of fellows'd been praying for me, but how I hadn't prayed none for any of them. 'I ain't been living right,' I say to myself, quietlike. 'But maybe it still ain't too late to repent of the past and go back to my early training, which I learnt at Mother's knee.'

"NEXT morning I buttonholed Shotgun and said I'd prayed all night for him to get a vacation, starting soon, at some quiet hospital where they'd treat him right, and not turn loose of him before the first of October. 'You need a rest, son,' I say to him. 'You look like you've spend the last few nights sliding through the keyhole in a barroom door somewheres. You got a jaundice look,' I says.

"You'd think I'd slapped his face and then pulled a chair out from under him, he got so mad all at once. He looked scared, too. He shaken his fist at me and he says something I don't get. He says, 'They'll never get me in no hospital to take that treatment! Why, they could fry a guy like that, and I don't need it no more'n you do. I'll be all right if they just let me alone,' Shotgun says. 'No, you won't neither, son,' I say. Now I was catching on to what he was scared of, but I didn't much care if he did go temporarily crazy for the rest of that season. You see, I'd never spend no time, except April and part of May one year, in the big show, and like I said, I'd set my heart to stay up there the whole season, or else die trying—and not on no bench neither."

The Deacon paused and looked at



"It's apparent that you did a lot of research for this composition, young man. But unfortunately, the subject was *President* Monroe not *Marilyn*"

COLLIER'S EDWIN LEPPER

Jinx, who handed the package of tobacco to him.

"Did it work?" Speed asked. "You really pray him in the hospital then?"

"I was only kidding him about that. I was at first anyway," the Deacon said. "But he taken it serious, and sometimes when he was around, why I'd take off my cap and bow my head for a minute. Fact was, I'd caught a type dandruff that taken half my time to keep it scratched. So I was only pulling off my cap to cool my head, and meanwhile praying to God to cure that dandruff for me. I'd done tried everything else, except hiring a Indian to scalp me.

"But it worried Shotgun. Couple days later the blues come on him bad, and he didn't eat nothing for lunch except two-three pork chops and a few fried eggs. He didn't hit nothing during batting practice neither. Then finally the game got going and went a couple or three innings when it commence to thunder and lighten. Our half of, I guess it was the fourth, it rained so hard they held up the game about a hour. Then the umps says play ball, but it's still plenty of thunder and lighten. So the Phils takes the field. Shotgun's the last to go. He'd struck out his first time up, and it had him worried. He was just moving out, pretty slow, when lighten struck the dugout roof and split off in several different streaks, the way it'll do sometimes. The flash like to blinded me, but I dimly seen Shotgun come tumbling back in the dugout like they'd plugged him through the heart."

EVERYBODY on the bench was staring at the Deacon now, but nobody said anything. The Deacon went on, speaking quietly, "They taken the poor boy out on a stretcher, and his face was navy blue. Wasn't nothing but a kind of smudge where his hair'd been."

"You must have felt awful about it," Speed said in a sympathetic tone.

"Terrible," the Deacon agreed. "We had a double-header next day, and I didn't get one past the infield in eight official trips. That lighten had give me the worst headache I ever had."

"Looks like the club would took the next day off and had a open date out of respect for Shotgun," Speed said indignantly. "Didn't none of you even go to the funeral?"

"Whose funeral?" the Deacon asked. "You call it a funeral, laying up there in a air-condition hospital, being fed orange juice by a cute little redhead nurse?"

"But— Then he wasn't dead?" Don Thurston asked.

"About as dead as a flea with the Saint Vitus dance," the Deacon said. "Only stayed in the hospital a couple weeks. Meanwhile, we'd left for Boston. Second day we're there, Shotgun pulls some wires to hop a plane, and he turn up at the ball park just before game time. Bill Watts like to had a hem'rage, but he finally let Shotgun put on a uniform and set on the bench.

"Well, Eustis was pitching for Boston that day and his delivery puzzle me a little at first. Then in the eighth we get two on, and all I'd done at the plate so far was stir that floating pea soup they call the air in Boston. So Shotgun begs Watts to let him hit for me. Watts give him the nod. Shotgun never even seen what bat the boy given him, but when he got to the plate, he lean right agin the first pitch and double both runners home. That tied it up and we win in the twelfth, I think it was. I didn't play first for Philadelphia next day.

"Along about the first of September that year, I read in the Dallas papers where Shotgun was still hammering that old pill to the tune of .331."

Now the Weaver regulars were coming off the field for the last half of the ninth. Deacon Lynch went out to coach at first base. The game had been scoreless, and a few minutes later, when Foscue had retired the side, it became an extra-inning affair.

"Say, that Foscue's already pitch a regulation no-hitter!" the Deacon said when he got back to the bench.

"He ain't win the game yet though," Jinx said. "Listen, Deac, I'm curious to hear what it was straightened Shotgun out so fast. They give him some special treatment at the hospital?"

The Deacon shook his head. "No, the fact was Shotgun'd been worried sick by them wild spells he'd have sometimes, which was always followed by a siege of the blues. Doctor's been after him to take what they call the electric-shock treatment, but Shotgun said he'd rather be hung. But when that lighten went bouncing off his head, it done a good job for him. He was kind of stunt for a while, and it burnt off all his hair—which soon growed right out again—but other than that, the lighten really did good. My own hair got plenty singed from that same lighten flash, but *my* hair never did grow back. It really cured that dandruff for me though."

Speed Smith looked over at home plate. "Here's that man again," he said. "But Andy's been handcuffing him all day, and there's nobody on."

Krone, the man now facing Andy, was a big left-handed hitter who had led the league with forty home runs the previous season. He stood well back in the batter's box, crouching a little. Andy wound up and threw a fast ball, high and inside. Krone didn't move the bat from his heavy shoulders.

The next pitch was rather low, until Krone straightened it out with the thick of his bat. The sunshine glinted off the ball as it sailed over the right-field fence.

Krone trotted around the bases, dwarfing the Weaver infielders in turn as he passed them.

Andy struck out the next batter, and the Weavers came in for what would be their last chance, unless they managed to tie it up.

MOODY, first up for the Weavers, fouled out to third base. Swanner was next. He drove a bounder to the visiting shortstop, who fielded the ball cleanly, and then threw it over the first baseman's head, into the stands. Swanner took second.

Most of the fans were getting up now. A few moved slowly toward the exit gates. Foscue had a nine-inning no-hitter in the bag already and, apparently, the game as well, since the next hitter was Mitchell, the Weaver catcher, and he was followed by Andy, the pitcher.

But Mitchell, a squat, bullnecked young man who had gone hitless during the past week, now managed to stop one of Foscue's floaters with his left hip, at the same time giving a fairly good imitation of a man trying to avoid a dangerous missile. Mitchell trotted to first base as the visitors let out an agonized howl. The plate umpire was immediately hidden, encircled by irate players who questioned his decision, eyesight and breeding. As the first-base umpire ran to the aid of his colleague, Speed Smith went out to the first-base coaching lines to replace Deacon Lynch.

"Cap says you're hitting for Andy, Deac," Speed said.

A few minutes later, when quiet had been partly restored, Deacon Lynch walked leisurely to the plate. He stopped at the batter's box and, removing his cap, seemed to bow his bald head for a moment. Perhaps the more knowing of the fans interpreted this as a signal to the base runners, but Speed Smith had a different idea. Then the Deacon put on his cap and stepped into the batter's box.

"Lynch now batting for Anderson," the loud-speaker intoned. Foscue glanced at the runner on second, then he turned and delivered his hesitation pitch. The Deacon also seemed to hesitate. Then he slashed his bat around. There was a dull thwack. The ball shot high into the air, where it appeared to pause briefly before plummeting down into the waiting glove of the second baseman. At the same moment that athlete was bowled over by the right fielder, who had come racing in to make the catch himself. The ball bounced toward the right-field fence. It was finally retrieved by the visitors' first baseman, though not in time to do any good.

LATER, in the clubhouse, Speed Smith came over and stood by the bench where the Deacon sat.

"Say, Deac, you never finished that yarn you was telling," Speed said. "But I guess you lost that bet with the girl friend after the Phils shipped you back to Dallas, hey?"

The Deacon nodded. "Prue wouldn't take the money though," he said. "Fact is, the last of my upper hair had fell out on the train going back to Dallas, and when Prue sees me, she says the only thing she really wants is a good-looking bald-headed man. Her heart was set on a big wedding at home plate, and that's where we got hitched, too."

Speed took a dark, knitted tie from his pocket. "You know, Deacon, I always did have you tagged for a natural-born liar," he said thoughtfully.

The Deacon sat up straight. "Son, what in the world give you that impression?" he asked.

Speed seemed to consider the question. "Well, you're most always telling a yarn whenever you're talking," he said judiciously, "and you're always talking—unless you're snoring, or else got a knife and fork in your mouth."

The Deacon bowed his head, as though too deeply wounded to continue the discussion.

"But now I don't know," Speed went on. "Look here, Deac, wasn't you praying when you took off your cap there at the plate?"

The Deacon's voice was noncommittal. "Maybe," he said.

"It sure got results in a hurry," Speed said, adjusting his collar over his Adam's apple. "Pee Wee Foscue had the game on ice until you went up there and prayed against him."

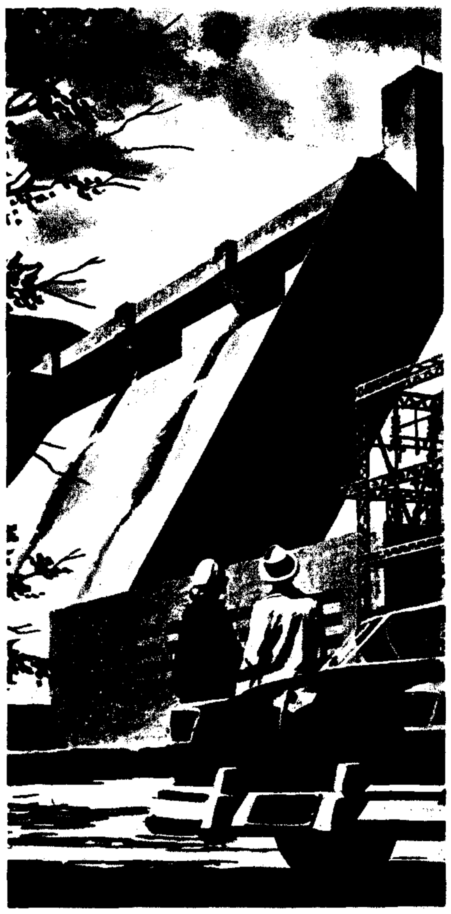
"But I didn't pray *agin* him," the Deacon said. "I was simply praying he wouldn't do nothing there in the tenth to disgrace the no-hit ball he'd pitch for nine full innings already."

"You prayed *for* him? Why'd you do that for, Deac?"

"Because I try to do what's right, that's why," the Deacon said. "And the results speaks for itself. Foscue still ain't give up a base hit. But we win the ball game, two to one, and that's what counts in the league standings."

Speed nodded slowly. "I get it now," he said. "Sometimes prayer's liable to work like a—" Speed brought his right arm around, as though preparing to toss something carefully.

"—like a boomering, son," the Deacon said. ▲▲▲



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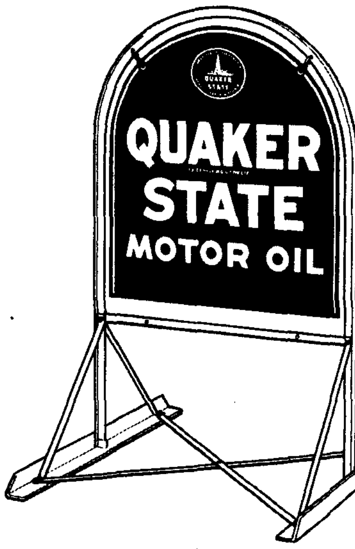

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# THE ROBE

Out of a brief passage in John came an inspired novel about the garment Jesus wore to Golgotha. Now, with meticulous care, Hollywood is filming the story. And here, in exclusive photographs, Collier's presents a first look at its most powerful scene

Marcellus (second from right) and fellow officers cast dice on the robe to see who will take it, as Demetrius (standing) looks on in dismay

IT IS some minutes before six o'clock in the morning. At the top of a rocky hill, three wooden crosses, each taller than two men, stand naked and stark. In the distance, nestled against a softly rising and falling horizon, lies what appears to be an ancient Biblical city. It is still dark and no one is about, yet the hill, the rocks and the crosses themselves seem to be waiting for something to happen.

Even in the dim light the most casual observer would recognize the scene as Golgotha, the hill upon which Jesus was crucified. But it is not Golgotha. It is only a masterful, man-made imitation concocted of painted horizons, 400 sacks of plaster and 55 tons of soil in a studio in Hollywood.

What happens here on the set will be, in intent and accomplishment, an artistic reflection of the most significant hour in man's history. Before the day is over, though, everyone involved in the action will have felt its essential reality. Producer Frank Ross, director Henry Koster and their crew of technicians and actors are about to reproduce the key scene in the movie version of Lloyd C. Douglas' phenomenal best seller, The Robe.

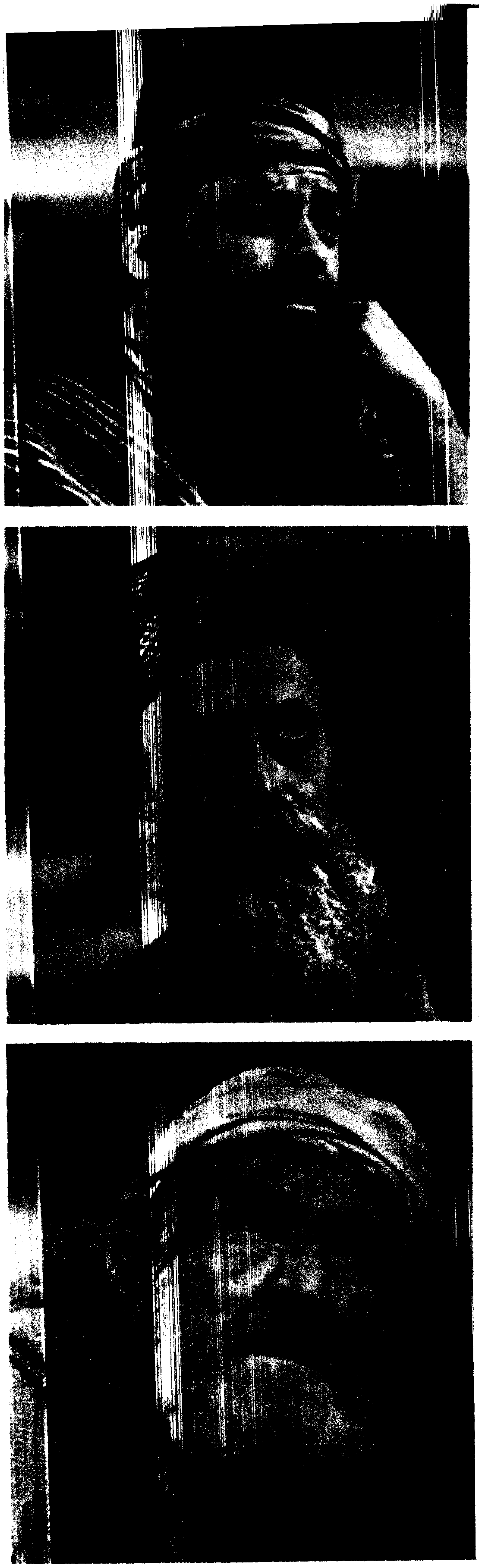
At 6:00 A.M., sharp, the first electricians arrive on the set. They scramble up to catwalks high above the 655-foot curved backdrop which represents Jerusalem. The lights go on, and Golgotha is bathed in artificial sunlight.

During the next three hours, the set is a bustle of activity. Extras arrive dressed in garments which are copies of those worn almost 2,000 years ago. They chat, smoke and read newspapers, waiting for the signal to take their places. Above them the electricians practice making lightning, and the air is filled with the rumble of thunder and the movements of machine-blown winds. Microphones are placed in position, cameras are loaded, adjusted and focused. A script girl talks brightly to an assistant director, reading the day's script to him.

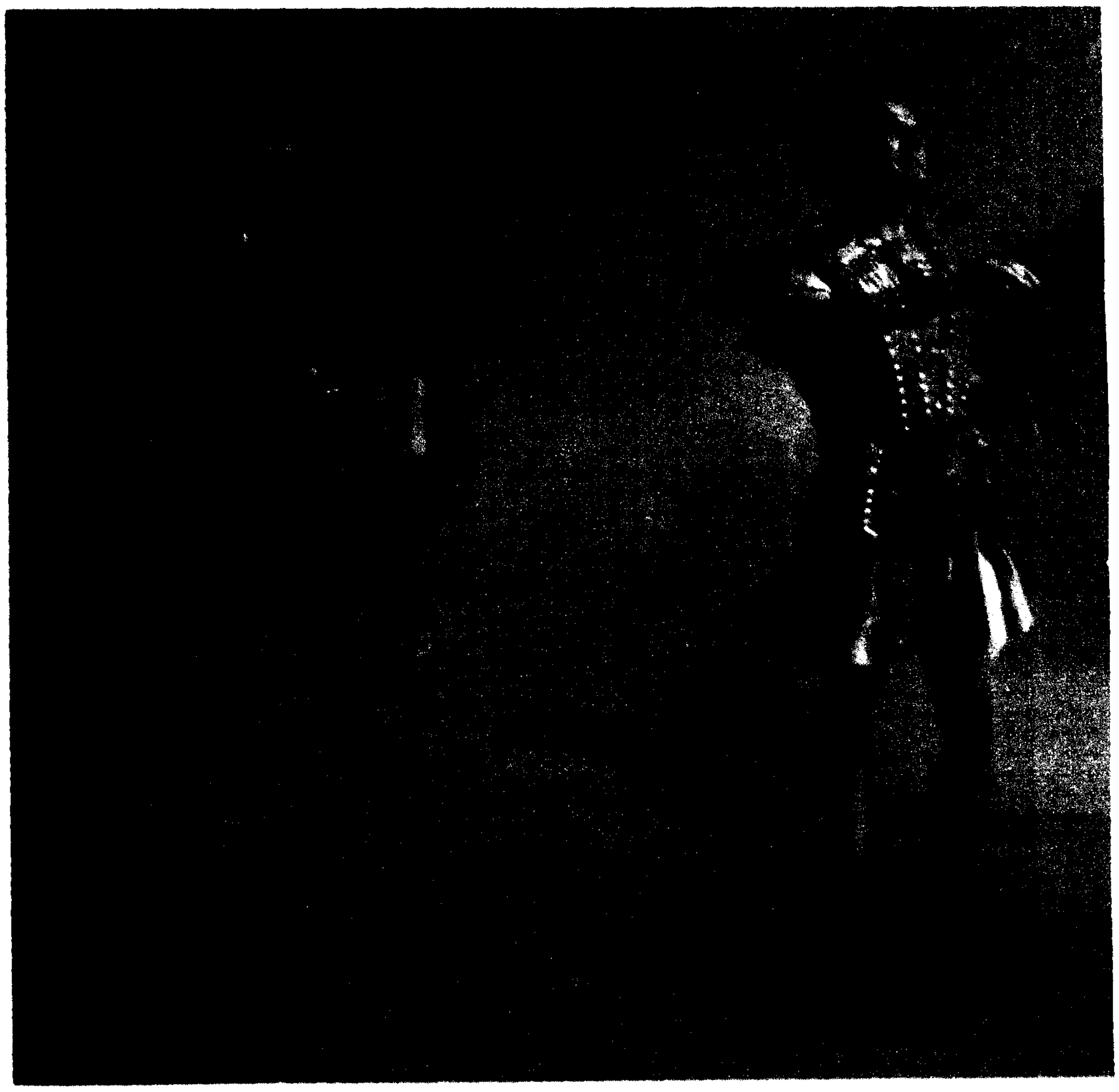
A little before nine o'clock a group of property men draws the attention of everyone on the set to the foot of the center cross. They are placing a rough-spun, hand-woven reddish-brown robe on the ground. Near it they lay a dice cup and dice. The cloth and the dice are not only the central elements of the scene, they are the foundation of the entire movie and the book from which it is being made.

The late Lloyd Douglas, a Lutheran minister, wrote The Robe as a result of his own speculations on a brief passage in the New Testament—*John* xix. 23-24—: *"Then the soldiers, when they had crucified Jesus, took his garments, and made four parts, to every soldier a part; and also his coat: now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout. They said therefore among themselves, Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be . . ."* The Bible says no more about the coat, or robe, which Jesus wore at Golgotha. But out of the few words in John, the famed novelist spun a 508-page, deeply convincing tale about the further history of the robe and its effect upon Marcellus, a Roman officer who, after carrying out Pilate's order to crucify Jesus, won the garment in a dice game and eventually died for the garment in defense of Christianity.

The book was published in 1942. Within five years it sold nearly 2,000,000 copies. But even before it was published Frank Ross, then an in-



**In the Crucifixion scene scores of extras, garbed as Romans and ancient Palestinians, kept their eyes on the middle cross. Some wore the look of cynics, some were fearful, or curious, but most gazed in awe**



**When Marcellus (Richard Burton) wins the robe, a storm breaks. He is frightened, but**

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

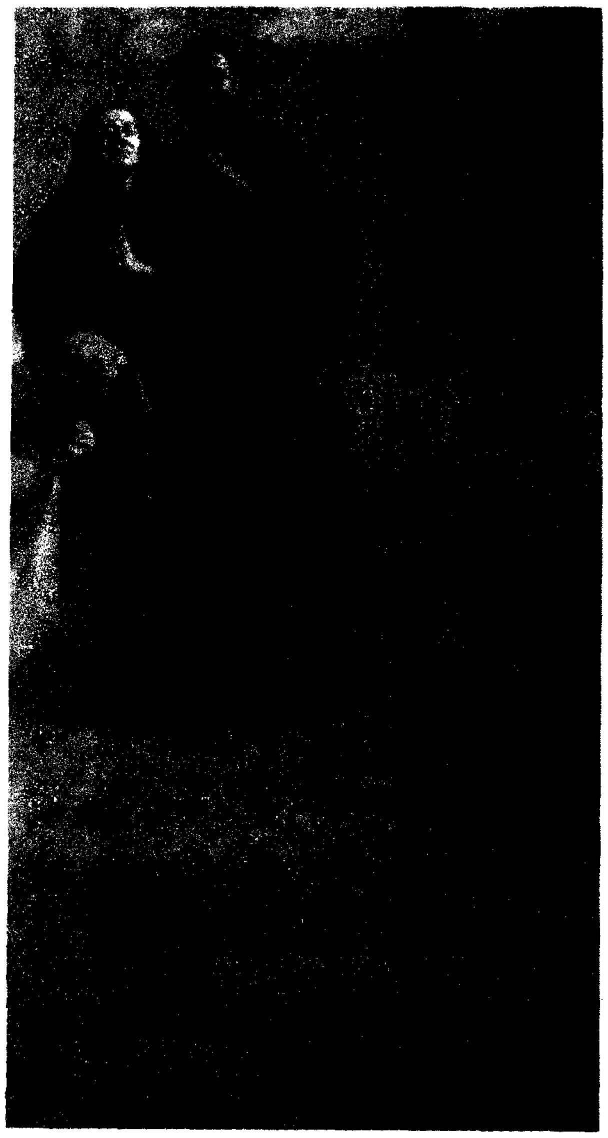
dependent movie producer, bought the screen rights to the story for $100,000. It took him 11 years to wade through Hollywood's complicated business deals, find the right script, the right actors (Victor Mature, Richard Burton and Jean Simmons), and the right company (20th Century-Fox) with enough money ($4,600,000) to produce the picture.

Now, as the prop men place the robe at the foot of the cross, Ross watches intently. He is standing on a camera dolly in the background. Near the foot of the narrow dirt road which leads up to the cross, director Henry Koster is quietly giving orders to Victor Mature who plays the slave Demetrius, Richard Burton who plays Marcellus, and Jeff Morrow as a Roman soldier called Paulus. Koster turns from them for a moment and calls to the extras scattered over the hillside:

"Now, remember," he says, "most of you women are crying and lamenting—but you are saying no words. You soldiers, over there, you are guarding the cross—but not with much attention to your duties. And something else, now—this new wide-screen process we're using will make everything superrealistic to an audience, so please, no chewing gum."

He turns back to the principals. "Jeff, you are drunk and have been losing. Richard, your face should be sullen like you are with anger inwardly. Vic, you are standing behind them, re-

**Marcellus' slave Demetrius (Victor Mature) clutches the robe during the storm, seeing the meaning of Jesus. Garment becomes a symbol of devotion for early Christians** ▶



**still he faces the cross with arrogance**

Jean Simmons plays Diana, a Roman girl who suffers martyrdom with her lover, Marcellus

Producer Frank Ross (foreground, sweater) watched over every scene, seeking perfection

Michael Rennie, shown waiting to be called for a scene, appears as Simon called Peter

sentful of the callousness of your master, Marcellus, and the others—Jesus has just been crucified and they are gambling for his robe."

Koster trots down the hill. The chief electrician speaks into a small walkie-talkie to tell his men on the catwalk to turn up the big arc lights. Five wind machines produce a breeze. Head cameraman Leon Shamroy nods to Koster. Koster shouts, "Action!"

The camera moves in on Paulus. He calls to the slave, Demetrius, to bring him the robe at the foot of the cross. Demetrius, obeying reluctantly, steps to the cross, looks down at the robe, then up to the unseen figure on the cross. He lifts the robe reverently and brings it to Paulus.

Paulus shakes the cup and rolls the dice. Koster stops the scene. "Too much Las Vegas, Jeff," he says. "Let the dice roll out gently—like in olden times."

Paulus shakes the cup again and rolls the dice on the robe. There is a flash of lightning. Marcellus takes the dice and rolls. Thunder shatters the air. He wins. Paulus tosses the robe to Marcellus' slave, Demetrius. The storm breaks in all its fury. The wind increases. Lightning knifes the air. The mourners and the spectators of the Crucifixion begin to run. A soldier yells: "It's a judgment on us!"

Only Demetrius, the slave, is not alarmed. He stands before the cross, holding the robe. His eyes slowly trace the outline of the cross and the Figure upon it. Tears run down his face.

Suddenly, out of the storm, Koster calls, "Cut!" The wind machines whine into silence. The lightning ceases. The extras come to a standstill. Demetrius waits before the cross. "That was fine," Koster says, "but we'll try again in a little while. We'll make it better."

Behind him Frank Ross relaxes and permits himself a smile. "I've dreamed a lot of dreams about that scene," he tells an assistant. "It is not one you do easily, like a love scene. I think we all feel that. It has to be perfect."

But perfection, even with a $4,600,000 budget, is hard to come by. For three days more, the electric sun rose on Hollywood's imitation of Golgotha, while camera angles were changed and microphones were moved about. Again and again Marcellus won the robe for which he and the woman he loved (Jean Simmons) were to suffer as Christian martyrs. Again and again Demetrius wept before the cross. And time and time again, the extras lived through the brief, cryptic passage in John which has for centuries fired the imaginations of reverent men. ▲▲▲

While electricians prepared to light Golgotha set, extras sat around, slept and smoked

Calendar jumped 2,000 years, as extras, like Edwana Spence, rested in their ancient robes

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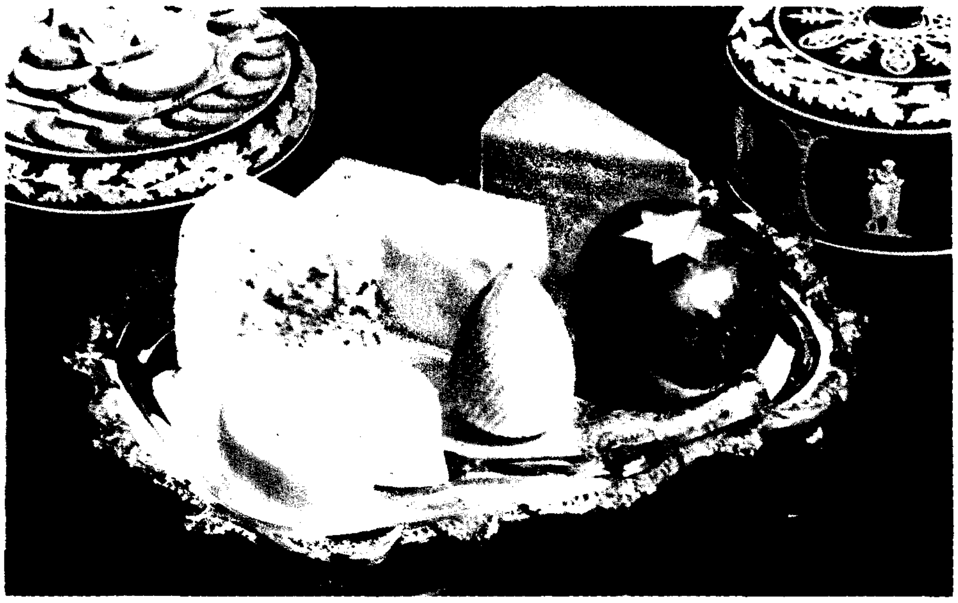

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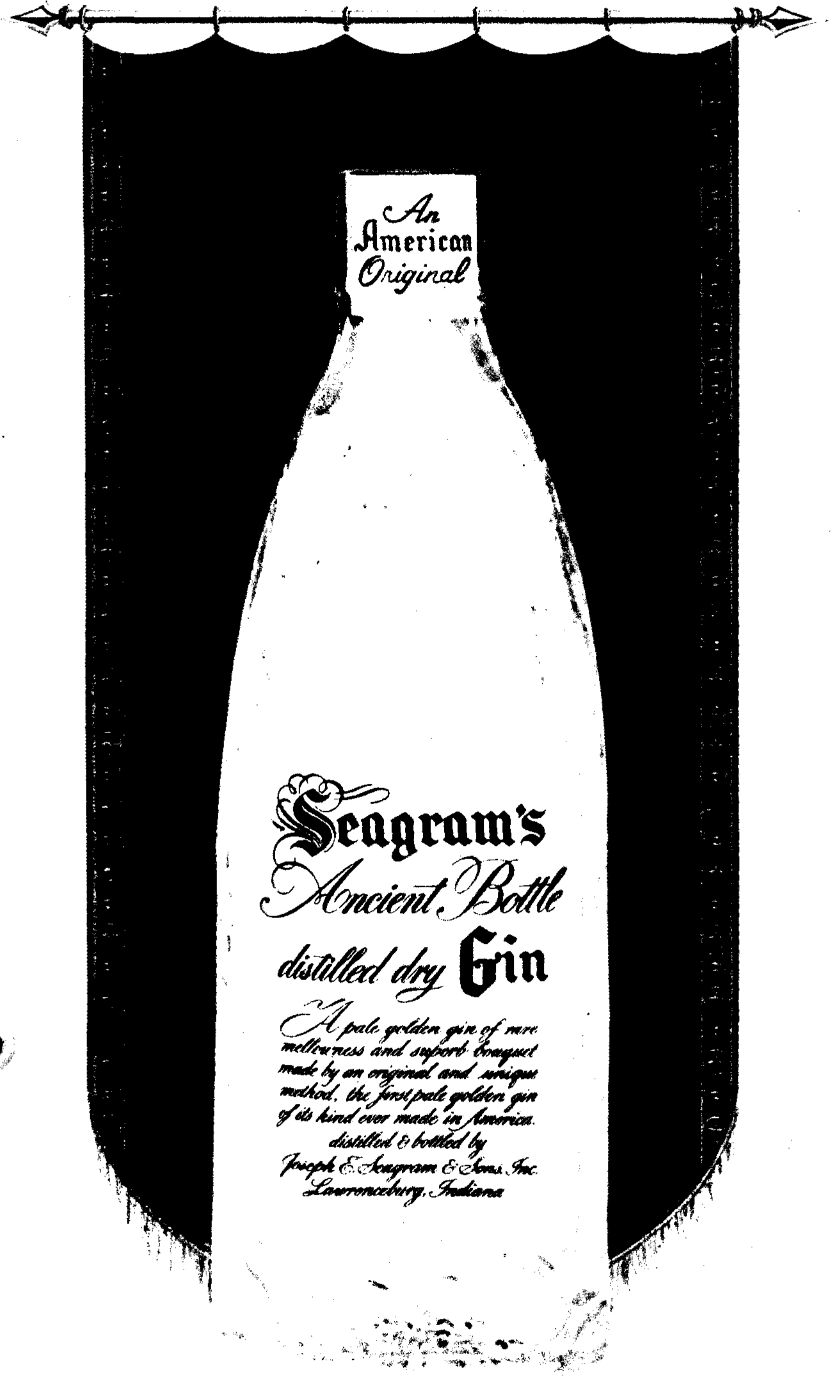
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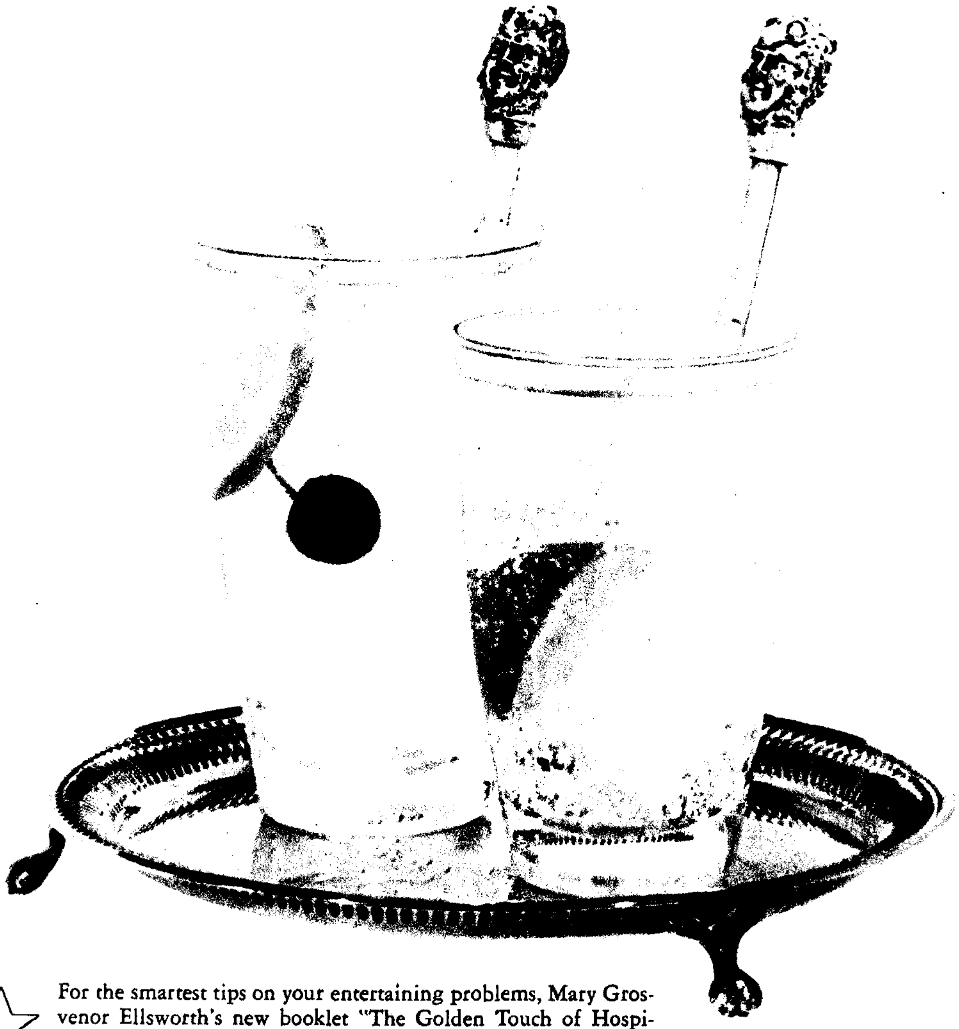

☆ For the smartest tips on your entertaining problems, Mary Grosvenor Ellsworth's new booklet "The Golden Touch of Hospitality" is available in states where legal. Send 25¢ to The House of Seagram, Dept. 1, P. O. Box 193, New York 10, N. Y.

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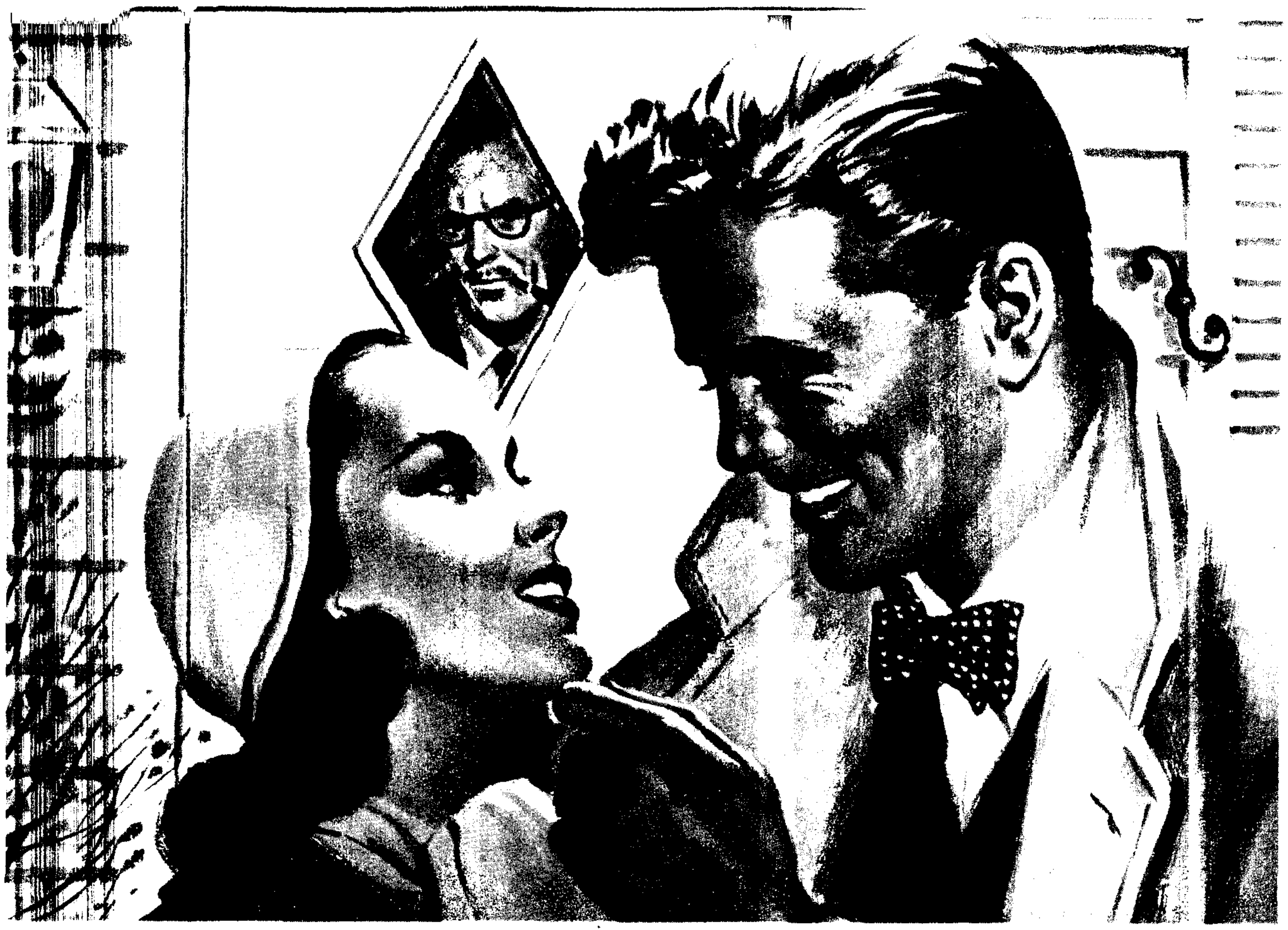

EARL CORDREY

Charles saw the way they looked at each other—laughing a little, nothing but kids, really

# Too Young to Marry

### By LOIS DYKEMAN KLEIHAUER

ANN came into the den. "They're here," she said. Her tone half pleaded, half commanded as she said, "Now be nice to them, Charles. Please."

He looked at her, his face expressionless.

"After all," she said, "you were only twenty-five when *we* were married."

"Twenty-*five*," he said. "Not twenty-*two*—barely twenty-two. And we had some money in the bank."

"You hadn't spent eighteen months in Korea—"

A car door slammed. For a moment Charles and Ann looked at each other, and then Ann turned and went swiftly down the hall with Charles following.

They stood in the vestibule, waiting for their son and his fiancée, whom they were to meet for the first time. Bob was bringing her from Chicago to spend the week end with them. Through the small pane in the door Charles saw them, saw the way they looked at each other as though for moral courage—laughing a little, young-looking, nothing but kids, really.

Ann opened the door and held out her hands.

Bob kissed her, and then he drew the girl forward and said, "Mom, this is Nancy."

Ann and Nancy smiled at each other, their eyes searching, questioning. But they smiled, as women who are determined to be friends will.

Ann said, "We're so happy to meet you, Nancy."

Bob shook hands with his father, almost formally. "Hello, Dad."

Charles gripped Bob's hand briefly. He looked at Nancy and she looked at him. She was pretty, with soft dark eyes and dark hair. He did his best to smile, but it didn't come off well. It was a surface smile, not quite covering his displeasure. Nancy suddenly clasped her hands together tightly and glanced at Bob.

Ann said, "I'll take you upstairs to your room first, Nancy. Then we'll come down and have some hors d'oeuvres. We've got our last fire of the season in the living room."

Charles led the way into the living room, went to the fire and poked at it.

Bob stood looking into the fire, occasionally glancing toward the door. "I think Nancy and Mom are going to hit it off all right, don't you?"

Charles set the poker down. "Yes, you can count on your mother to go more than halfway."

Ann and Nancy came down. Both of them looked quickly at Charles. They are like sensitive plants, he thought, testing the warmth of the atmosphere. He listened to the others talking as the four of them sat in front of the fire. After a while Ann threw him a warning look. He knew that it meant: Why aren't *you* holding up *your* end of the conversation?

He cleared his throat. "Planning to live here in Lake Forest after you're married?" he asked.

He'd probably get used to the idea—after a while. But they were so young. Nancy was only nineteen. They didn't have any money. Why couldn't they wait? Or were they counting on him to give them a lift? Well, they could forget about that, if that was what they had in mind.

Bob's face lighted up. He speared a shrimp, dipped it in the sauce and ate it. "Believe it or not, Dad," he said, "we've got our house all planned. We're going to build."

Charles looked incredulous. "With what?"

Bob laughed a little, embarrassed. "Well, Nancy's father is going to lend us four thousand dollars, and I can get a GI loan, and we know a fellow who's a contractor—he's a friend of ours. He's going to do the actual construction work, and we're going to finish the inside—you know, the painting and papering. We've got a wonderful plan—" He glanced around the room, and then he got up and went into his father's bedroom. "Back in a minute," he said as he left.

They heard the opening and shutting of a drawer, and then Bob reappeared with a cardboard from one of his father's laundered shirts. He sat down on the footstool, took a pencil from his coat pocket, and began to sketch the floor plan of the house on the white side of the cardboard.

Charles felt a quick pang of remembrance—those pieces of cardboard from the laundry. Had there ever been a time when Bob hadn't found a use for them? . . .

He suddenly recalled long-forgotten mornings when, on opening his drawer to get a fresh shirt, he would find the piles disarranged and grubby finger marks on the stiff, white collars.

"Robert!" he would roar—he was given to roaring and knew it.

And Robert, with traces of breakfast about his mouth, would appear and listen with innocent and wondering eyes as Charles scolded him. Afterward, as a peace offering, the boy would bring him the cardboard covered with an untidy crayon figure.

"I drawed a cat," he would announce, pointing.

"Yes, yes, I see," Charles would say, still frowning. "That's very nice, but—well, if you've *got* to take the cardboards out of my shirts see that your hands are clean."

Robert had continued to take out the cardboards. A couple of years later when he drew a cat, it was quite possible to tell that it *was* a cat. He went to school and his imagination expanded and he colored fantastic pictures on the cardboards. Sometimes it was a flock of birds descending upon a ship—or was it a squadron of planes? Another time it might be a coal-black snowman, or a monkey squatting on a telephone pole throwing coconuts to children below.

(Where did the monkey get the coconuts, Bob?)

And the cardboards had made wonderful tunnels for his electric train. All you had to do was bend one in two places and set it up and there was a tunnel, or a cave.

And there had been wondrous cutouts made from the cardboards—snakes and Santa Clauses and gingerbread men with raisins for eyes. He always ate the raisins if they didn't stick very well.

There had always been scratch-pads about the house, but Robert had preferred the cardboards for his homework. Improper fractions—there had been quite a struggle with those—and then decimals, and after a while algebra.

And then a wound in Bob's left leg had brought him home from Korea. And one day not long after, he had sat in the big chair and rested his leg on the footstool (where he sat now) and used one of the cardboards to draw a picture of the hills and valleys where he had fought.

(It was right about here. We'd been trying to get to the top of that damn' hill for two days—)

His pencil had dug into the cardboard in sudden pain and fury.

AND now Bob sat sketching his house—his and Nancy's. She was close beside him, absorbed in watching the quick movements of his pencil.

"We're planning a patio here—in back of the kitchen—where we can eat in the summer. And over here—see?—we can add another bedroom when we need it."

He looked up from his sketch and said, "Don't you think it's a pretty good plan, Dad?"

Charles looked at the sketched floor plan soberly. He hadn't been listening to Bob too closely. Slowly he put out his hand, and Bob put the sketch into it. Charles was aware that all three of them sat waiting, almost holding their breaths.

Here in his hand he held a piece of laundry cardboard, a piece of worthless paper pulp. But it was on pieces of cardboard like this one that he had seen the growth of a child into a man—from the drawing of an untidy cat nearly twenty years ago to the sketch of a house for a man and his wife, a man who was now old enough (twenty-two or twenty-five—it is not years that make a man) to have children of his own.

He said, slowly, quietly, "It's a very good plan."

It was Nancy who answered. "I'm—we're glad you like it."

He looked at her. She was so in earnest, and so pretty, and so—so *young*. Yes, she was young, but she understood Bob, and she would share his life as he and Ann never could from now on.

He looked down at the sketch on the cardboard in his hands. "I'd like to be in on this," he said. "If you could use another four thousand, I'd be—I'd be happy to let you have it."

He looked up and saw the affection for him in their eyes, and all at once he felt that right now he was, at this moment, as big a man as his son had always thought him to be.

▲▲▲

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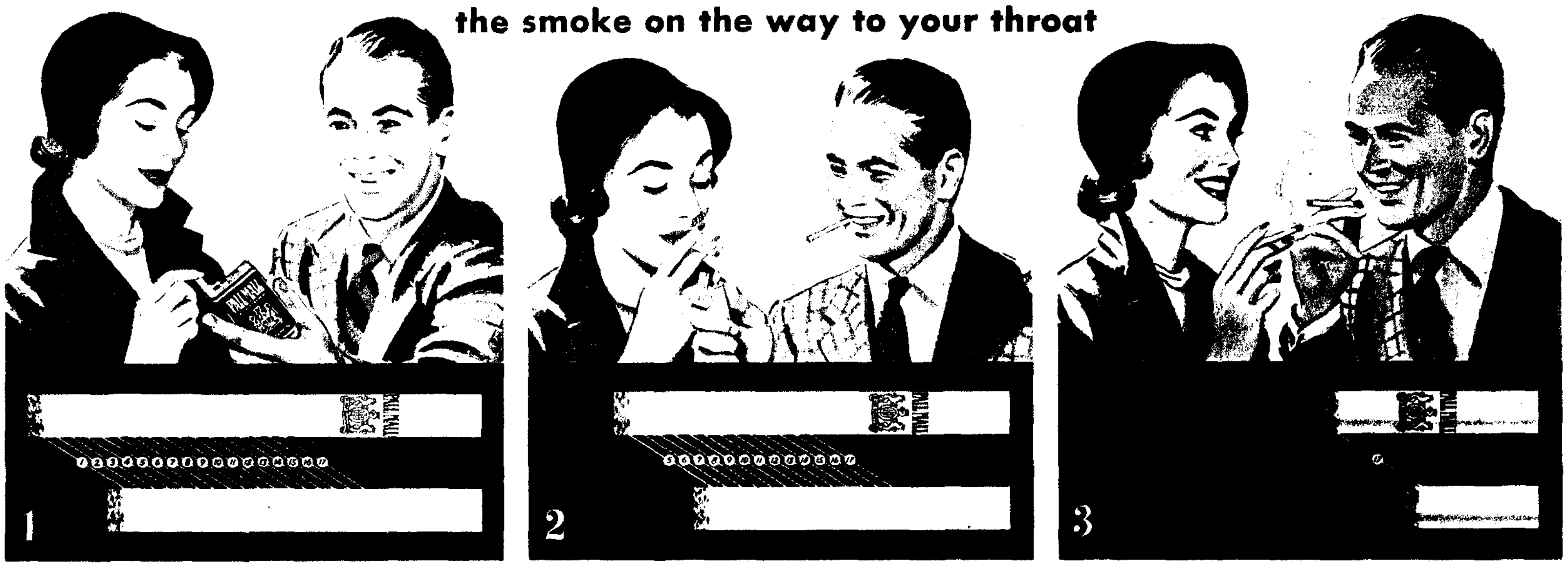

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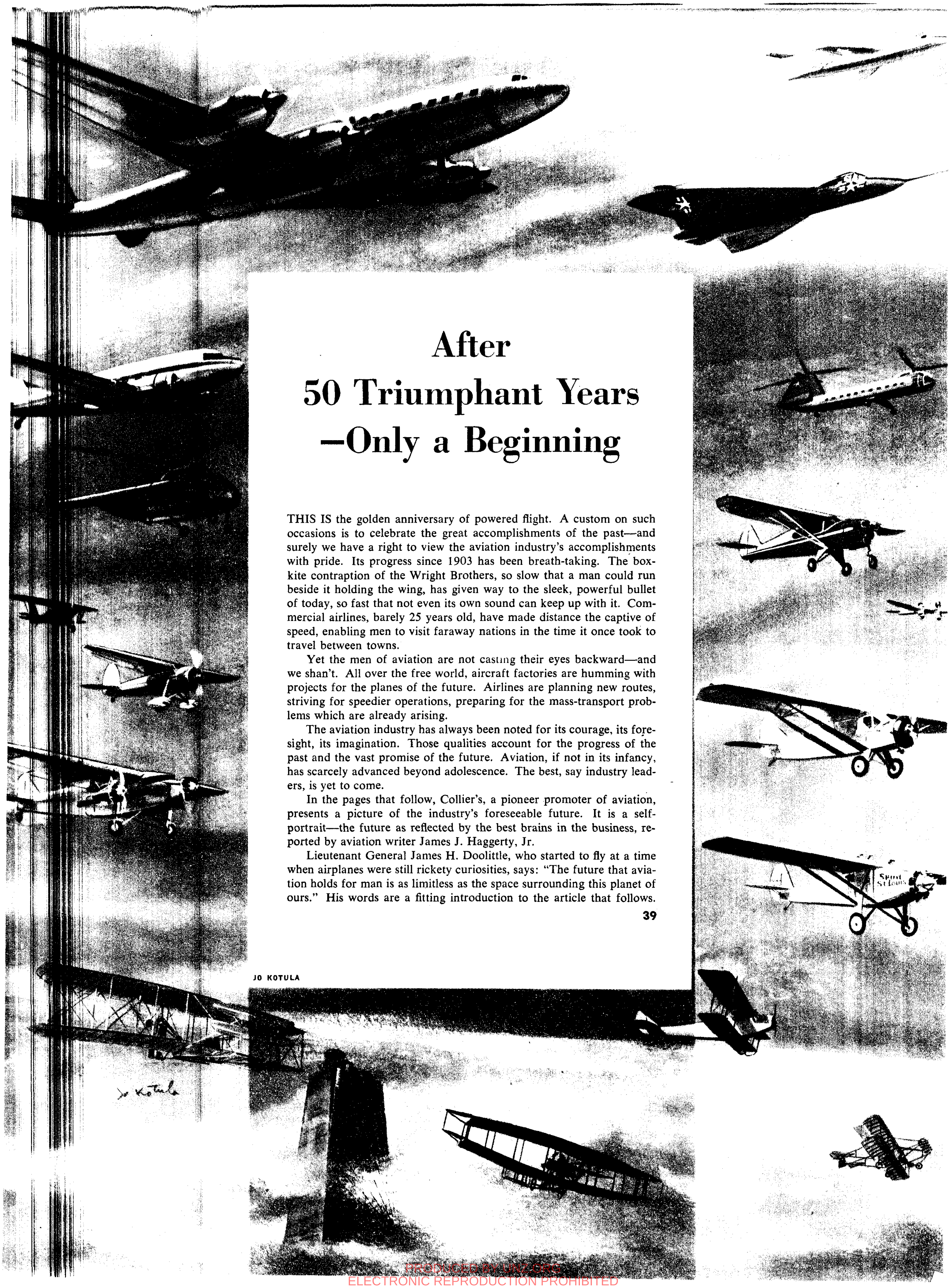


# After 50 Triumphant Years —Only a Beginning

THIS IS the golden anniversary of powered flight. A custom on such occasions is to celebrate the great accomplishments of the past—and surely we have a right to view the aviation industry's accomplishments with pride. Its progress since 1903 has been breath-taking. The box-kite contraption of the Wright Brothers, so slow that a man could run beside it holding the wing, has given way to the sleek, powerful bullet of today, so fast that not even its own sound can keep up with it. Commercial airlines, barely 25 years old, have made distance the captive of speed, enabling men to visit faraway nations in the time it once took to travel between towns.

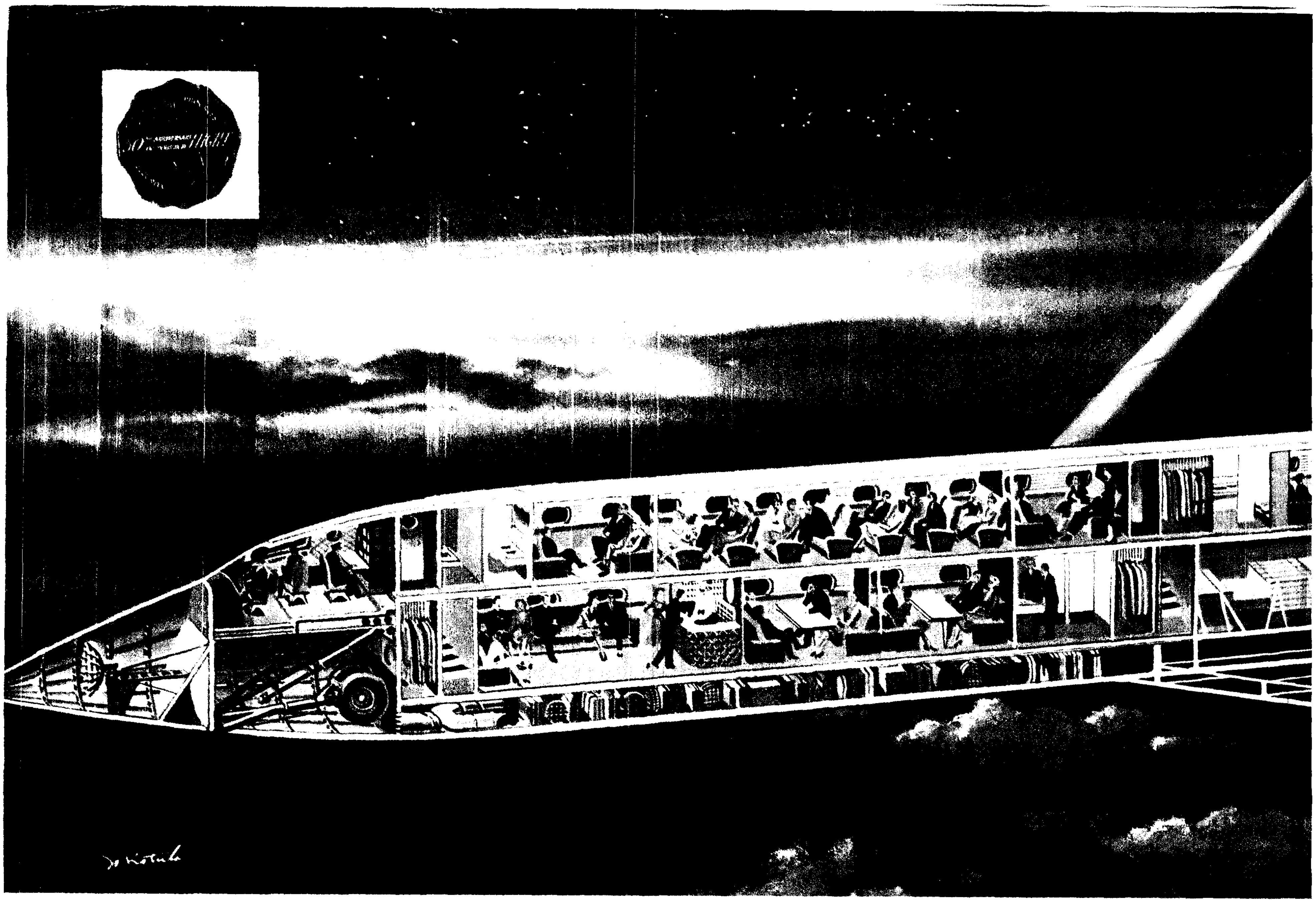
Yet the men of aviation are not casting their eyes backward—and we shan't. All over the free world, aircraft factories are humming with projects for the planes of the future. Airlines are planning new routes, striving for speedier operations, preparing for the mass-transport problems which are already arising.

The aviation industry has always been noted for its courage, its foresight, its imagination. Those qualities account for the progress of the past and the vast promise of the future. Aviation, if not in its infancy, has scarcely advanced beyond adolescence. The best, say industry leaders, is yet to come.

In the pages that follow, Collier's, a pioneer promoter of aviation, presents a picture of the industry's foreseeable future. It is a self-portrait—the future as reflected by the best brains in the business, reported by aviation writer James J. Haggerty, Jr.

Lieutenant General James H. Doolittle, who started to fly at a time when airplanes were still rickety curiosities, says: "The future that aviation holds for man is as limitless as the space surrounding this planet of ours." His words are a fitting introduction to the article that follows.

JO KOTULA



# The ATOM-LINER

### By JAMES J. HAGGERTY, JR.

The nuclear transport, faster than sound, will get you to London between breakfast

*As part of the observance of the golden anniversary of powered flight, Collier's asked one of the nation's top aviation writers, James J. Haggerty, Jr., to find out what the future holds for commercial aviation, which has already taken amazing strides in the 50 years since the first airplane flew at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. To gather the authoritative information presented here, Haggerty traveled 15,000 miles (needless to say, by air), visiting the Netherlands, Great Britain, France and most of the U.S., and interviewed 38 of the world's most prominent plane designers, manufacturers, airline executives and government air officials*

IN ITS fifty years of existence, aviation has made extraordinary progress. Millions of us remember when it was an apparently impractical dream; all of us know it today as a supersonic wonder. During the first powered flight at Kitty Hawk in 1903, Wilbur and Orville Wright's crude biplane, bucking a headwind, took 12 seconds to travel about 120 feet. At least one modern plane can speed four miles in the same fraction of a minute. From horse-and-buggy speeds to 1,238 miles an hour—that's the story of aviation's first half century.

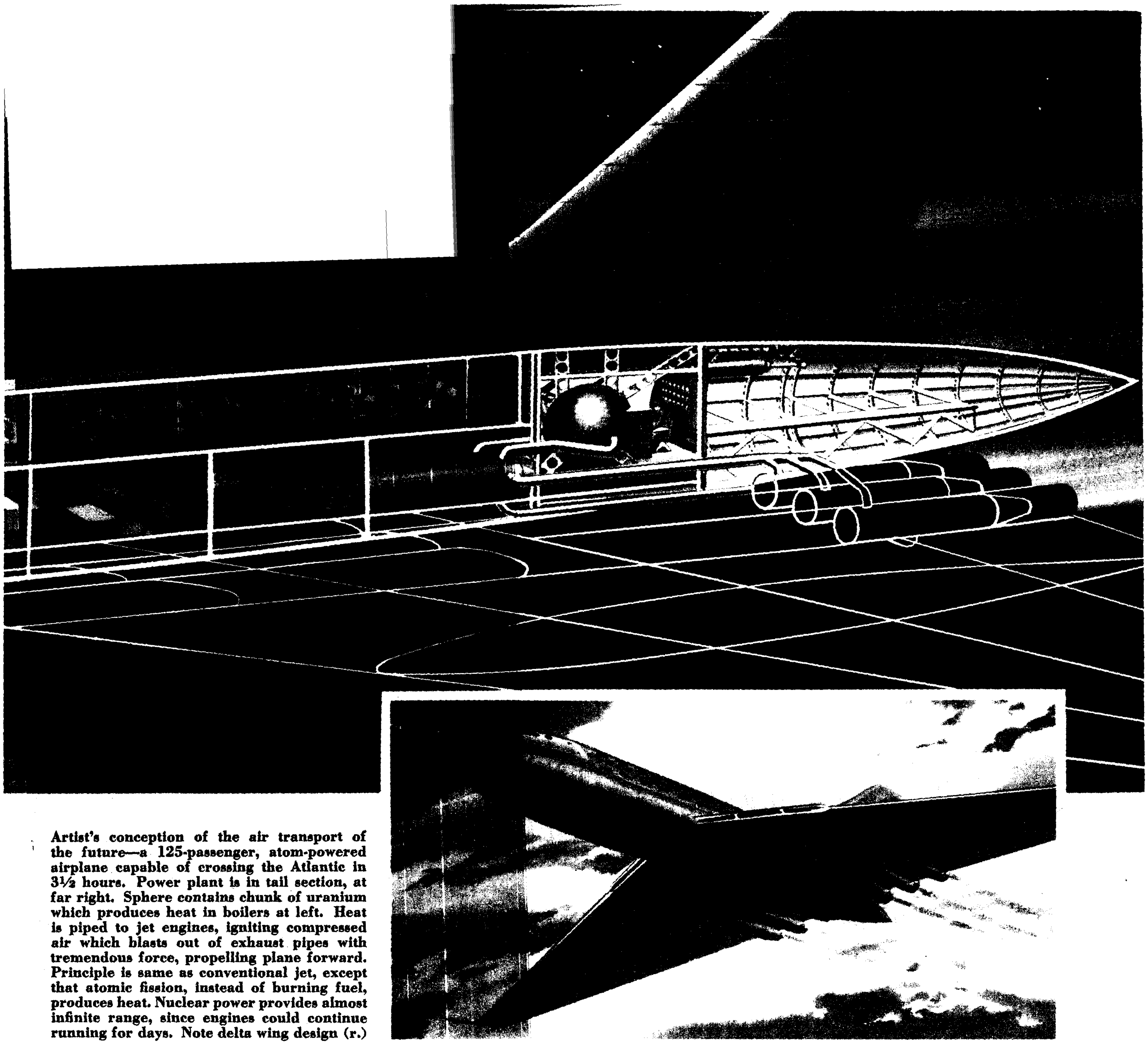
But the industry's best brains agree: "You ain't seen nothing yet!"

Models now ready to be test-flown will go even faster; the giant airliners that today span the Atlantic in 12 hours will be made obsolete by jet-propelled aircraft, already being built, that will cut that time by half. Atomic-powered planes will follow.

I interviewed experts all over the world. Their opinions are varied, as you might expect, since the experts work in different segments of the aviation industry, live in different countries, and hold differing philosophies of development. Some are moderate, some visionary. But whatever the viewpoint, there is a solid corridor of agreement running through all the opinions.

The passenger plane of tomorrow will look different from today's airliners—something like a flying arrowhead. It will be larger—about 125 passengers, compared with 60 to 80 today. It will have a brain of its own—electronic devices which will permit it to dodge mountains or other airplanes and land itself in heavy weather while the pilot monitors the system as an interested spectator. It may be atomic-powered. Its speed? More than 900 miles an hour!

"Think of the possibilities," said Dr. Albert Plesman, president of KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, and a leader in promoting new aircraft experiments



**Artist's conception of the air transport of the future—a 125-passenger, atom-powered airplane capable of crossing the Atlantic in 3½ hours. Power plant is in tail section, at far right. Sphere contains chunk of uranium which produces heat in boilers at left. Heat is piped to jet engines, igniting compressed air which blasts out of exhaust pipes with tremendous force, propelling plane forward. Principle is same as conventional jet, except that atomic fission, instead of burning fuel, produces heat. Nuclear power provides almost infinite range, since engines could continue running for days. Note delta wing design (r.)**

**and lunch. It's just one of the exciting planes experts see ahead. Here's a full report**

and designs. "Three hours and a half from London to New York! With the five-hour time difference, you would run ahead of the clock, landing in New York at an earlier hour than you left London. In fact, you could leave London after midnight and arrive in New York the night before; you could tell your friends, 'I left tomorrow!' "

But don't make next year's vacation plans on the basis of these 900-mile-an-hour superplanes. Most of the experts think they are about 25 years off. There are problems to be solved, none of them insuperable, but all requiring time, research—and money. Development of these wonder aircraft of the future will be staggeringly expensive.

"Speeds of transport aircraft have gone up on a steady curve since the mid-twenties," said E. H. Heinemann, chief engineer of Douglas Aircraft Company's El Segundo Division in California. He traced a speed curve on a graph, showing the gradual rise from the early 100-mile-an-hour crates to the 500-mile-an-hour British De Havilland Comet, a jet transport now in service with two European airlines. "That curve can go up here"—he gestured toward the 900-mile-an-hour region—*"if you have the money to spend on it."*

All the experts agreed on that. The big question in predicting the future of air travel is: Where is the money to come from?

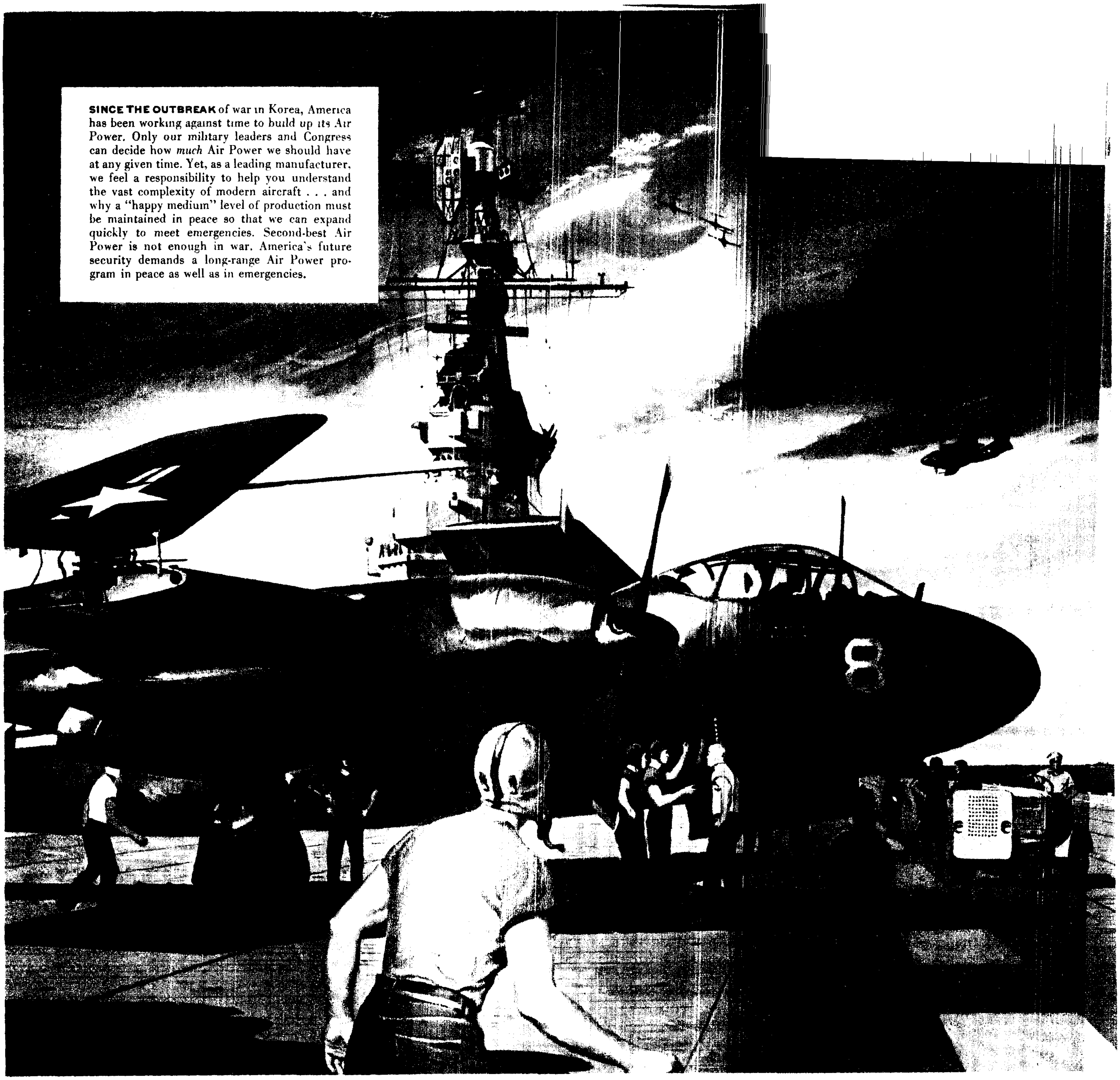
### Results of Heavy Military Spending

The greatest progress in the first half century of flight came in the last 10 years, for one major reason. The military pioneered the development effort, spending enormous sums under the pressure of one war and the threat of another. A large number of aircraft companies—Republic Aviation Corporation, North American Aviation, Northrop Aircraft, Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corporation, The Glenn L. Martin Company—build no transport aircraft today. Their output is solely military, but their development work is invaluable to the commercial aircraft industry. It was the X-1 special research plane, built under Air Force sponsorship by Bell Aircraft Corporation (whose only commercial product is a small helicopter), which first proved in 1947 that man could fly faster than sound. That research work, which no airline or group of airlines could have financed, will be applied to tomorrow's transports.

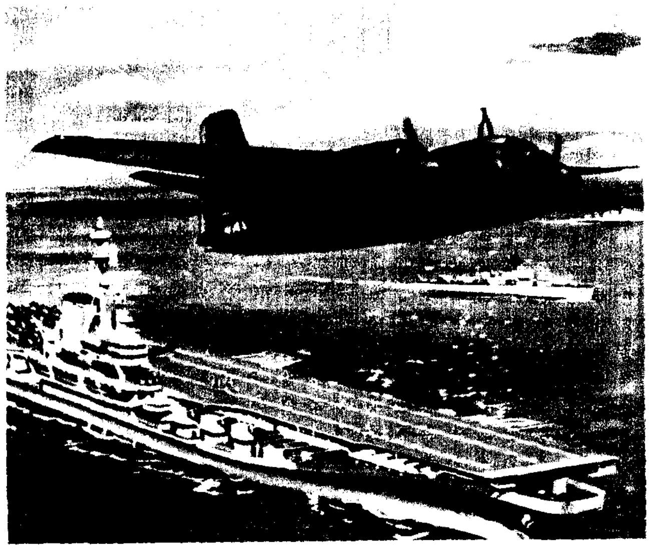
The future of air transport, most experts believe, may be divided into two periods—a continuation of the present subsonic period and, later, the supersonic, when passenger planes will exceed the speed of sound. Why the dividing line? Because near the speed of sound a plane encounters heavy turbulence, which drops off on the other side of the sonic wall. To fly through this area of turbulence fast enough to avoid great passenger discomfort will take tremendous engine power—and that means a

ILLUSTRATED BY JO KOTULA

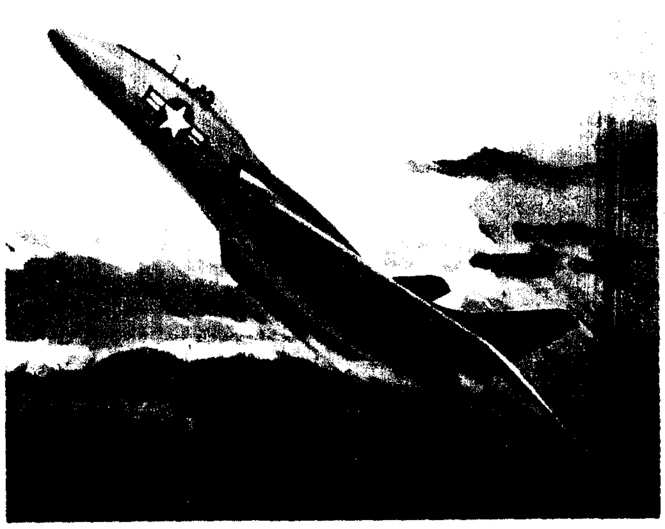
**SINCE THE OUTBREAK** of war in Korea, America has been working against time to build up its Air Power. Only our military leaders and Congress can decide how *much* Air Power we should have at any given time. Yet, as a leading manufacturer, we feel a responsibility to help you understand the vast complexity of modern aircraft . . . and why a "happy medium" level of production must be maintained in peace so that we can expand quickly to meet emergencies. Second-best Air Power is not enough in war. America's future security demands a long-range Air Power program in peace as well as in emergencies.



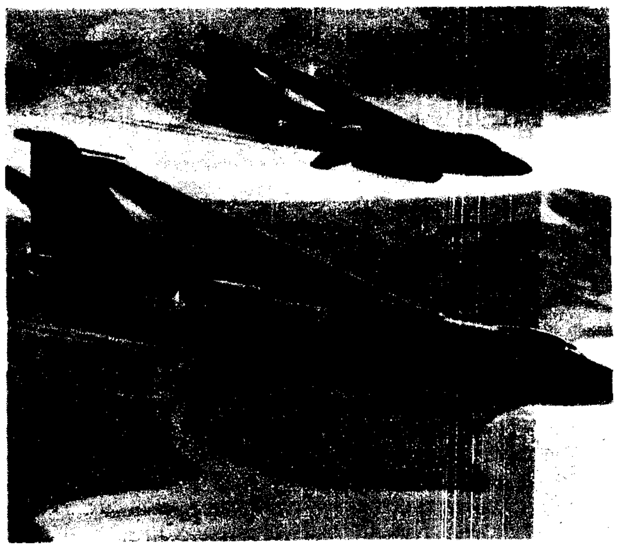
POTENT NORTH AMERICAN AJ "SAVAGE," POWERED BY TWO PRATT & WHITNEY PISTON ENGINES AND ONE JET, HAS MORE REACH THAN ANY OTHER CARRIER-BASED PLANE.



NAVY'S NEW SUB HUNTER-KILLER, THE GRUMMAN S2F, WILL DO JOB FORMERLY REQUIRING TWO AIRPLANES.



CHANCE VOUGHT'S NEW A2U, AN ATTACK VERSION OF CUTLASS TWIN-JET FIGHTER, WILL PACK MIGHTY PUNCH.



SWIFT DOUGLAS A3D IS THE LARGEST HEAVY ATTACK AIRPLANE NOW PLANNED FOR FUTURE CARRIER USE.

# TWICE AS BIG

## BUT 5 TIMES HARDER TO BUILD

### New heavy attack planes now operating with the fleet —almost 8 years after first design work began

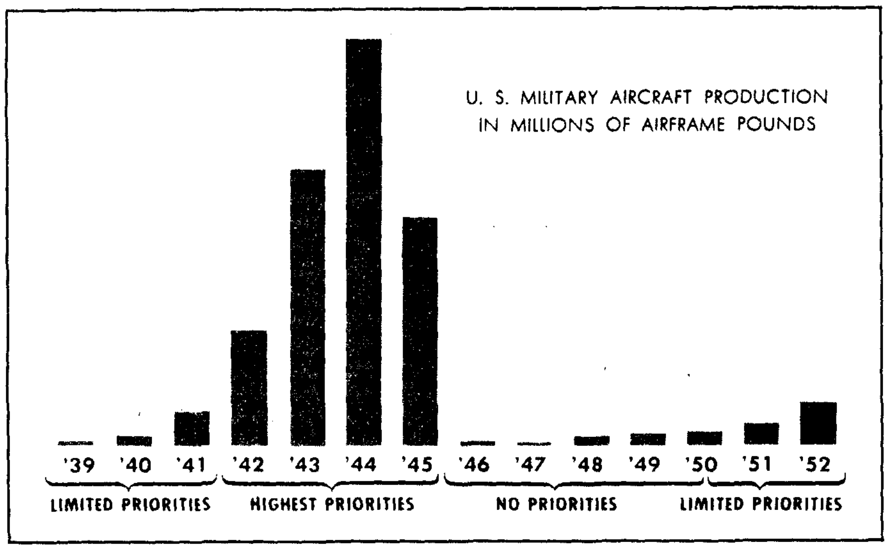
Powerful new heavyweights now fly from your Navy's aircraft carriers.

Operating with far-ranging task forces, new heavy attack aircraft can maul enemy installations far beyond even the most distant hostile coastline. Their wide range and ability to carry the most destructive bombs have given a new scope to naval strategy. Their mere existence should give pause to any potential aggressor. But bringing these airplanes to their present production stage has been a long, hard job.

For one thing, they are enormous by earlier carrier standards. Weighing more than 25 tons, such planes as the North American AJ "Savage" are twice as large as the biggest carrier aircraft of the last war. Yet even with very heavy bomb loads, their two great piston engines and one jet give them high speed and long range.

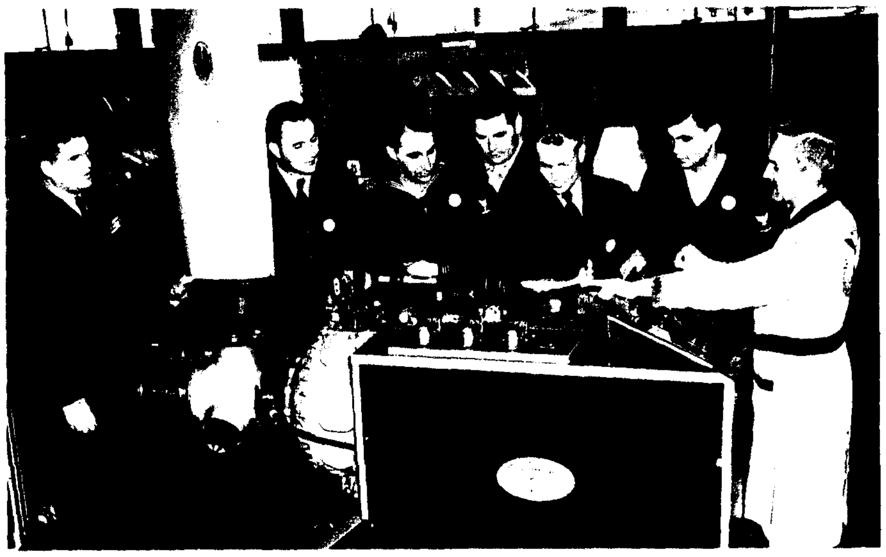
You can well imagine the tremendous problems involved in the design, development and production of these and other great new carrier aircraft. Everything about them was an engineering challenge. But America can be grateful that, even as World War II closed, production of prototypes was authorized . . . and that the country's aircraft industry had the skill and capacity to design, develop and build them.

For today your Navy has attack planes with twice the range, almost twice the speed, four times the bombload, and the ability to fly much higher than comparable carrier airplanes of the last war. And in spite of the problems involved in the production of these aircraft, and even newer types that are well under way, the American aircraft industry has increased its production rate five times since the outbreak of war in Korea.

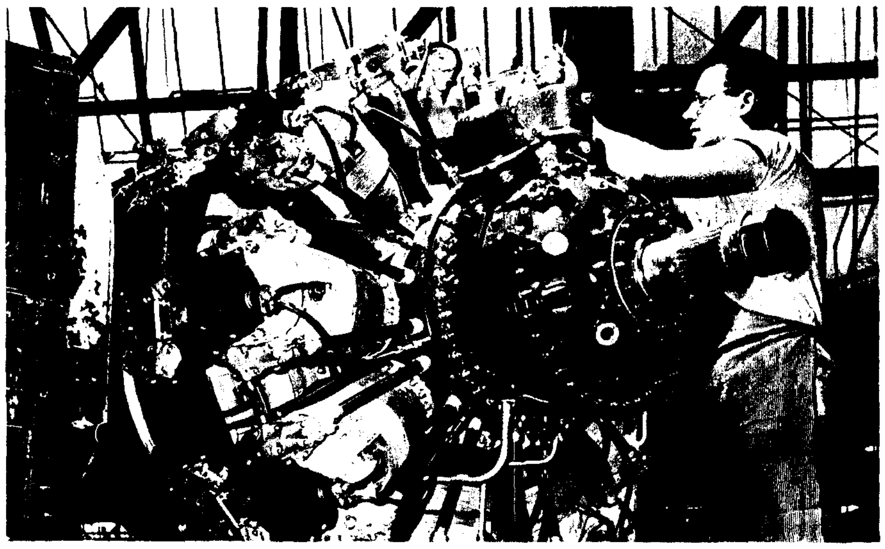


**AS YOU CAN SEE** by the above graph, even with war raging, it took 5 years from 1939 to reach peak production of 96,369 planes. In 1946 output was cut to less than 2% of peak, and America's productive capacity was allowed to deteriorate. No one advocates all-out production in peace, but it is apparent that if the nation is to meet emergencies such as occurred in 1941 and 1950, it must have a sustained airpower program.

**THIS ASSEMBLY BAY** at North American Aviation's plant is filled to capacity by high-winged AJs. Towering tails and their 71-foot wings are built to fold for storage and handling aboard ship. Pressurized cabins and special electronics give these far-ranging aircraft ability to attack targets from high altitudes, at night or in bad weather. Such complex aircraft require six or seven years from design concept to quantity use.



**CONSTANT IMPROVEMENTS** in modern propellers, starters, air-conditioning units and other equipment necessary to high performance of new aircraft, make essential specialized training of men who service such equipment in the field. Here, at the Hamilton Standard service school, Navy and Marine Corps technicians study a Hydromatic reversible-pitch propeller, which has more than 1200 delicately balanced precision parts.



**TWO BIG 18-CYLINDER** Pratt & Whitney engines, each containing more than 11,400 separate parts, drive big attack aircraft much farther and faster than comparable carrier-based planes of World War II. Built-in turbosuperchargers enable these 2300-h.p. Double Wasps to provide continuous high performance, even in the thin atmosphere of 40,000 feet. Over 10,000 special tools are required to build these engines.

**UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION • EAST HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT**

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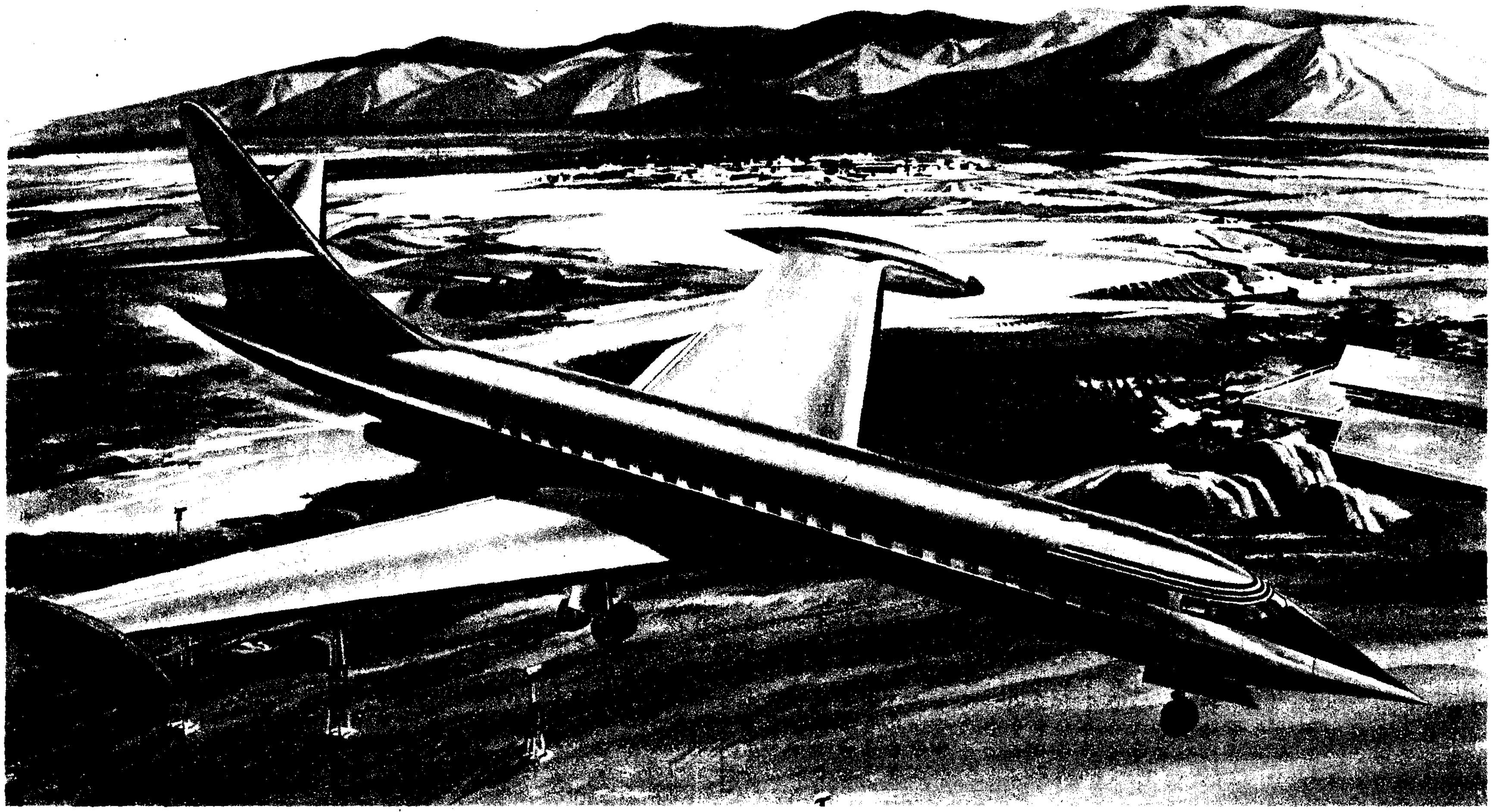
## *A supersonic airliner could be built today. The problem is to keep the price down*



**Even after we have atomic planes, speedy jets will be more economical for comparatively short-range flights. This 10-mile-a-minute passenger plane, shown about to land, will be ready in a few years**

long period of development. Furthermore, it must be economical power, says J. G. Borger, chief project engineer of Pan American World Airways, or no airline will be able to afford it.

Dr. Smith J. DeFrance, director of Ames Aeronautical Laboratory of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, goes a step further. "We have all the technical knowledge today to build a supersonic transport," said DeFrance, whose laboratory is already exploring the problems of flight in the 2,000-3,000-mile-an-hour realm. "But an airline would go broke operating it."

### British Pioneered in Passenger Jets

For a while airliners will be limited to speeds of about 600 miles per hour, just below the speed where turbulence begins. We already have transports approaching that speed—and have had for a year. On May 2, 1952, British Overseas Airways Corporation inaugurated the first regular passenger service in jet airplanes, from London to Johannesburg. Today, BOAC Comets fly to Singapore, Ceylon and Tokyo, as well. Union Aéromaritime de Transport, a French independent airline, is now operating Comets, too, and in the next two years five other foreign airlines will start flying them. (The Comet is at present the only jet-liner in production.)

But don't get the impression that there will be a rapid transition to jet aircraft. A jet-liner has two important advantages over its propeller-driven brethren. It's faster and more comfortable (because it is practically vibrationless and quieter). But the jet engine is a fuel gobbler—and high fuel consumption costs money and limits range.

Most American airline operators will probably wait for new, faster, more economical, farther-ranging jets, already in the design stage, before swinging over from piston-powered planes.

Within five years, however, jet-liners will be crossing the Atlantic. The first will be the De Havilland Comet III, larger, speedier and more economical than the present Comet. British Overseas Airways Corporation, Pan American World Airways, and Air India International, Ltd., have already placed orders for it. Even with one stop en route (which it may not require), the Comet III will hop from New York to London in eight and a half hours, compared with the present 12. Without the stop? Six hours flat.

Scheduled jet service in the continental United States probably won't start until 1960; it will take that long to develop the planes American airlines want. The jet-liner of 1960 will look pretty much like today's transports. It will be somewhat larger—holding perhaps 100 passengers—because one way to beat high operating costs is to increase the number of fares, and its wing will probably be swept back to make it more efficient at higher speeds. At about 600 miles an hour, the 1960 jet-liner will fly from Los Angeles to New York in about four hours and from New York to Los Angeles (against prevailing winds) in five and a half.

But propeller-driven airplanes won't become museum pieces. They'll keep improving. American manufacturers like Lockheed Aircraft Corporation and Douglas Aircraft Company are still building large, propeller-driven transports such as the Super Constellation and the DC-7, advanced versions of the Constellations and DC-6s now in service. These four-engine sky-liners, about as fast as the fighter planes of World War II, will be in service for years to come.

The Super Constellation and the DC-7 will be powered at first by conventional piston engines, but there is another type of propeller-driven airplane destined to see wide airline service in the next few years: the turboprop transport, which uses a combination of the jet engine and the propeller. Instead of providing propulsive thrust by forcing hot gases out its exhaust, as in jet planes, the engine translates its power to a shaft which drives a propeller, thus combining the economy of the piston engine with the power of the jet. Its speed, between that of the piston-engine plane and the jet, will be about 400 or 500 miles an hour, but it will exceed the jet's range, will use less fuel, and will be quieter than the conventional propeller-driven plane.

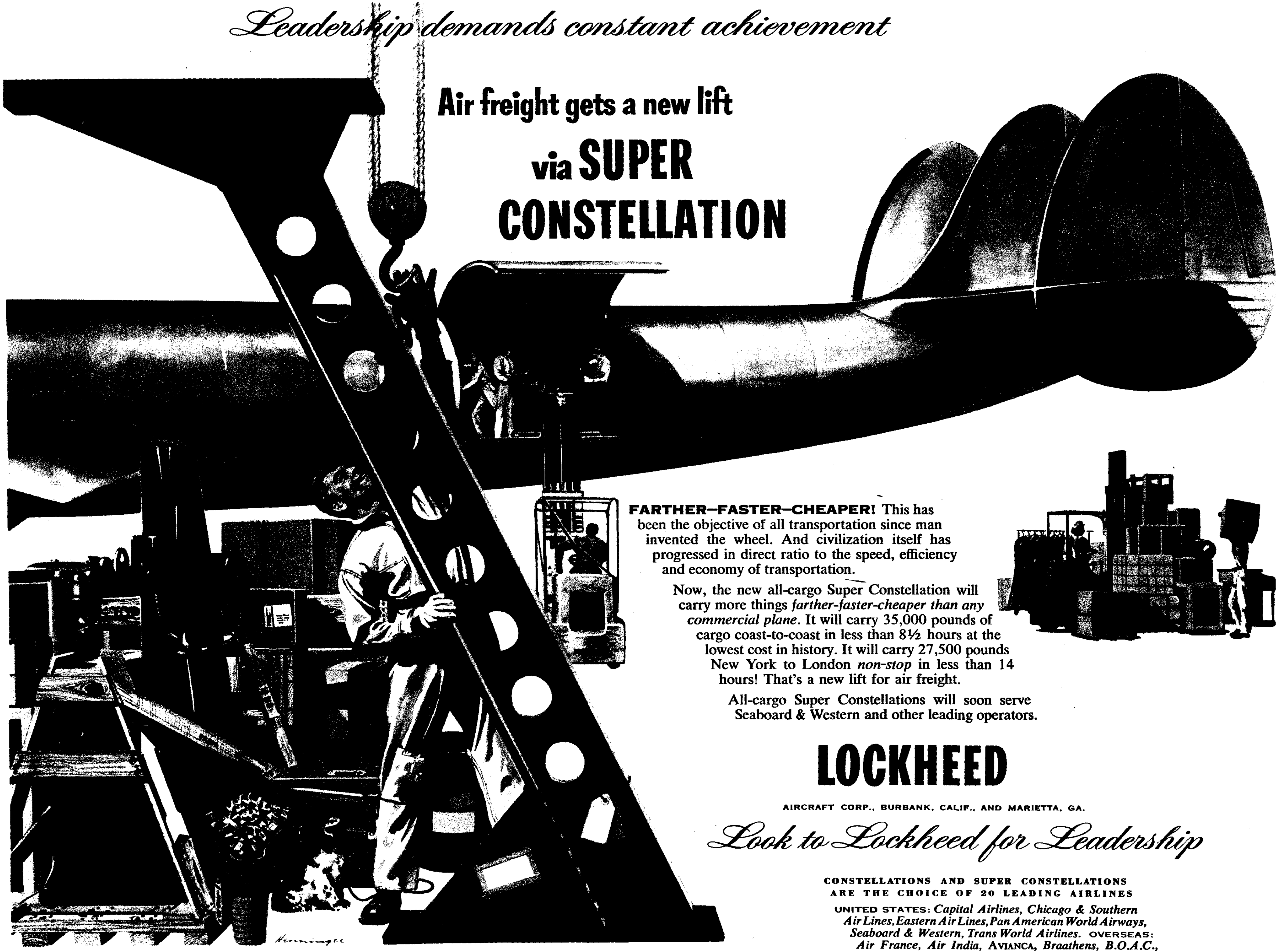
One turboprop plane, the Vickers Viscount, is already in service with British European Airways and will soon be operated by the French national airline, Air France. A larger, longer-ranging type, the Bristol Britannia, is being built for early use by British Overseas Airways. In the U.S., Allison Division of General Motors Corporation is experimenting with a turboprop, and other manufacturers are considering the installation of turboprop engines in present-day transports.

### Economic Aspects of the Helicopter

The next 10 years will see another significant development in air transportation—helicopter passenger service. It has already been tried in England, by British European Airways. That effort was too far ahead of its time. It failed because economical helicopters are not yet available: initial cost and cost of operation are high, and current types carry only eight to 13 passengers, not enough to make expenses. What is needed, say operators, is a helicopter with room for at least 40 passengers. Two American companies, Piasecki Helicopter Corporation and Sikorsky Aircraft Division of the United Aircraft Corporation, are working on copters of about that size, but they are military developments and there's no telling when they will be available for commercial use.

Meanwhile, the smaller machines are being used for short-haul mail and charter service in some parts of the country and there are plans for regular passenger flights, possibly this year. The small copters make useful taxis. Operating between airline terminals and the centers of major cities or between terminals and outlying suburbs, they

*Leadership demands constant achievement*



# Air freight gets a new lift via SUPER CONSTELLATION

**FARTHER—FASTER—CHEAPER!** This has been the objective of all transportation since man invented the wheel. And civilization itself has progressed in direct ratio to the speed, efficiency and economy of transportation.

Now, the new all-cargo Super Constellation will carry more things *farther-faster-cheaper than any commercial plane*. It will carry 35,000 pounds of cargo coast-to-coast in less than 8½ hours at the lowest cost in history. It will carry 27,500 pounds New York to London *non-stop* in less than 14 hours! That's a new lift for air freight.

All-cargo Super Constellations will soon serve Seaboard & Western and other leading operators.

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## *Intercity copters? In about 10 years, experts say. They need bigger machines*

will sharply cut over-all traveltime on long air journeys. A passenger who now spends 45 minutes getting to an airport at the start of a trip and another 45 minutes getting to his final destination will be able to cut that wasted hour an a half down to perhaps 20 minutes by helicopter.

### Time Saving on the Short Hauls

When intercity helicopters become practical they will offer a time-saving advantage on short-haul operations—like Chicago to Detroit or Philadelphia to Washington—that even the jet-liner cannot match. Peter Masefield, chief executive of British European Airways and a champion of helicopter service, discussed the subject with me in his downtown London office.

"Take a flight from London to Paris," he said. "Let's say that, if you go by a conventional jet airplane, you will spend an hour and a half getting to the take-off airport from London and from the destination airport to Paris. Add to that the time you spend taxiing on the ground, waiting for take-off clearance and taxiing again at the other end. Even a slow helicopter would make the trip from downtown to downtown in a couple of hours. In order to match that time, the jet-liner would have to fly 3,800 miles per hour!"

Along with intercity service will come the helicopter commuter bus, hauling office workers from their suburban homes to a downtown terminal in competition with the local service railroad. If helicopters develop over the next 15 years as fixed-wing airplanes did in the past 15, the cost should be no higher than railroad commuter fares.

That is the outlook for the subsonic era, as virtually every one of our experts sees it. There is far less unanimity about the more distant future—the faster-than-sound period. Industry people aren't sure when it will come, how it will come, or even —say a few—that it will come at all. Atomic power is a part of the problem, and there is disagreement about that, too.

Here are some sample opinions:

Hall Hibbard, engineering vice-president of Lockheed Aircraft Corporation: "I am positive that in 25 years the transport airplane will be supersonic, though I am not prepared to say that it will operate at a seat-mile cost comparable to that of today's airplanes."

Wellwood E. Beall, senior vice-president of Boeing Airplane Company: "Supersonic passenger flight as everyday routine is a long way off. I would hate to say we would never have a supersonic transport, but there will be a long subsonic period while we learn how to do it."

Walter Tydon, chief engineer of Fairchild Aircraft Division: "Based on military experiments in the field of nuclear power today (and the Air Force would not go ahead with such a project without some assurance of success), I would say that an atomic-powered supersonic transport is entirely feasible."

Henri Ziegler, president of Air France: "The difficulties of supersonic flight are enormous. Development of atomic power for a civil airplane presents far greater problems than did the development of the jet transport. Without atomic power, the operating costs would be too great."

J. H. (Dutch) Kindelberger, chairman of the board of North American Aviation, is one of the group which questions whether passengers will ever fly faster than sound.

"Speed is expensive," he said. "And I don't see any demand for the performance. With a supersonic airplane you could fly from Los Angeles to New York in maybe three hours. But with a plane like the DC-7 you could do it in seven and a half or eight hours. Is the time saving worth the added expense?"

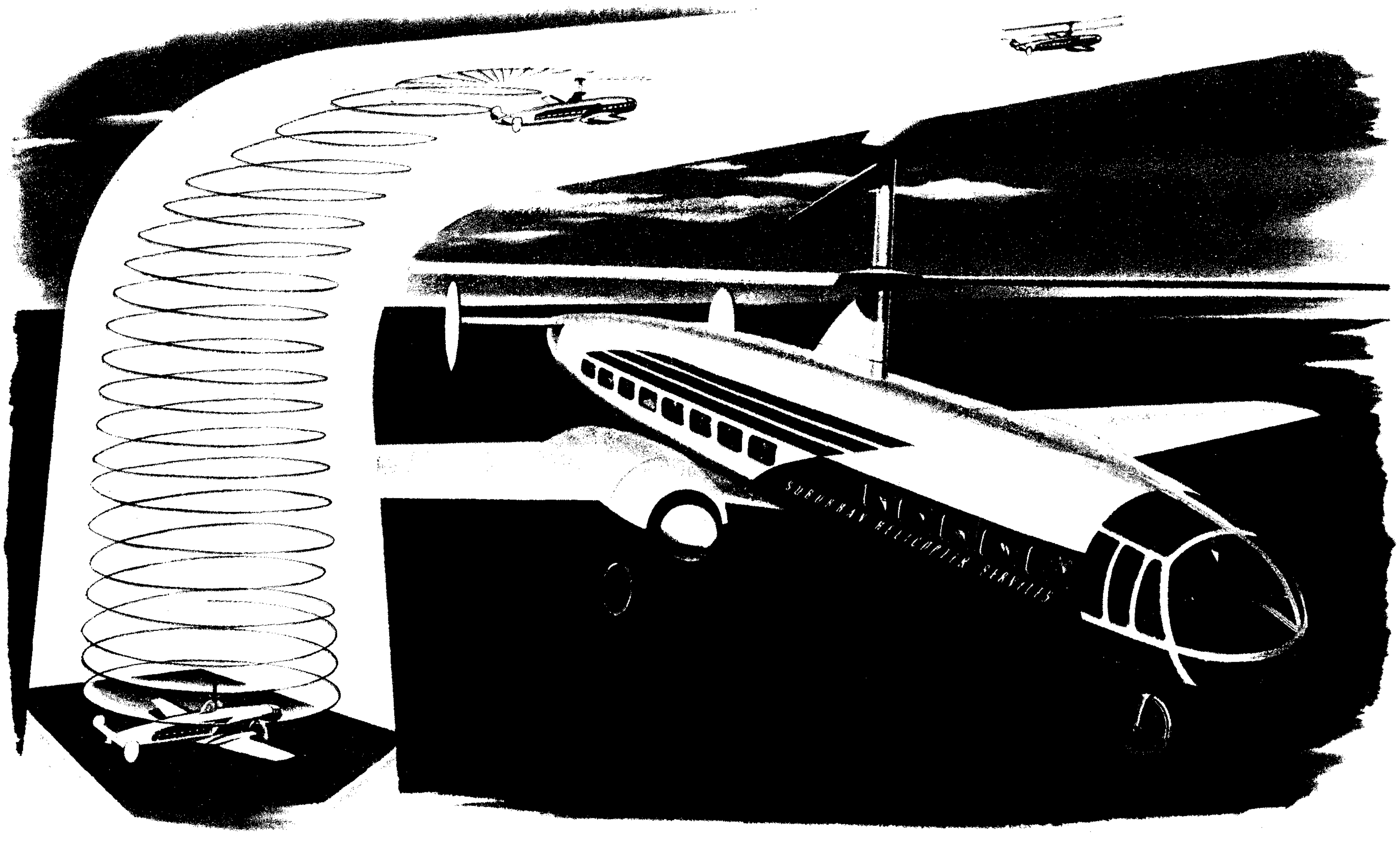
The expense is just one of the problems connected with the building of a supersonic passenger-carrying airplane.

Cabin pressurization will have to be better than anything we have today. The plane will be flying at extreme altitudes, 60,000 to 80,000 feet, where the sky looks almost black. A human being could not survive in such rarefied atmosphere, so pressurizing equipment must, in effect, reduce the altitude inside the cabin to the equivalent of about 8,000 feet. Should the pressurization system fail, there would be little opportunity to descend or to administer oxygen to passengers; their life expectancy would be only a few seconds.

### Cooling System Poses Difficulties

Cabin-cooling is another problem. At supersonic speeds, friction between the fuselage and the air causes such intense heat that the passengers would be roasted alive if a refrigeration system were not provided. Such systems are already in use in high-speed fighter aircraft, but it takes a fairly large unit to cool even the small cockpit of a modern fighter. If the same kind of equipment were used to cool a cabin holding 125 passengers, it would have to be enormous. So it will be necessary to develop an extremely efficient, compact refrigeration system.

Tremendous power is needed to propel a huge, 125-passenger transport through the sonic barrier



**Next step after the conventional helicopter is the convertiplane. It will climb and land vertically, like a copter, but once aloft will fold back its rotors and speed ahead like regular airplanes. Several models are being designed, and a military version may fly this year**

# Coming—another great Boeing

A history-making airplane is today taking shape in a Seattle aircraft plant. It is Boeing's prototype "Project X" jet transport.

There is real need and opportunity, both in military and commercial fields, for such an airplane —jet-powered for speed and smooth performance —large enough for ample range and capacity.

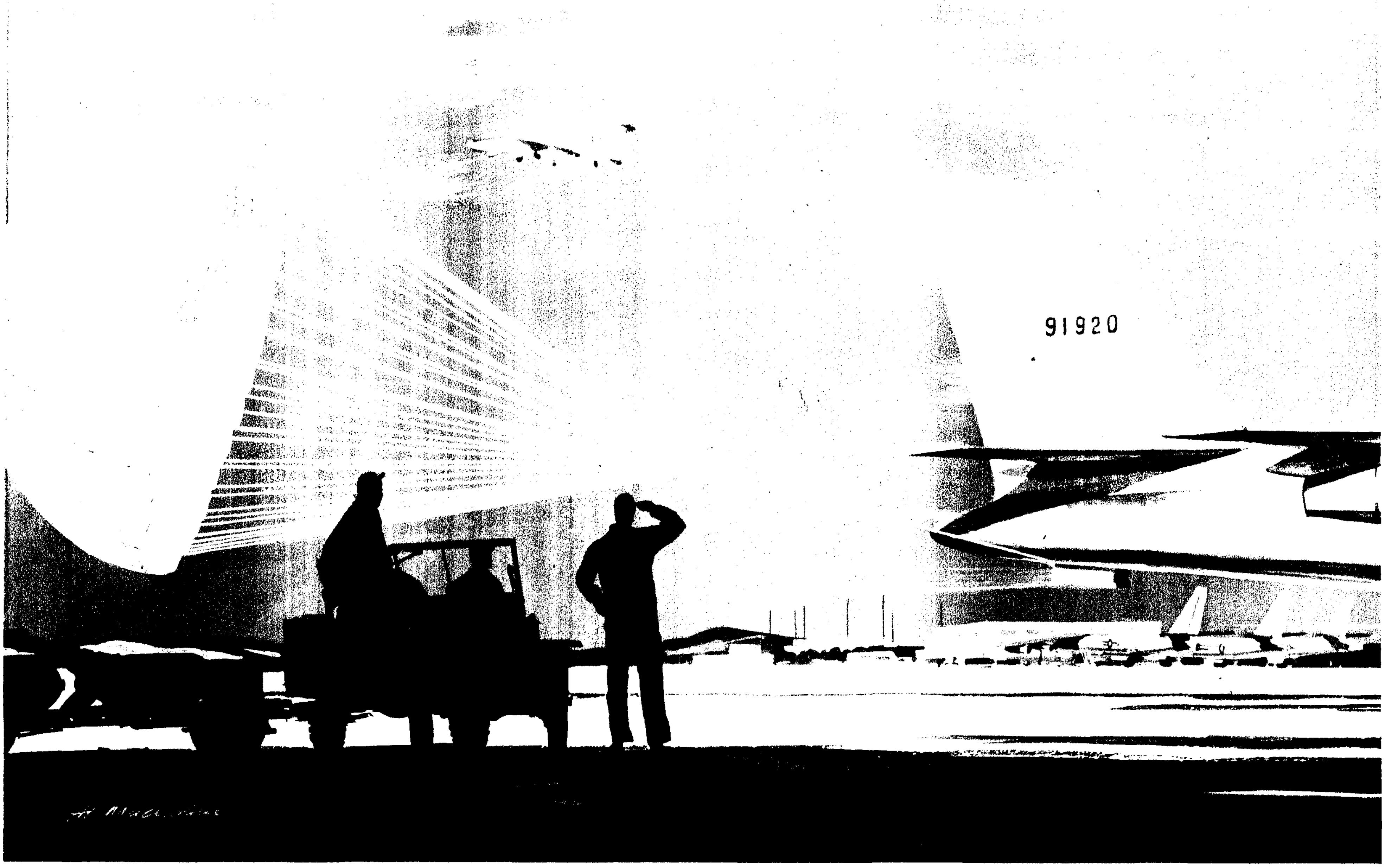
A jet tanker would make available to strategic air power the full potential of swift jet bombers—flying with them on long-range missions and refueling them in flight at their own choice of altitude and speed. The rapid transport of high-priority military personnel and cargo also calls for jet power. Commercial airlines are evidencing increased interest in a jet transport which will offer new speed and will provide an economically feasible operation.

The Boeing prototype airplane, now well along in construction, is being built as a demonstrator model. It will be completed and flying in 1954. The early construction of this prototype, made possible through the use of Boeing's own funds, provides an advantage that will be shared in by its customers. It will make possible the building of production airplanes at lower cost and in a shorter time than if production orders were not preceded by construction of a prototype. It will also offer an early opportunity to develop and prove out engineering, production and operational details.

It is logical that Boeing should have undertaken this project. No other company in the world possesses such a background of experience in designing, building and flying multi-jet aircraft. More than 14,500 hours of aerodynamic research in Boeing's own wind tunnel and more than 5000 hours of test and research flying have gone into the development of the B-47 Stratojet medium bomber and the B-52 eight-jet heavy Stratofortress.

The company's 36-year record of integrity in research, design, engineering and manufacturing gives assurance that the new airplane will be another great Boeing.

BOEING



ON SHORT RUNWAYS, AIR FORCE PILOTS CAN SAVE THEIR BRAKES AND TIRES BY RELEASING SPECIAL LANDING PARACHUTE FROM THE TAIL OF THE B-47.

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The Air Force's B-47, fastest known bomber in the world, is a sleek, swept-wing aircraft, powered by six mighty G-E jet engines. A medium bomber of 600 mph class, it can fly 3000 miles, at an altitude of over seven miles. For protection against enemy attack, it is being equipped with a General Electric radar-controlled gunfire system which can operate even at night or in poor visibility. The complex plane is manned by three highly trained Air Force officers—pilot, co-pilot, and navigator-bombardier.

The Air Force called upon General Electric to supply the power and armament systems for the B-47 because military men recognized G.E.'s long history of engineering leadership. For instance, General Electric has supplied armament systems for several other types of military aircraft before the Boeing B-47, turbosuperchargers for piston-engine planes since 1921, and jet engines since 1942. And, of course, the Air Force knew that General Electric would have the production help of thousands of "small-business" subcontractors and suppliers. Our nation's defense is our most important problem, and it takes all kinds of businesses, large and small, all working together, to assure our continued freedom. General Electric Company, Schenectady 5, N. Y. 230-3

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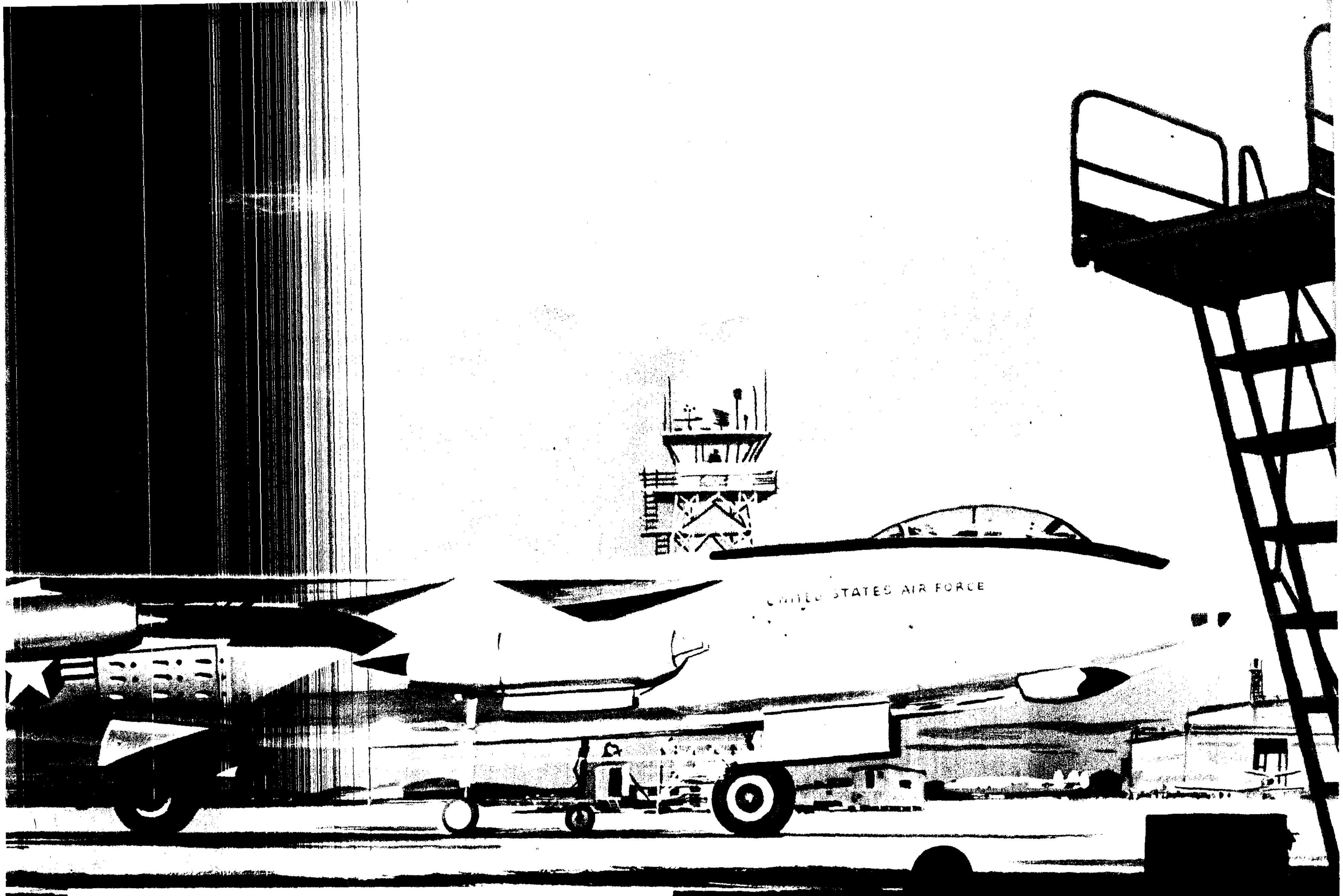
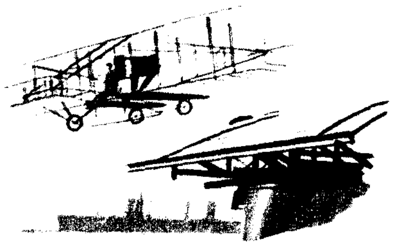
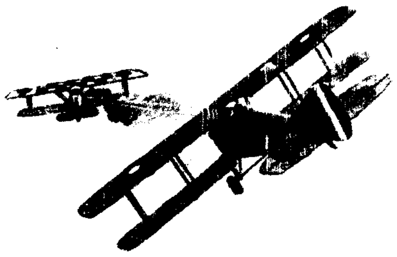
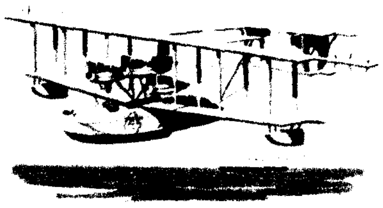
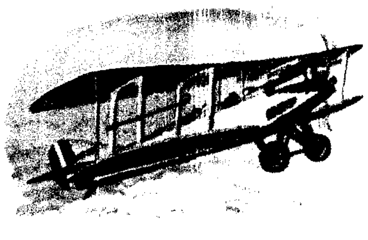


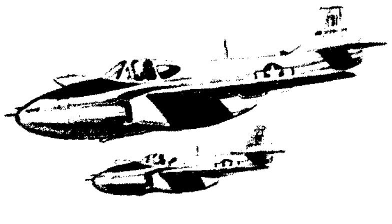
1903—Wright Brothers make first powered flight at Kitty Hawk

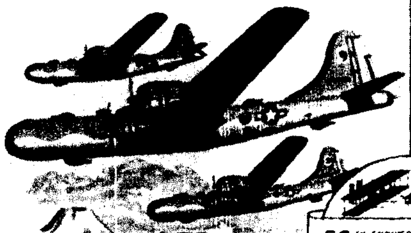

1910—Eugene Ely takes off from deck of converted battleship

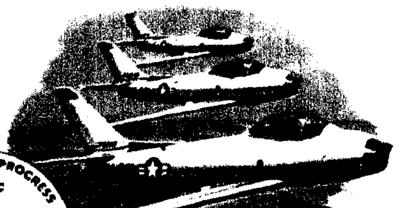

1918—American pilots engage in daring aerial combat over France


1919—Navy flying boat makes first successful trans-Atlantic flight


1921—G-E supercharged Air Corps plane sets altitude record

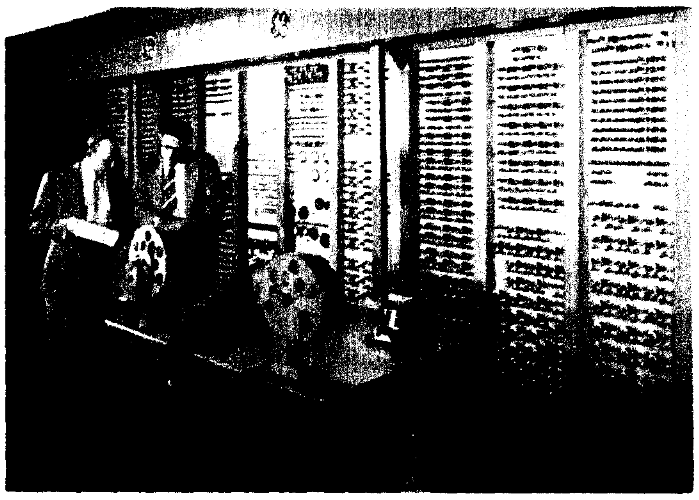

1942—G-E powered Bell P-59, first US jet, test-flown at Muroc, Calif.


1944—Boeing B-29 uses first G-E electronic gunfire system

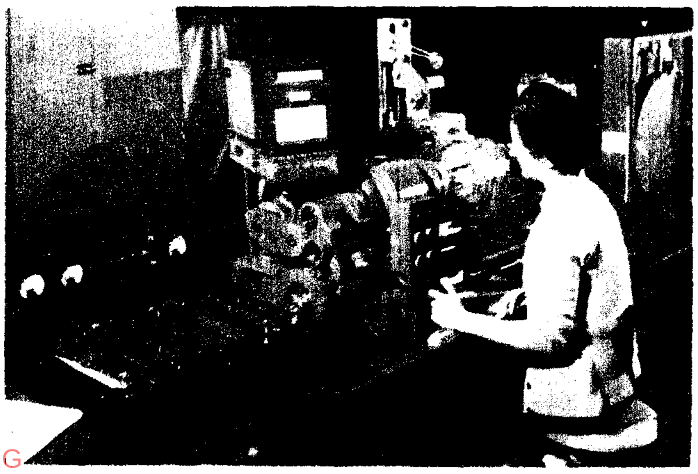

1953—G-E powered North American F-86 outscores MIG

PROGRESS 50th ANNIVERSARY OF POWERED FLIGHT SECURITY

**G-E ENGINEERS** rely upon their experience, ingenuity, and mechanical aids such as the digital computer to accomplish such engineering triumphs as jet engines and radar fire-control systems.



**PRODUCTION** of complex equipment depends upon advanced engineering techniques and skilled use of modern, costly machinery. Often, a new machine must be designed for one specific job.



# *Tomorrow's airports will be designed for tomorrow's planes: big, unobstructed an*

—about twice the power available in the largest jet bomber today. The fuel requirements will be staggering—and fuel is the major item in the cost of operating the airplane.

Most of the experts think the answer to that problem is atomic power, which will permit an airplane to operate for days or even for weeks on a single pound of fuel. Four companies in the U.S.—Boeing Airplane Company, Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation, Pratt & Whitney Aircraft and General Electric Company—are developing atom-powered aircraft for the Air Force. They report encouraging progress, even at this early date, but they caution against overoptimism. The problems are many and complex; they are a long way from being solved and no one can yet estimate when the first military atom-plane will take to the air. When it does, the commercial version will still be about 10 years away.

The major problem in developing the nuclear-powered airplane is the weight of the shielding required to protect the passengers from radiation. Current estimates run as high as 100 tons, more than the total weight of the largest passenger airplane in service today. If the weight of the shielding can be reduced to the weight of the conventional fuel load, then the nuclear reactor becomes a more practical proposition, for the fuel will be eliminated on an atom-liner. Fuel weight for a 125-passenger jet airplane would probably be 75,000 to 90,000 pounds.

A workable atomic transport would cut airline operating costs sharply—not only because of the absence of fuel, but also because of a reduction in maintenance. The savings would permit operation of the supersonic transport at a profit. However, the initial cost of such an airplane would be staggering.

Dr. Plesman, president of KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, agrees that the "atoom-liner," as he calls it, would be terrifically expensive, but he thinks the investment would pay off. He has designed a nuclear-powered transport which, he says, could be flying by 1975. It would have a speed of 900 miles an hour and indefinite range; it would weigh 150 tons and carry 180 passengers.

Its cost: about $25,000,000, compared with $2,000,000 for the most advanced version of today's Comet. But because of its low operating costs it would earn his airline $16,000,000 a year; at such a rate of return any airline would be glad to put up the initial investment.

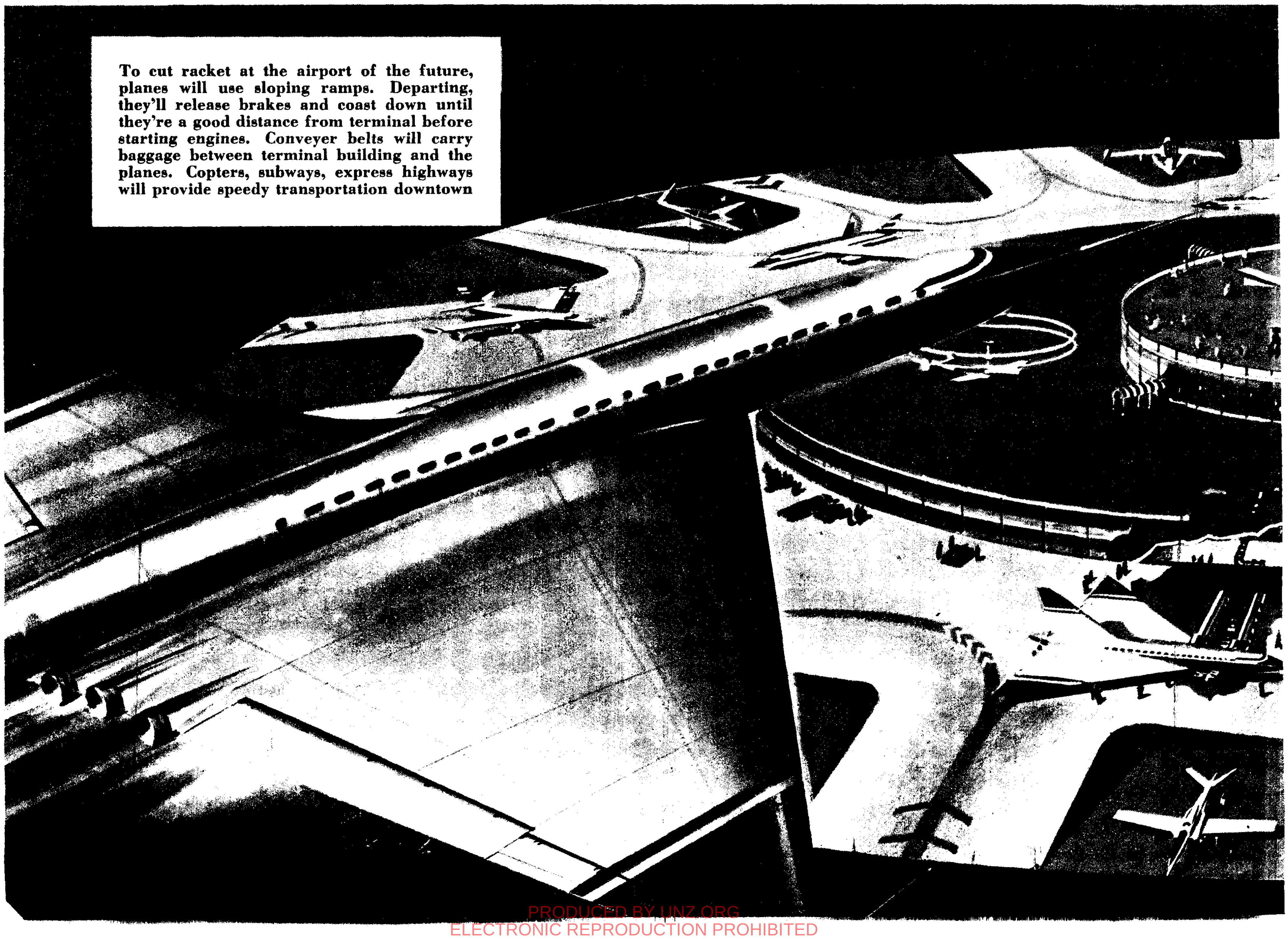
### Greater Power from Nuclear Heat

What will the nuclear power plant look like? Surprisingly, you wouldn't even know it was in the airplane, for the actual propulsion units would still be ordinary jet engines. The nuclear reactor is not really a power plant in itself; it's a source of heat, which creates power. In today's jets, fuel is injected into a combustion chamber and set on fire; it burns compressed air, and the expanded air drives rearward, creating a propulsive thrust that drives the airplane forward. The nuclear reactor would simply take over the work of the combustion system. Heat from the reactor, located in the fuselage, would enter the combustion chambers of the engines, where it would function like ignited jet fuel. The engine would operate just as it does today, except that the terrific nuclear heat would produce far greater power.

The atom-powered transport offers great possibilities. But many of our experts agree that supersonic airline flight can also be accomplished with ordinary fuel-burning jets. Present jet engines aren't practical for the job. They burn too much fuel. But the jet is still at an early stage of development, according to C. W. (Jim) La Pierre, general manager of General Electric Company's Aircraft Gas Turbine Division, the world's largest manufacturer of jet engines. If it progresses as it should, he says, we can expect a jet engine capable of supersonic speed with low fuel consumption, perhaps by 1970.

Whatever its source of power, there will someday be a supersonic passenger airplane, most of the experts agree. In general, they estimate it will show up about 25 years from now. What will it look like? Almost all of our authorities believe it will have a delta wing, which gets its name from the triangular fourth letter of the Greek alphabet, △. The triangle wing is more efficient at supersonic speeds because it offers less resistance to the oncoming air. The fuselage of our supersonic airliner will be longer and thinner, for streamlining.

Inside there will be a number of new electronic devices. There will be an automatic system to guide the airplane to a safe landing in bad weather



**To cut racket at the airport of the future, planes will use sloping ramps. Departing, they'll release brakes and coast down until they're a good distance from terminal before starting engines. Conveyer belts will carry baggage between terminal building and the planes. Copters, subways, express highways will provide speedy transportation downtown**

***lmost free from noise. They'll be farther from the big cities, but easier to reach***

without the pilot's help. There will be an automatic navigation system to tell the airplane where it is at all times and to correct its course should it wander. And Frank W. Godsey, Jr., general manager of Westinghouse Electric Corporation's Baltimore Divisions, tells of another item of great interest to the passenger: electronic equipment which will detect the presence of another airplane or a mountain, and take automatic precautions against collision. This equipment is already being developed; it will probably be available to the high-speed aircraft of the subsonic era.

Even after the supersonic transport is in operation, we'll still have slower-than-sound airliners for short hauls. We'll also have a third type of passenger plane for very short intercity hops, as a replacement for the intercity helicopter. It will be a new breed of airplane, the convertiplane, which combines the features of the standard airplane with those of the copter.

### A Preview of the Convertiplane

The helicopter, which gets its forward motion by tilting its rotor blade to bite the air, will always be limited in speed, probably to less than 200 miles an hour. The convertiplane probably will have fixed wings and both a rotor system for vertical movement and a jet engine or turboprops for forward movement. Using its rotors, it will be able to take off and land in a small area; once aloft it will switch to the forward propulsion engines for speed.

An air trip from downtown New York to downtown Washington now requires two hours, including travel to and from airports. The convertiplane will do it in less than 40 minutes.

The convertiplane is not just a wild dream. Four companies—Sikorsky Aircraft, Bell Aircraft, McDonnell Aircraft Corporation and Gyrodyne Company of America—are already at work on designs. One military type may fly this year, but it will be a number of years before it's ready for commercial service.

One other development must come along with these airplanes of the future, William Littlewood, engineering vice-president of American Airlines, insists: the airport of the future. "In five years all airports will be overcrowded; in 10 years they will be hopeless," Littlewood declared. To which J. H. (Slim) Carmichael, president of Capital Airlines, adds: "Mass acceptance of air travel is building up a demand for more frequent schedules. Today's airports just aren't equipped to handle the traffic load the public wants."

"Conventional transport airports will get bigger and bigger," agreed Ralph Damon, president of Trans World Airlines. And, he added, they must move farther from town because tomorrow's high-speed aircraft will need long, unobstructed approaches, and because the powerful planes of tomorrow will be a good deal noisier than today's.

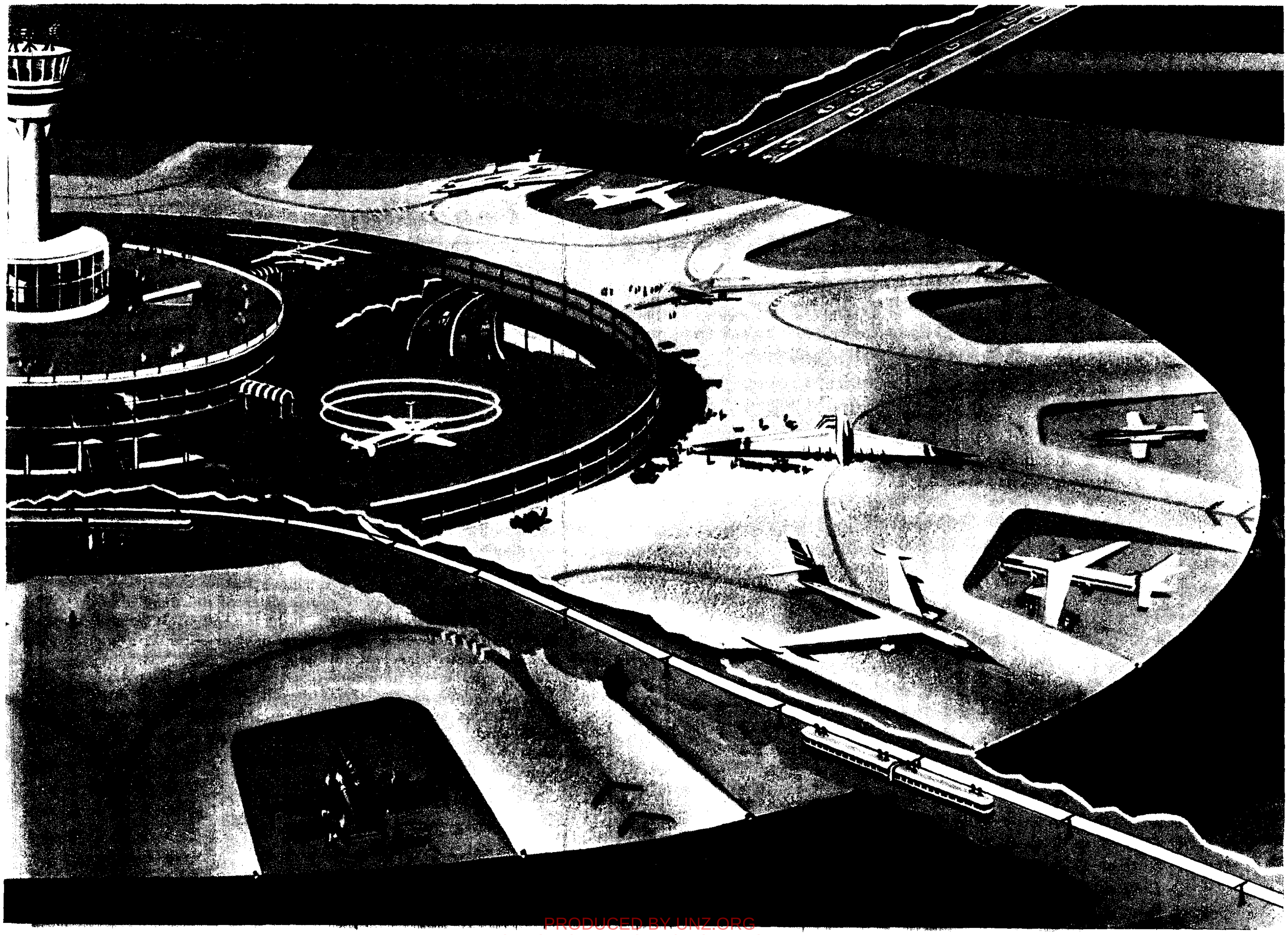
Won't greater town-to-airport distances cause too much time loss on the trip to the flying field? Not if proper transportation is provided. Both Ralph Damon and Republic Aviation's president, Mundy I. Peale, favor a combination of speedways and helicopters. BOAC chairman Sir Miles Thomas thinks the solution lies in fast underground trains. Maybe all three will be used.

Airline executives also want to speed up the ground handling of passengers. What's the sense of flying from London to New York in three hours and a half if you have to wait 30 minutes for your baggage? One solution might be the construction of conveyer lines, running directly from the airplane's parking area to the terminal interior.

### Reducing Delays Before Embarkation

United Airlines, according to its president, W. A. Patterson, plans to reduce preflight delay by having the passenger step from the airport bus directly into a so-called air-dock, where he can transact all his luggage and ticket business in a few moments before getting aboard the plane. American Airlines is doing much the same; a great deal of preliminary paper work is done on the bus which carries the passengers to the airport.

There are no problems in either airport or aircraft development that aviation experts aren't prepared to cope with. The possibilities for the future are limitless: mastery of the friction barrier, which will remove all restrictions on passenger speeds; travel outside the atmosphere through the development of rocket propulsion; interplanetary flight. Many things considered impossible a half century ago have become accomplished facts. Who is to say what is impossible now? ▲▲▲



# The Adventure of the Black Baronet

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

but never have I beheld a more queenly presence than the woman now descending the stairs. As she paused with her hand on the banister, the candlelight falling warmly on her soft, copper-colored hair and her heavy-lidded green eyes, I gained an impression of a beauty once radiant but now pale under the stress of some dreadful event which she could not understand.

"I heard your name in the hall, Mr. Holmes," she cried. "I know very little, but of one thing I am certain. My husband is innocent! I beg that you will think of that first."

For a moment Holmes looked at her intently, as though that melodious voice had struck some chord in his memory. "I will bear your suggestion in mind, Lady Lavington. But surely your marriage has deprived the stage of—"

"Then you recognize Margaret Montpensier?" For the first time a touch of color came into her face. "Yes, that was when I first met Colonel Dalcy. But my husband had no reason for jealousy—!" She paused in consternation.

"How's this, my lady?" exclaimed Gregson. "Jealousy?"

Gregson and Bassett glanced at each other. "We hadn't got a motive before," muttered Bassett.

Lady Lavington, formerly that great actress Margaret Montpensier, had said what she had never intended to say. Holmes bowed gravely, and we followed the sergeant toward an arched door.

THOUGH the room we entered was in complete darkness, I had a sense of height and size. "There are no lights here except from this candlestick, gentlemen," came Bassett's voice. "Stand in the door for a moment, please."

As he moved forward, the reflection of four candle flames followed him along the surface of a great refectory table, with its end toward the door. At the far end the light flashed back from a tall silver goblet with a human hand lying motionless on either side. Bassett thrust forward the candelabrum. "Look at this, Inspector Gregson!" he cried.

Seated at the head of the table, his cheek resting upon the surface, a man lay sprawled forward with his arms outflung on either side of the cup. Against a welter of blood and wine his fair hair shone under the candle flames. "His throat's been cut," snapped Bassett. "And here," he cried, darting to the wall, "*was* the dagger that did it!"

We hastened forward to where he was holding up his light against the old wainscoting. Amid a trophy of arms, two small metal hooks showed where some weapon had hung. "How do you know that it was a dagger?" asked Gregson.

Bassett pointed to a slight scratch on the woodwork some six inches below. Holmes nodded approvingly. "Good, Sergeant!" said he. "But you have other proof besides the scratch on the paneling?"

"Yes! Ask that butler, Gillings! It's an old hunting dagger; hung there for years. Now look at the wound in Colonel Dalcy's throat."

Inured though I was to scenes of violence, I stepped back. Bassett, laying hold of that yellow hair which was tinged with gray at the temples, raised the dead man's head. Even in death it was an eagle face, with a great curving nose above a remorseless mouth.

"The dagger, yes," said Holmes. "But surely an odd direction for the blow? It appears to strike upward from beneath."

The local detective smiled grimly. "Not so odd, Mr. Holmes, if the murderer struck when his victim raised that heavy cup to drink. Colonel Dalcy would have had to use both hands. We know already that he and Sir Reginald were drinking in here to the success of the colonel's horse at Leopardstown next week."

We all looked at the great wine vessel, fully twelve inches high. It was of ancient silver, richly embossed and chased, girded below the lip with a circlet of garnets. As it stood there amid the crimson stains and the scratches of fingernails on that dreadful table top, I noticed the twin silver figures, carved like owls, that decorated the tops of the handles on either side.

"The Luck of Lavington," said Bassett with a short laugh. "You can see those owls in the family arms. Well, it brought no luck to Colonel Dalcy. Somebody stabbed him when he raised it to drink."

"*Somebody?*" said a voice in the background.

Holmes had lifted the cup and, after examining it closely, was looking at the scratches and at the wine stains which had seeped beneath it, when the shock of this interruption made us all turn toward the far end of the banqueting hall.

A man was standing near the door. The light of a single taper which he had raised above his head illuminated a pair of dark, brooding eyes that glowered at us from a face as black-browed and swarthy as that of some Andalusian gypsy. There was an impression of formidable strength in the spread of his shoulders, and in his bullneck above an old-fashioned black satin stock.

"How's this?" he challenged in a rumbling voice, advancing on us with silent steps. "Who are ye? A pretty state of affairs, Bassett, when ye drag a set of strangers into the house of your own landlord!"

"I would remind you, Sir Reginald, that a serious crime has been committed," replied the local detective sternly. "This is Inspector Gregson from London; and these gentlemen are Mr. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson."

A SHADE of uneasiness seemed to flit across the dark face of the baronet as he looked at Holmes. "I've heard of ye," he growled. His gaze moved toward the dead man. "Yes, Buck Dalcy's dead, and probably damned. I know his reputation now. Wine, horses, women—well, there have been Lavingtons like that. Mayhap, Mr. Holmes, ye have the wit to recognize a mischance when others talk of murder."

To my amazement Holmes seemed seriously to consider this monstrous statement. "Were it not for one circumstance, Sir Reginald," he said at length, "I should probably agree."

Gregson smiled sourly. "We're all aware of that circumstance. The missing knife—"

"I did not say that it was the knife."

"There was no need for you to say so, Mr. Holmes. Can a man cut his own throat by accident and afterward conceal the weapon?"

Seizing the candelabrum from the sergeant, Gregson held it up to the trophy of arms which glittered against the dark paneling. His stern eyes met those of the baronet. "Where is the dagger that hung there?" he demanded.

"I took it," said Sir Reginald.

"Oh, you did, did you? Why?"

"I've told Sergeant Bassett there. I

## Beginning Next Week

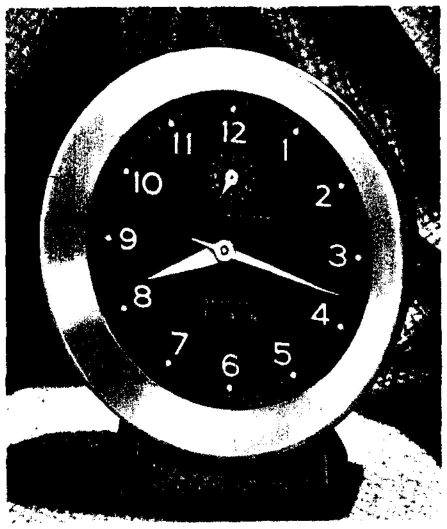
## UNDER THE BURNING SKY

### By H. A. DeROSSO

**● U.S. Marshal Burt Grayson was ready for trouble when he came to Blue Hat. He was on the trail of a group of ruthless train robbers, and he had only one clue—the identity of a gang member who had been killed. But he wasn't ready for Anita, the sullen, fiery young sister of the dead man. And he was disconcerted by the sudden love he felt for the beautiful Blanche Shackelford—and by her blind devotion to her ominously insolent husband.**

**Then the men whom Burt Grayson suspected started on a death-defying escape across the alkali desert—and they had Blanche Shackelford with them. Grayson quit his investigation in Blue Hat and started out after them. And then he discovered he was not alone in stalking the desperadoes: he saw a glint of sunlight off a rifle in the rocks below.**

Accent on the Modern



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In a class by itself is this strictly modern 40-hour alarm styled by Henry Dreyfuss. Striking satin polished frame, flaired metal case. Legible radium numerals and spear-shaped hands. One key winds time and alarm. Radium $4.95* . . . plain dial $4.50*

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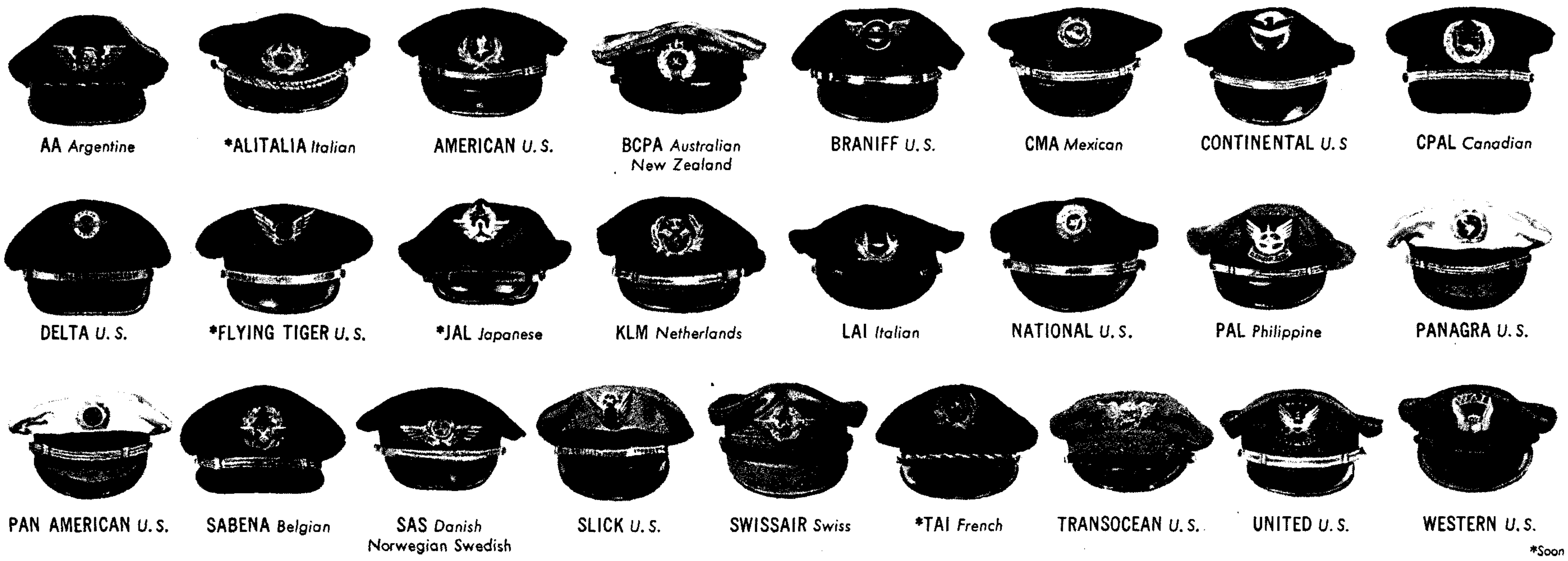
What's doing at Douglas—*WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDER OF AIRCRAFT*


AA *Argentine*
*ALITALIA *Italian*
AMERICAN *U. S.*
BCPA *Australian New Zealand*
BRANIFF *U. S.*
CMA *Mexican*
CONTINENTAL *U. S*
CPAL *Canadian*
DELTA *U. S.*
*FLYING TIGER *U. S.*
*JAL *Japanese*
KLM *Netherlands*
LAI *Italian*
NATIONAL *U. S.*
PAL *Philippine*
PANAGRA *U. S.*
PAN AMERICAN *U. S.*
SABENA *Belgian*
SAS *Danish Norwegian Swedish*
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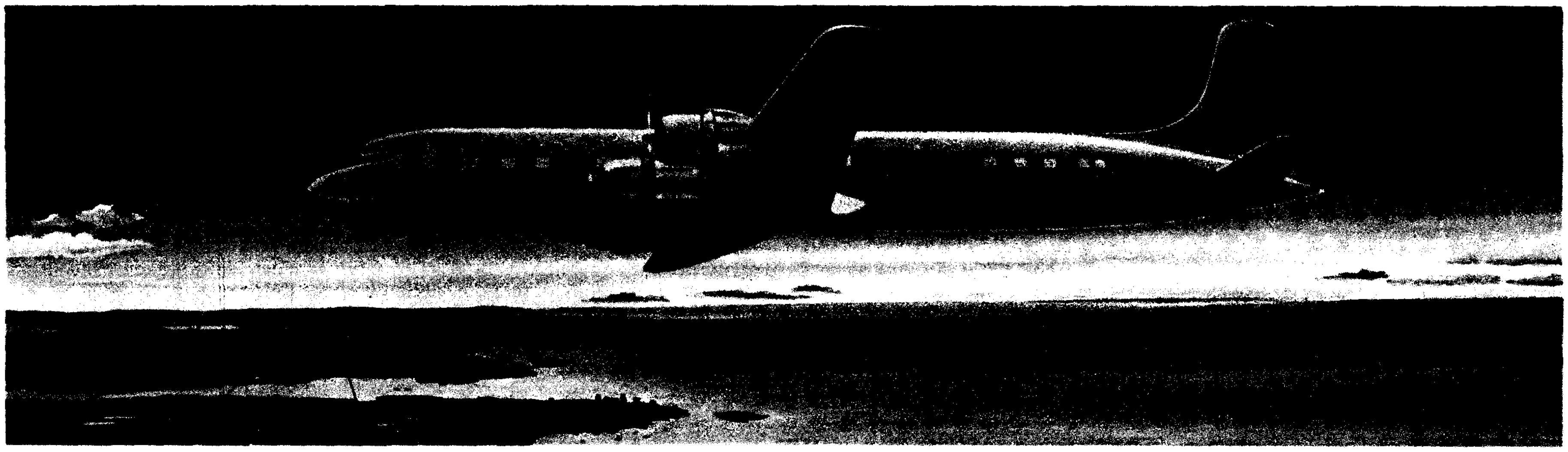
WESTERN *U. S.*
*Soon

# On most of the world's leading airlines it's "*Queen of the fleet*"

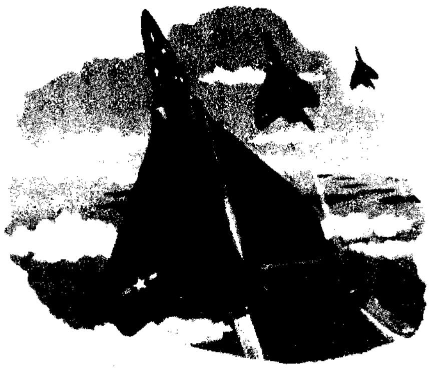


**The Douglas DC-6** and the DC-6B, above, are the choice of most major airlines for their big four-engine airplanes. Hundreds are now in service. They are also the 2-to-1 choice of experienced air *travelers,* according to a nationwide survey.

**DC-6 air conditioning is even smoker-proof!** In the Douglas DC-6 and DC-6B, the temperature and humidity of the cabin air are controlled for perfect comfort—and the air is *completely replaced* every three minutes with fresh outside air. Make *your* next trip in a Douglas "DC" airplane; see your airline or travel agent.

**Jet "Skyray" has rocket stingers!** Douglas builds the batlike Skyray interceptor for use on aircraft carriers. Today, 88% of Douglas production is military.

*Only Douglas builds all four airplane types: piston-engine, turbo-prop, jet, rocket . . . and guided missiles, too.*



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was fishing this morning. I used that old blade to gut the pike; ay, as my fathers did before me."

"Then you have it?"

"No; must I tell the police a dozen times? I lost it from my creel. Mayhap at the river, or on my way home."

GREGSON drew the sergeant to one side. "I think there's little more we need," I heard him mutter. "His wife has given us the motive, and we have it from his own lips that he took the weapon. Sir Reginald Lavington," he said with authority, advancing upon the baronet. "I must ask you to accompany me to Maidstone Police Station. There you will be formally charged with—"

Holmes darted forward. "One moment, Gregson!" he cried. "You must really give us twenty-four hours to think this over. For your own sake I tell you that any good counsel would tear your case to pieces."

"I think not, Mr. Holmes; especially with her ladyship in the witness box."

Sir Reginald started violently, while a livid pallor mottled the swarthiness of his features. "I warn ye not to drag my wife into this! Whatever she's said, she can't testify against her husband!"

"We would not ask her to do so. It is sufficient that she repeat what she has already stated in the presence of police witnesses. However, Mr. Holmes," Gregson added, "in return for one or two small favors you've done us in the past, I see no harm in—well, in delaying matters for a few more hours. As for you, Sir Reginald, should you attempt to leave this house, you will be arrested at once. Well, Mr. Holmes, what now?"

My friend had dropped to his knees, and by the light of a candle was peering closely at the horrible splashes of blood and wine which dabbled the oaken floor. "Perhaps you would have the goodness, Watson, to pull that bell rope," he said, as he scrambled to his feet. "A word with the butler, who discovered the body, would not come amiss before we seek accommodation at the village inn. Let us adjourn to the hall."

I think that each of us was glad to leave that black, vaulted room with its terrible occupant, and to find ourselves once more before the log fire blazing on the hearth. Lady Lavington, pale but beautiful in a gown of bronze velvet with a collar of lace, rose from a chair.

For a moment her eyes seemed to search each one of us with a mute, intense questioning, and then she had swept to her husband's side.

"In God's name, Margaret, what have ye been saying?" he demanded. "Ye'll have me at the rope's end yet!"

"Whatever the sacrifice, I swear you shall not suffer! Surely it is better that—" She whispered a few agitated words in his ear.

"Never! Never!" retorted her husband fiercely. "What? You here, Gillings? Have you too been condemning your master?"

None of us had heard the butler's approach, but now he stepped into the circle of firelight, with a troubled expression on his honest face. "Heaven forbid, Sir Reginald!" Gillings replied warmly. "I told Sergeant Bassett only what I saw and heard. Colonel Dalcy called for a bottle of port. He was in the banqueting hall. He—he said he wished to drink a toast with you from the Luck of Lavington, to the victory of his horse in the Leopardstown Races next week. Since there was port in the decanter on the buffet, I poured it into the great cup. I remember how the colonel laughed, as he dismissed me."

"He laughed, you say?" said Sherlock Holmes quickly. "When did you actually see Sir Reginald with the colonel?"

"I did not actually see him, sir. But the colonel said—"

"And laughed when he said it," interposed Holmes. "Perhaps Lady Lavington would tell us whether Colonel Dalcy was a frequent guest under this roof?"

It seemed to me that some swift emotion glowed for an instant in those wonderful green eyes. "For some years past, a frequent guest," she said. "But my husband was not even in the house this morning! Has he not told you so?"

"Excuse me, my lady," doggedly interrupted Sergeant Bassett. "Sir Reginald says he was at the river, but he admits he can't prove it."

"Quite so," said Holmes. "Well, Watson, there is nothing more to be done here tonight."

We found comfortable accommodation at the Three Owls in the village of Lavington. Holmes was moody and preoccupied. When I attempted to question him, he cut me short with the statement that he had nothing further to add until he had visited Maidstone on the morrow. I must confess that I could not understand my friend's attitude. It was evident that Sir Reginald Lavington was a dangerous man, and that our visit appeared to have made him more so. I pointed out to Holmes that his duty lay at Lavington Court rather than in the county town of Maidstone. He replied merely with the incongruous observation that the Lavingtons were a historic family.

I passed a restless morning. The wild weather kept me indoors over a week-old newspaper, and it was not until four o'clock in the afternoon that Holmes burst into our private sitting room. His cape was dripping and rain-sodden, but his eyes glittered and his cheeks were flushed with some intense inner excitement. "Good heavens!" I said. "You look as though you have found the answer to our problems."

Before my friend could reply, there came a knock and the door of our sitting room had swung open. Holmes rose from the chair into which he had just relapsed. "Ah, Lady Lavington," said he, "we are honored by your visit."

Though her features were heavily veiled, there was no mistaking that tall, gracious figure now hesitating on our threshold. "I received your note, Mr. Holmes," she replied in a low voice, "and I came at once." Sinking into the chair which I had wheeled forward, she raised her veil and let her head rest back among the cushions. "I came at once," she repeated wearily.

The firelight threw her face into strong relief, and, as I studied her features, still beautiful despite the almost waxen pallor and restless brilliance of her eyes, I discerned in them the shock of the event that had shattered the peace of her life and the privacy of her home. Compassion prompted me to speak.

"You may have complete confidence in my friend Sherlock Holmes," I said gently. "This is indeed a painful time for you, but rest assured that everything will turn out for the best."

She thanked me with a glance. But, when I rose to leave them together, she held up her hand. "I would much prefer that you stayed, Dr. Watson," she begged. "Your presence gives me confidence. Why have you sent for me, Mr. Holmes?"

My friend, sitting back, had closed his eyes. "Shall we say that you are here in your husband's interests?" he murmured. "You will not object if I ask you to elucidate a few small points which are still obscure to me?"

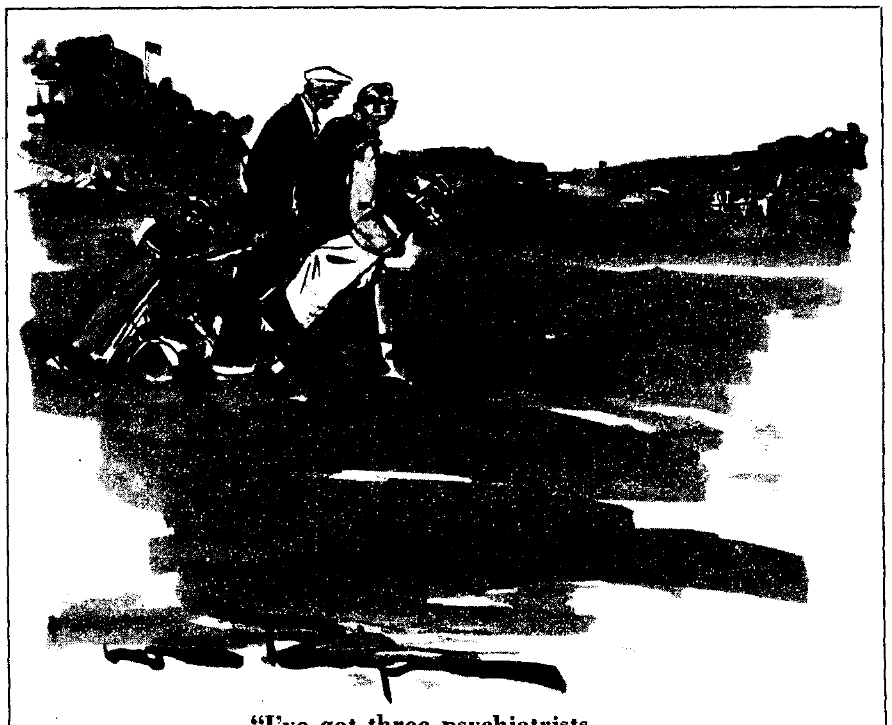
LADY LAVINGTON rose to her feet. "Mr. Holmes, this is unworthy," she said coldly. "You are trying to trick me into condemning my own husband! He is innocent, I tell you!"

"So I believe. Nevertheless, I pray that you will compose yourself and answer my questions. I understand that this Buck Dalcy has been an intimate friend of Sir Reginald for some years."

Lady Lavington stared at him, and then began to laugh. She laughed most heartily, but with a note in her mirth that jarred on me. "Friend?" she cried at last. "Why, he was unworthy to black my husband's boots!"

"I am relieved to hear you say so. And yet it is fair to suppose that both men moved in the same circles during the London seasons, and, perhaps unknown to you, might have shared interests in common—possibly of a sporting nature? When did your husband first introduce Colonel Dalcy to you?"

"You are pitiably wrong in all your



COLLIER'S "I've got three psychiatrists telling me it's only a game" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN suppositions! I knew Colonel Dalcy for years before my marriage. It was I who introduced him to my husband. Buck Dalcy was a creature of society: ambitious, worldly, merciless and yet with all the charm of his kind. What interest could such as he share in common with a rough but honorable man whose world begins and ends with the boundaries of his own ancestral lands?"

"A woman's love," said Holmes.

Lady Lavington's eyes dilated. Then, dropping the veil over her face, she rushed from the room.

FOR a long time Holmes smoked in silence, his brows drawn down, his gaze fixed thoughtfully upon the fire. I knew from the expression on his face that he had reached some final decision. Then he drew from his pocket a crumpled sheet of paper. "A while ago, Watson, you asked me whether I had found the answer to our problem. In one sense, my dear fellow, I have. Listen closely to the vital evidence I shall read to you. It is from the records in the Maidstone County Registry."

"I am all attention."

"This is a little transcription which I have put into comprehensible English. It was originally written in the year 1485, when the House of Lancaster triumphed at last over the House of York.

"*'And it came to pass that on the field of Bosworth Sir John Lavington did take prisoner two knights and a squire, and carried them with him to Lavington Court. For he would take no ransom from any who had raised banner for the House of York.*

"*'That night, after Sir John had supped, each was brought to the table and offered the Choice. One knight, he who was a kinsman of Sir John, drank from the Life and departed without ransom. And one knight and the squire drank from the Death. It was a deed most unchristian, for they were unconfessed, and thereafter men spake far and wide of the Luck of Lavington!'*"

***In Collier's – Next Week***

**SHERLOCK HOLMES**
**in**
**The Adventure of**
**THE GOLD HUNTER**

A dead man has left clues that will identify his murderer, and only the most acute deductive reasoning can find them

For a while we sat in silence after the reading of this extraordinary document, while the wind lashed the rain against the windows and boomed in the ancient chimney.

"Holmes," I said at last, "I seem to sense something monstrous here. Yet what connection can there be between the murder of a profligate gambler and the violence that followed on a battle four hundred years ago? Only the room has remained the same."

"This, Watson, is the second most important thing that I have discovered."

"And the first?"

"We shall find it at Lavington Court. A black baronet, Watson! Might it not also suggest blackmail?"

"You mean that Sir Reginald was being blackmailed?"

My friend ignored the question. "I have promised to meet Gregson at the house. Would you care to accompany me?"

"What is in your mind? I have seldom seen you so grave."

"It is already growing dark," said Sherlock Holmes. "The dagger that killed Colonel Dalcy must do no further harm."

It was a wild, blustering evening. As we walked through the dusk to the old manor house, the air was filled with the creaking of tree branches and I felt the cold touch of a blown leaf against my cheek. Lavington Court was as shadowy as the hollow in which it lay; but, as Gillings opened the door to us, a gleam of light showed in the direction of the banqueting hall.

"Inspector Gregson has been asking for you, sir," said the butler, helping us off with our wraps.

We hurried toward the light. Gregson, with a look of deep agitation, was pacing up and down beside the table. He glanced at the now-empty chair beyond the great cup. "Thank God you've come, Mr. Holmes!" he burst out. "Sir Reginald was telling the truth. I didn't believe it, but he is innocent! Bassett has dug up two farmers who met him walking from the river at ten thirty yesterday morning. Why couldn't he have said he met them?"

There was a singular light in Holmes's eyes as he looked at Gregson. "There are such men," he said.

"Did you know this all the time?"

"I did not know of the witnesses, no. But I hoped that you would find a witness, since for other reasons I was convinced of his innocence."

"Then we're back where we started!"

"Hardly that. Had you thought, Gregson, of reconstructing this crime after the French fashion?"

"How do you mean?"

HOLMES moved to the end of the table, which still bore the marks of the recent tragedy. "Let us suppose that I am Colonel Dalcy—a tall man, standing here at the head of the table. I am about to drink with someone who means to stab me. I pick up the cup like this, and with both hands I lift it to my mouth. So! Gregson, we will suppose that you are the murderer. Stab me in the throat!"

"What the devil do you mean?"

"Grasp an imaginary dagger in your right hand. That's it! Don't hesitate, man; stab me in the throat!"

Gregson, as though half hypnotized, took a step forward with his hand raised, and stopped. "But it can't be done, Mr. Holmes! Not like this, anyway!"

"Why not?"

"The direction of the colonel's wound was straight upward through the throat. Nobody could strike upward from underneath, across the breadth of the table. It's impossible!"

My friend, who had been standing with his head back and the heavy cup lifted to his lips by both hands, now straightened up and offered it to the Scotland Yard man. "Good!" said he. "Now, Gregson, imagine that *you* are Colonel Dalcy. I am the murderer. Take my place, and lift the Luck of Lavington."

"Very well. What next?"

"Do exactly what I did. But don't put the cup to your lips. That's it, Gregson; that's it! Mark well what I say: don't put it to your lips!"

The light flashed back from the great drinking vessel as it tilted. "No, man,

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no!" shouted Holmes suddenly. "Not another inch, if you value your life!"

Even as he spoke, a slim, sharp blade shot from the lower edge of the cup with the speed of a striking snake. Had Gregson been drinking from the Luck of Lavington, the blade would have pierced upward through his throat. He sprang back with an oath, while the vessel, falling from his hands, crashed and jangled across the floor.

"My God!" I cried.

"My God!" echoed a voice which struck across my own. Sir Reginald Lavington, his dark features now livid, was standing behind us with one hand partly raised as though to ward off a blow. Then, with a groan, he buried his face in his hands.

WE STARED at one another in horror-struck silence. "If you hadn't warned me, the blade would have been through my throat," said Gregson in a shaking voice.

"Our ancestors had a neat way of eliminating their enemies," observed Holmes, lifting the heavy cup and once more examining it closely. "With such a toy in the house, it is dangerous for a guest to drink in his host's absence."

"Then this was only an appalling accident!" I exclaimed. "Dalcy was the innocent victim of a trap fashioned four centuries ago!"

"Observe the cunning of this mechanism, very much as I suspected yesterday afternoon—"

"Mr. Holmes," burst out the baronet, "I have never asked favor of any man in my life—"

"Perhaps it would be as well, Sir Reginald, if you left the explanation to me," interrupted Holmes quietly, his long thin fingers moving over the chased surface of the cup. "The blade cannot strike unless the cup is lifted fully to the lips, when the full pressure of both hands is exerted on the handles. Then the handles themselves act as triggers for the spring mechanism, to which the old blade is attached. You will perceive the minute slot just below the circlet of jewels and cleverly disguised by the carving."

There was awe in Gregson's face as he gazed down at the ancient vessel. "Then you mean," he stated somberly, "that the person who drinks from the Luck of Lavington is a dead man?"

"By no means. I would draw your attention to the small silver owl figures on the crest of the handles. If you look closely, you will see that the right-hand one turns on a pivot. I believe this to act in the same way as a safety catch on a rifle. Unfortunately, these old mechanisms are apt to become unreliable with the passage of the centuries."

Gregson whistled. "It was an accident, right enough!" he stated. "Your reference to a mischance, Sir Reginald, has proved to be a lucky shot in the dark. I suspected it all the time. But one moment! Why didn't we see the blade when we first saw the cup?"

"Let us suppose, Gregson," replied Holmes, "that there is some form of recoil spring."

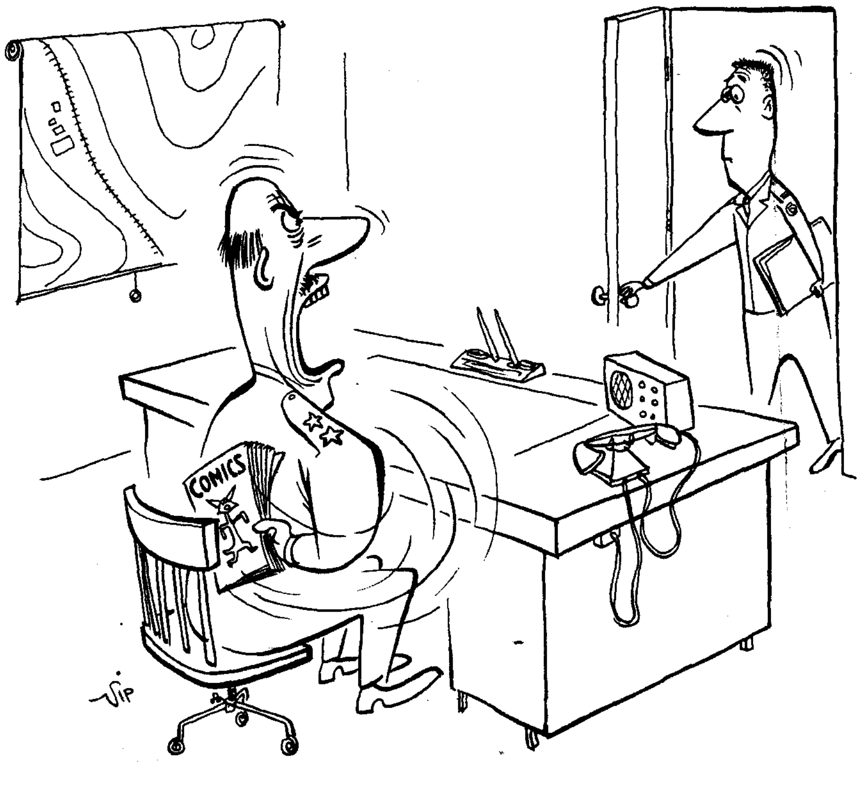
"But surely, Holmes," I cried, "there could be no such—"

"As you were about to say, Watson, there was no such description of the cup as I had hoped to find in the Maidstone County Registry. However, it did yield the interesting document I read you."

"Well, well, Mr. Holmes, you can give me the historic details later," said Gregson, turning to the baronet. "In regard to this affair, Sir Reginald, you can think yourself lucky that there are some sharp men hereabouts. Your possession of this dangerous relic might have caused a serious miscarriage of justice. Either you must have the mechanism removed, or entrust it to Scotland Yard."

Sir Reginald Lavington, who had been biting his lip as though to suppress some overmastering emotion, looked dazedly from Holmes to Gregson. "Right willingly," he said at length. "But the Luck of Lavington has been in our family for over four hundred

## VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S

"Since when don't we knock before entering, Adjutant?"

VIRGIL PARTCH

years. If it passes beyond this door, it should go to Mr. Sherlock Holmes."

Holmes's eyes met those of the baronet. "I will accept it as a memento of a very gallant man," said he.

AS HOLMES and I made our way up the steep lane in the wind-swept darkness, we turned at the brow of the hill and looked down on the old manor house with its lights dimly reflected in the moat.

"I do feel, Holmes," said I, somewhat nettled, "that you owe me an explanation. When I tried to point to you an error in your case, you indicated plainly that you wished me to speak no further."

"What error, Watson?"

"Your explanation of how the cup worked. By the release of a powerful spring from a trigger controlled by the handles, it would have been quite easy to make the blade strike. But to push it back again, unless this were done by hand so that the blade could be caught again in the mechanism—that, my dear fellow, is quite a different thing."

For a moment Holmes did not reply. He stood gaunt and lonely, his gaze fixed on the ancient tower of Lavington. "Surely it was apparent from the first," said he, "that no living murderer could have stabbed Dalcy, and that something was wrong with the appearance of the crime as we saw it?"

"You deduced this from the direction of the wound?"

"That, yes. But there were other facts equally indicative."

"Your behavior suggested as much at the time! Yet I cannot see what facts."

"The scratches on the table, the wine spilled on both table and floor."

"Pray be good enough to explain."

"Colonel Dalcy's fingernails," replied Holmes, "had clawed at the table top in his death throes, and all the wine had been spilled. You remarked that? Good! Taking as a working hypothesis the theory that he was killed by a blade in the cup, what must follow? The blade would strike. Then—?"

"Then the cup would fall, spilling the wine. I grant that."

"But is it reasonable that the cup, in falling, should land upright on the table—as we found it? This was overwhelmingly unlikely. Further evidence made it impossible. I lifted the cup, if you recall, when I first examined it. Underneath it, covered by it, you saw—?"

"Scratches—and spilled wine!"

"Precisely. Dalcy would die soon, but not instantly. If the cup fell from his hands, are we to assume that it hung suspended in the air, and afterward descended *over* the scratches and the wine? No, Watson. There was, as you pointed out, no recoil mechanism. With Dalcy dead, some living hand picked up the cup from the floor. Some living hand pushed back the blade into the cup, and set it upright on the table."

A gust of rain blew out of the dreary sky, but my companion remained motionless. "Holmes," said I, "according to the butler—"

"According to the butler? Yes?"

"Sir Reginald Lavington was drinking with the colonel. Dalcy, at least, is reported to have said so."

"And, *as* he said so, gave so curious a laugh that Gillings could not forget it. Had the laugh an ulterior meaning, Watson? But I had better say no more, lest I make you an accessory after the fact, like myself."

"You do me less than justice, Holmes, should I become accessory after the fact in a good cause!"

"In my judgment," said Sherlock Holmes, "one of the best of causes."

"Then you may rely on my silence."

"Be it so, Watson! Now consider the behavior of Sir Reginald. For an innocent man, he acted very strangely."

"You mean Sir Reginald—"

"Pray don't interrupt. Though he had witnesses that he had not been drinking with Dalcy, he would not produce them. He preferred to be arrested. Why should Dalcy, a man of such different character from his host, pay frequent visits to this house? What was Dalcy doing there? Interpret the meaning of Lavington's statement, 'I know his character *now!*' We saw the answers to these questions played out in deadly pantomime. To me it suggested the blackest of all crimes, blackmail."

"Sir Reginald," I exclaimed, "was guilty after all! He was a dangerous man, as I remarked—"

"A dangerous man, yes," agreed Holmes. "But you have seen his character. He might kill. But he would not kill and conceal."

"Conceal what?"

"Reflect again, Watson. Though we know that he was not drinking with Dalcy in the banqueting hall, he might have returned from the river just in time to find Dalcy dead. That was when he thrust the blade back into the cup, and set it upright again. But guilt? No. His behavior, his willingness to be arrested, can be understood only if he had been shielding someone else."

I FOLLOWED Holmes's gaze, which had never moved from the direction of Lavington Court. "Holmes," I cried, "then who set that diabolical mechanism?"

"Think, Watson! Who was the only person who uttered that one word, 'jealousy'? Let us suppose a woman has erred before her marriage, but never after it. Let us suppose, moreover, that she believes her husband, a man of the old school, would not understand. She is at the mercy of that most vicious of all parasites, a society blackmailer. She is present when the blackmailer drinks a toast—by his own choice—from the Luck of Lavington. But, since she is obliged to slip away at the entrance of the butler, the blackmailer laughed and lied. Say no more, Watson. Let the past sleep."

"As you wish. I am silent."

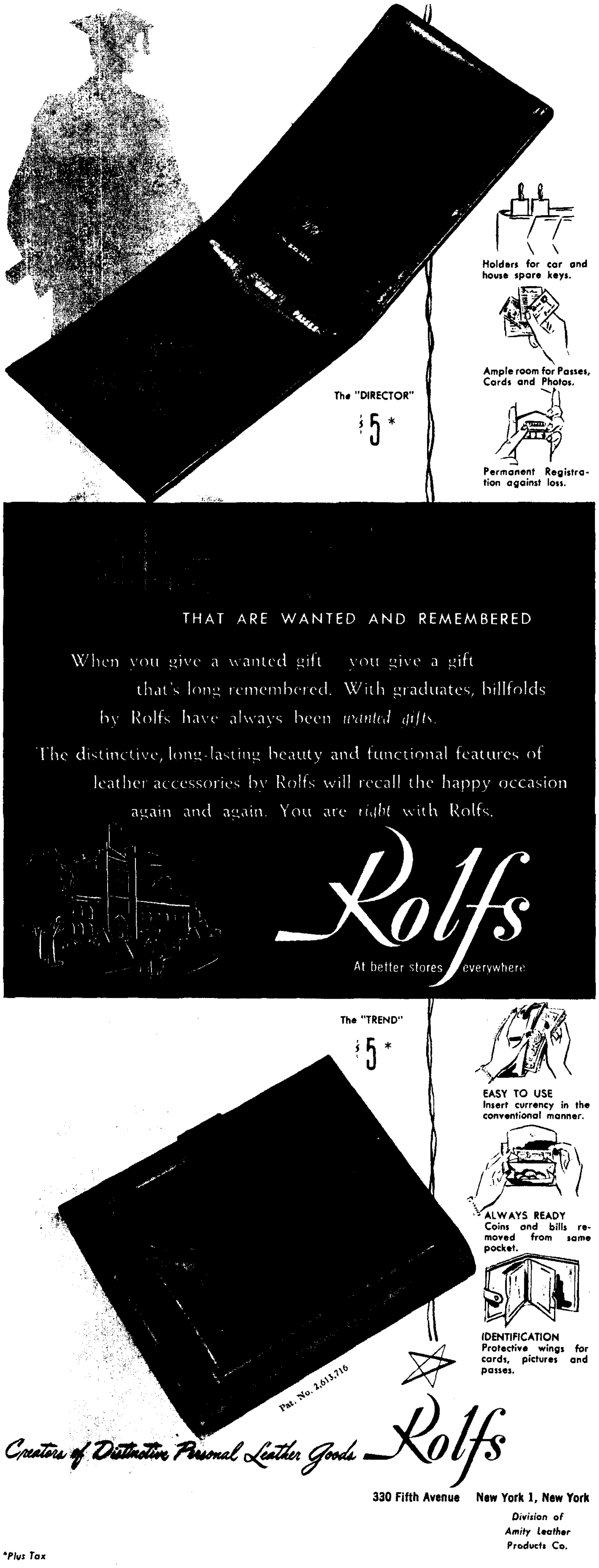
"It is a cardinal error, my dear fellow, to theorize without data. And yet, when we first entered Lavington Court yesterday evening, I had a glimpse of the truth."

"But what did you see?"

As we turned away toward our inn and the comforting light of a fire, Sherlock Holmes nodded over his shoulder. "I saw a pale, beautiful woman descend a staircase, as once I had seen her on the stage. Have you forgotten another ancient manor, and a treacherous hostess named Lady Macbeth?" ▲▲▲

## SHERLOCK HOLMES ON SUSPENSE TV

**Mystery fans will be able to watch a dramatization of this story on the Suspense television program over the Columbia Broadcasting System, Tuesday evening, May 26th, at 9:30 (EDT). In other cities where the Suspense program is retelecast on kinescope film, viewers should consult their local newspapers for the correct time and station. Basil Rathbone will play Sherlock Holmes**



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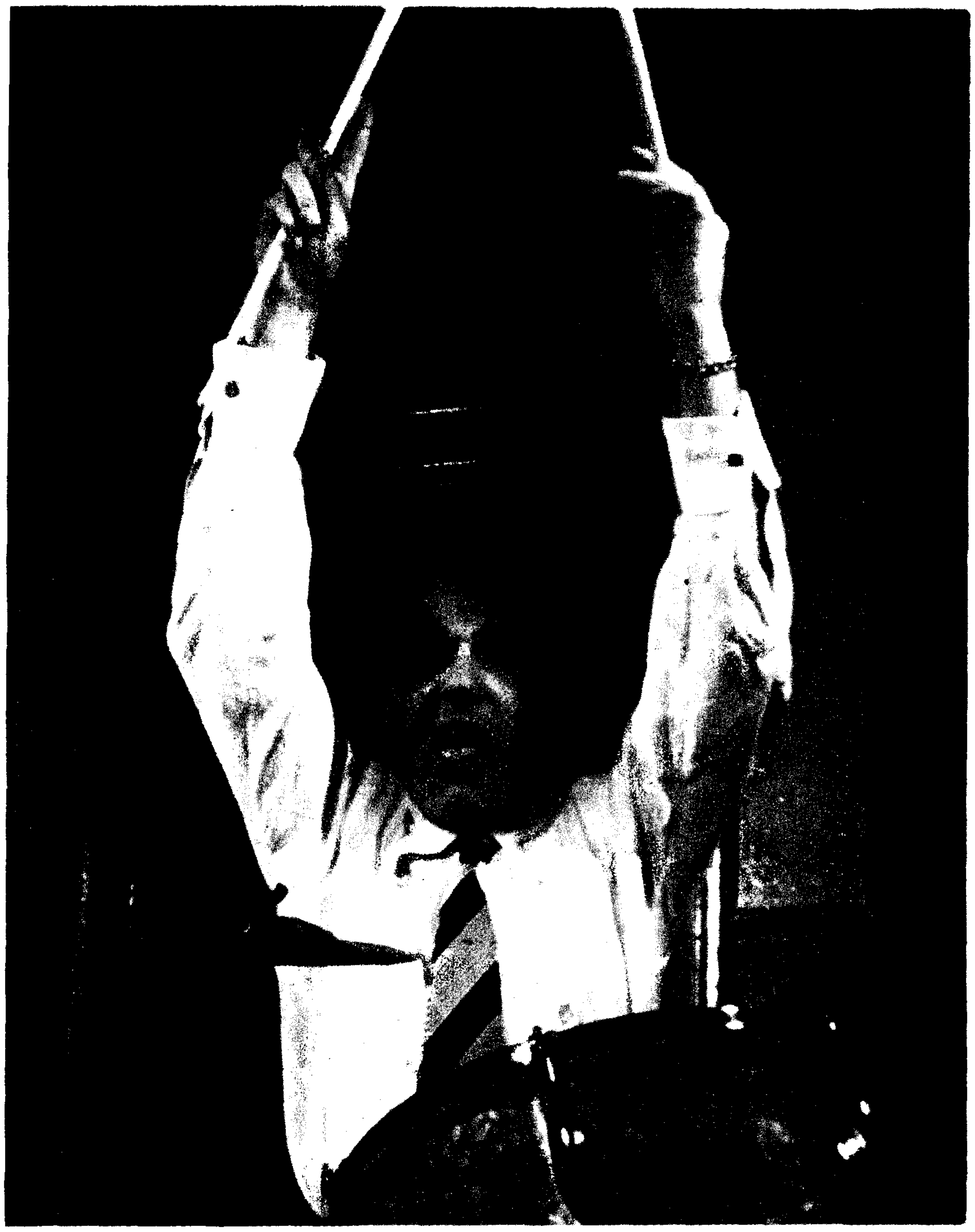
### By ROBERT SYLVESTER



Drummer Gene Krupa warms up at rehearsal for nation-wide concert tour of Benny Goodman's orchestra. Gene took over as leader of orchestra when Benny became ill

Benny Goodman, co-starred with Louis Armstrong on record-breaking tour, tries a hot lick on the clarinet

Pianist-leader Count Basie, shown below in a relaxed mood, is another concert veteran

Billy Eckstine has toured 126 cities each year for last four

Teddy Wilson, poker-faced pianist who first achieved fame with the Benny Goodman Trio, is back with Benny for tour

# Concert Hall Don't Shake Like That!

## Symphony halls are really jumping. Hot music has moved in—with surprising results

MORE than 3,000 jazz fans were crowded into Philadelphia's Academy of Music, home of Eugene Ormandy's famed Philadelphia Orchestra. The night's concert was nearing an end. With a blare of trumpets and a crash of cymbals, Count Basie and his orchestra struck up Jelly, Jelly Blues. There was a great roar of applause, and Billy Eckstine, stepping to the microphone, began to sing:

*"Hello baby, I had to call you on the phone.*
*Hello baby, I had to call you on the phone,*
*'Cause I feel so lonesome and Daddy wants his*
*baby home.*
*It's a downright rotten, low-down dirty shame. . . ."**

Suddenly there was a crash just off stage. A gilt-framed portrait of Mozart in a gallery of famous composers had toppled to the floor.

The incident occurred only a few months ago, and to some present it seemed a historic moment. Realists might say vibrations from the pulsing jazz had caused Mozart's downfall. But jazz enthusiasts claim the composer was just bowing in final recognition of a startling development in the music world: jazz has won a firm foothold in classical music's own concert halls and is even outdrawing most classical attractions.

In fact, the biggest concert attraction of the year in the United States is an aggregation of jazz musicians assembled by two of the greatest players ever to blow a hot riff—Benny Goodman, King of Swing in the 1930s, and Louis (Satchmo) Armstrong. Benny's decision to return to jazz for a tour with Louis sent crowds stampeding to box offices from Massachusetts to Virginia, from New York to California. Benny Goodman collapsed in Boston from exhaustion on the fifth day of the tour last month, but the rest of the musicians carried on. Benny's veteran drummer, Gene Krupa, took over as leader of the Goodman orchestra, and Armstrong continued to front his co-starred small combo.

Despite Benny's illness, promoters predicted the projected seven-week tour would draw more than 300,000 people and gross perhaps a million dollars.

Plenty of other jazz men are reaping a rich box-office harvest on the concert circuits, too. Billy Eckstine last fall took in more money—$24,000—for a single night's appearances at New York's Carnegie Hall than any previous star except maestro Arturo Toscanini. Promoter Norman Granz's Jazz at the Philharmonic groups grossed $835,000 last year and hold the box-office record of $22,838 for a single night at San Francisco's War Memorial

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**Baritone saxist Charles Fowlkes (left) of Basie band takes a solo. Tenor saxist Eddie Davis is at right**

**Veteran New Orleans jazz man Louis (Satchmo) Armstrong, caught here in a bit of torrid trumpeting, is one of biggest drawing cards on the concert circuit**

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# Jazz fans pay $2.40 for seats even if they can't see the bands

Opera House. A recent jazz show combining the talents of Frankie Laine, Ella Fitzgerald, Louis Jordan's Tympani Five and Woody Herman's Orchestra was such a costly affair it needed $12,000 a night (a Broadway musical on the road is lucky to get $3,500 a night) to break even. It made a fat profit.

The biggest problem for most jazz impresarios no longer is how to fill the concert halls. It's how to squeeze in all the people who want to attend. In Detroit, San Francisco and Elizabeth, New Jersey, even youngsters who hesitate to spend a dollar to see a Marilyn Monroe movie are eager to plank down anywhere from $1.20—now the standard minimum price—to a top of $6 to applaud their jazz favorites. (By contrast, the price range for most classical attractions today runs from 60 cents for students to $3.60.)

Jazz fans are willing to sit anywhere, too, just so long as they can be in the same hall with their idols. Anxious to please—and take in a few hundred more dollars—promoters offer "listening seats" for sellout concerts. The seats are just what you might think—those from which you can hear but not see. For some attractions, as many as five hundred listening seats are arranged on the stage behind the orchestras and soloists.

In regular concert halls, people in the listening seats at least can see the backs of the musicians. But in some arenas and armories, where a curtain is suspended immediately behind an improvised stage, those in the listening seats can see only the back of the curtain. Yet they pay $2.40 for the privilege.

"I figure we're lucky," explained one fan who bought a listening seat. "We can see the faces of the players in magazines and elsewhere. But to be here when the cats are really blowing hot, man, that's living!"

Sometimes even listening seats fail to satisfy the demand, so promoters frequently stage two concerts the same night—one at 8:30 P.M. and another at midnight. The result: twice as many seats and double the receipts.

### Fans Slipped In at Back Door

Still, hundreds of people are turned away from big jazz attractions. Only a few months ago, crowds seeking admission to a sellout concert in Philadelphia grew to such proportions that extra police were called out. The police closed the doors as a safety measure; they said too many people already had crowded into the hall. But one performer, heeding the anguished pleas of his fans, opened a back door and let in another $86 worth of music lovers at $2 each before the police stopped him.

Who are these people who rush to the concert halls to listen to music that a generation ago could be heard only in dance halls and cellar night clubs?

They are the Duke of Windsor and the apartment-house janitor. Tallulah Bankhead, Rex Harrison, Lilli Palmer, José Ferrer and the shoeshine boy down the block. Grandfathers and teen-agers. College students and professors. Maybe your next-door neighbor. Sometimes maestro Fabian Sevitsky of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra and Virgil Thomson, composer of classical music and music critic of the New York Herald Tribune.

They are drawn by a mixture of nostalgia, curiosity and excitement, for a jazz concert is like no other entertainment on the stage today.

It is loud. It is vital. It is unprogramed. It is unpredictable. And the response of the audience dismays staid managers accustomed to classical attractions. Wild hand clapping, cheers, whistles and cries of "Go, go, go!" greet the music.

Sometimes the audience reaction borders on the hysterical. A few years ago, a young woman clambered onto the stage of Boston's Symphony Hall in the midst of a torrid number and frenziedly tried to rip souvenirs from Louis Armstrong's jacket. Louis fought her off while the band kept jamming.

After it was all over, Armstrong expressed surprise. "I thought she was after Jack Teagarden, the trombone man," Satchmo said. "After all, it was his solo."

Jazz audiences are finicky and demanding, too. They know what they want, and if a promoter doesn't give them what they regard as true jazz they boycott him. A performer's standing on juke-box popularity polls and radio shows counts little; only a few jazz stars have achieved general national popularity. Singer-pianist Nat (King) Cole, for one. Or Billy Eckstine, Sarah Vaughn, Ella Fitzgerald and Stan Kenton. But they are the exceptions. A musician little known outside the jazz world—say, tenor saxist Coleman Hawkins or pianist Oscar Peterson—is more important to the success of a jazz concert than such popular favorites as Perry Como, Dinah Shore or Vaughn Monroe.

Norman Granz, whose Jazz at the Philharmonic is among the most successful of the touring jazz attractions, operates almost wholly on this theory. "With the exception of singer Ella Fitzgerald and drummer Gene Krupa, I have never offered a musician or singer who could properly be called a famous name in show business or in music," he says. Instead he stars jazz men like saxophonists Flip Phillips, Charlie Ventura, Lester Young and Willie Smith, pianist Hank Jones, trumpeter Roy Eldridge—and pays most of them $1,000 for four or five concerts a week.

### Publicized by Disc Jockeys

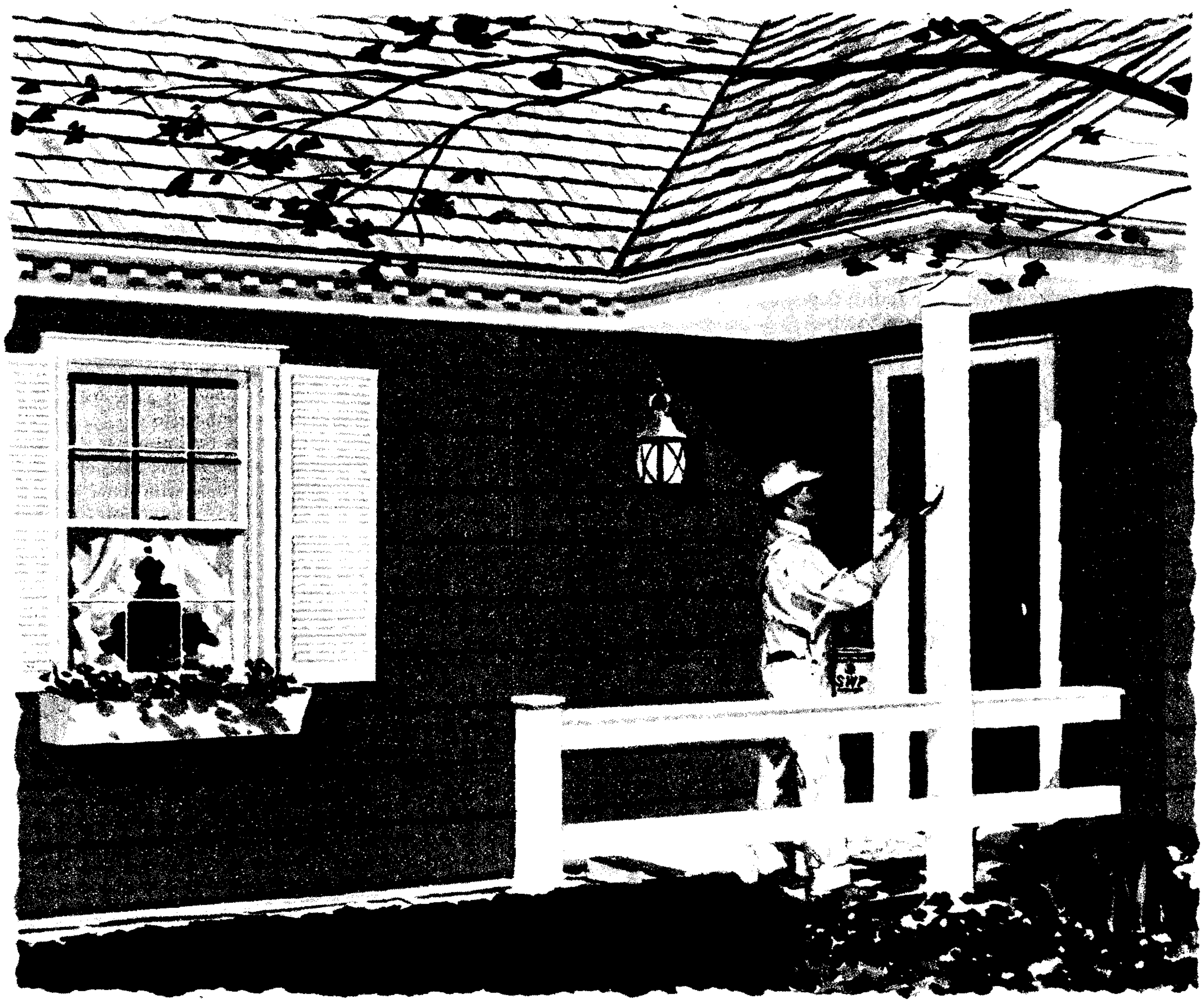
Phonograph records, particularly as played by radio disc jockeys, introduced many of these musicians to jazz fans. Hep broadcasters like Al (Jazzbo) Collins of New York's WNEW, Gene Norman, of Los Angeles' KLAC, Dick Martin, of New Orleans' WWL and Sid (Symphony Sid) Torin, of Boston's WBMS and WCOP specialize in keeping the names and work of jazz men constantly before the public.

Thanks in part to the disc jockeys, records of Benny Goodman's famed 1938 concert at Carnegie Hall are among the best-selling long-playing records of all time. Some 280,000 have been sold for an estimated gross of $1,256,000 since Columbia first issued the records in October, 1950. Fast moving up on the best-selling lists, too, is another two-record Goodman album, taken from Benny's radio broadcasts in 1937 and 1938 but issued only last October.

The records not only revived memories for Goodman fans who used to cheer his fast-paced killer-dillers in the 1930s, but introduced an exciting, nearly forgotten brand of swing to a whole new generation. And it was the records' astounding success that finally persuaded Goodman, now forty-three

ZINN ARTHUR

**Hep fans cheer on their favorites at Goodman-Armstrong concert in New Haven, Conn. Cries of "Go, go, go!" punctuate the jazz**



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and wealthy, to round up some of his old side men and embark on his record-breaking concert tour.

If the sales of Benny's records had been surprising, the response to the announcement of his concert tour was staggering. All seats for the Goodman-Armstrong concerts in Boston's Symphony Hall were sold in four days. Philadelphia's Academy of Music, Mozart or no, took in $5,000 the first day tickets were placed on sale. So did New York's Carnegie Hall; by the fourth day the New York receipts had risen to $14,000 and all 2,760 seats had been sold for the first of the night's two concerts. A promoter operating in Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland and Washington, D.C., promised a minimum of $110,000 for concerts in six cities. Said Joe Glaser, veteran head of the Associated Booking Corporation, which set up the tour: "In all the years I've been in business, I have never booked any series of one-nighters that has received such a phenomenal response."

Yet Benny hadn't led a jazz orchestra since 1944 and most of the side men who joined him—musicians from the early Goodman groups, like trumpeter Ziggy Elman, pianist Teddy Wilson and tenor saxist Georgie Auld—had disappeared in recent years into the relative obscurity of radio and recording-studio bands.

In fact, it took a lot of fast talk and ready money to persuade the musicians to abandon their regular working hours and home comforts to hit the road again. Most of them had bitter memories of the days and nights 10 to 20 years ago when they lived out of suitcases and spent more time in traveling by bus, train, automobile and airplane to dance dates than they did in playing.

### Still Plenty of Discomfort

The pay is better on the concert circuit, of course, but the discomforts are still the same. Billy Eckstine, who has done a 126-city tour each year for the past four, says he has learned to sleep in nearly every type of moving vehicle. "I've gotten so I can't sleep under a roof unless somebody stands beside me and jiggles the bed," he complains.

"The secret is to lie flat on your back," says Louis Armstrong, who had just completed a tour of 90 cities in the United States and Europe with his all-star band before he joined Goodman. "I learned the trick from Max Baer, the prize fighter. I lie down flat on my back, anywhere, and I'm asleep right away."

Then there's capricious weather. Count Basie, who toured with Eckstine and pianist George Shearing, still remembers one stormy night with a sinking feeling. Eckstine was driving from one concert date to another with Basie and Shearing as passengers.

"How fast are we going?" asked the Count.

"About 70 miles an hour," Eckstine replied. "But it's snowing so hard I can barely see."

"In that case," suggested Shearing, who is blind, "perhaps you'd better let me drive."

The Eckstine-Basie-Shearing troupe also ran afoul of the weather in Tulsa, Oklahoma. They had arrived in the city with a $22,000 advance sale. But before the concert could begin, lightning struck the hall and damaged it so badly the program had to be canceled. "I still think that was very bad programing on the part of fate," says Billy.

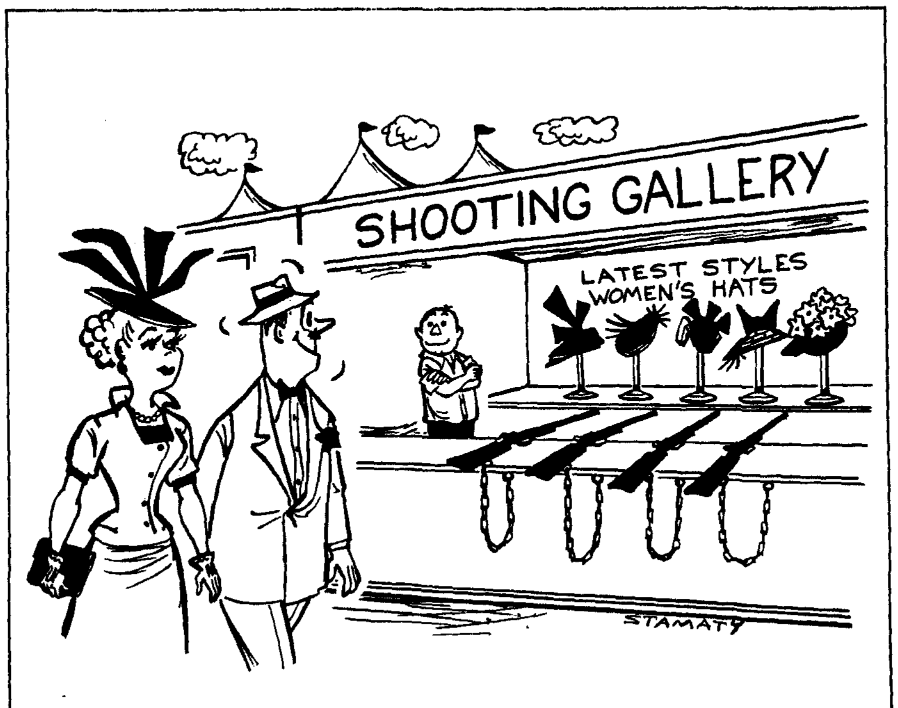
### Jazz Purists in Controversy

But then troubles of one kind or another have plagued jazz concerts right from the beginning. Like most other show-business attractions, the origin of the jazz concert is clouded in doubt and argument. Some people claim that Paul Whiteman's 1924 Rhapsody in Blue concert in Aeolian Hall was the first. Jazz buffs deny it; they say Whiteman played only Tin Pan Alley pop stuff. Jazz purists also dismiss Goodman's 1938 Carnegie concert on the grounds that Benny did it only as a promotion stunt and that much of the program was not true jazz.

Eddie Condon's presentation of Fats Waller at Carnegie Hall in 1942 may have been the first real jazz concert. Fats was so terrified by his surroundings that he thoroughly bolstered his courage with champagne before the concert. During the intermission, he switched from champagne to gin, and he also switched from tail coat to dinner jacket, a rather unusual costume progression.

The New York Times reported that the second half of the program started "exactly 23 minutes after the scheduled end of the intermission."

Waller returned to the stage whistling



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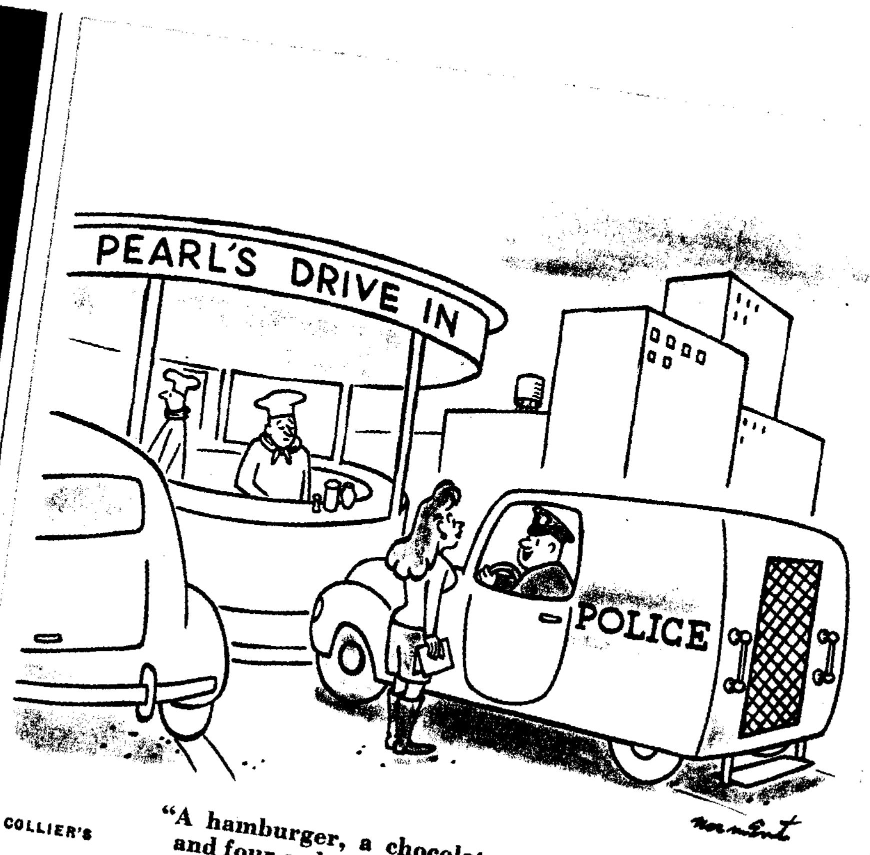

COLLIER'S

"A hamburger, a chocolate malted and four orders of bread and water"

JOHN NORMENT

George Gershwin's Summertime and sat down at the organ to do some Waller improvisations and Tchaikovsky variations. Both developed Summertime overtones and Gershwin expert Oscar Levant was moved to crack: "I never knew until tonight how much Tchaikovsky owed to Gershwin."

Undismayed, Eddie Condon joined Ernie Anderson in staging a Dixieland concert at New York's Town Hall the following month. Only a handful of people showed up and Condon dispiritedly addressed them as "Lady and Gentlemen." However, such stars as Gene Krupa, Jimmy Dorsey, Red Norvo and Woody Herman appeared at the concert for only union scale, $23 each, so little money was lost. Condon and Anderson, undaunted, tried again—and again and again. Each concert attracted more people. In a matter of months, the boys were doing so well they staged midnight repeat performances. Later they moved into Carnegie Hall.

### Teen-Age Bebop Impresarios

Meanwhile, a new school of jazz had sprung up. Youngsters began talking about the "new sounds" of bebop and progressive music. They derided Dixielanders as "moldy figs." Two enthusiastic prophets of the new order were Monte Kay and Mal Braveman, then in their teens. They found a dance hall in East Thirteenth Street in New York, got together a few dollars and assaulted radio disc jockeys with almost hourly bulletins on the long list of bop stars who would take part in what they called the first truly modern jazz concert.

Kay and Braveman had agreed to pay $10 for the use of the upstairs dance hall. They arrived in front of the building that night to find almost two hundred bop buffs milling around. The hall was dark.

"We goofed," explained Kay in bop language recently. "Both of us expected the other to go down and pay the deposit on the $10 rental. Neither had, so the hall was still locked."

But the sponsors didn't let a locked door stand in their way. Braveman stood on Kay's shoulders, pulled down the fire-escape ladder, clambered up and forced a back window. The audience followed him up the ladder and into the hall. The concert was such a success that the promoters immediately booked Town Hall for their big-time debut.

They signed such stars as singer Pearl Bailey, trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, alto saxist Charlie Parker and pianist Erroll Garner. Except for Dizzy Gillespie, who worked on a percentage basis, each one received a flat $25 fee. But again there was some goofing.

### A Case of Misguided Loyalty

Sid Torin, the disc jockey who calls himself Symphony Sid and then worked for a small radio station in New Jersey, was master of ceremonies. One of Sid's radio sponsors was Hollywood Al's Peg Top Pants Shop in Harlem. Ever loyal to a sponsor, Sid arrived in some of Hollywood Al's wildest drapes. The promoters were horrified and sent him home to change to his most conservative hound's-tooth tweed. Charlie Parker, whose behavior is unpredictable, amazed everyone by showing up on time—but he forgot his horn. What with one goof and another, the listed 8:30 P.M. curtain went up at 9:25.

Despite these shaky beginnings, jazz concerts have mushroomed to a multimillion dollar business. And jazz men hotly contest the pessimistic talk of classical managers who shrug off jazz concerts as a temporary phenomenon. They retort that jazz has won a solid and loyal following.

What classical singer, they ask, can duplicate the experience Frankie Laine had in South Bend, Indiana?

"I arrived in South Bend with a bad case of laryngitis," Frankie says. "The promoter sent the master of ceremonies on stage to tell the people I had lost my voice, but would come on the stage and work my lips in pantomime while records of my songs were played over an amplifier. However, anyone who wanted to could get his money back at the box office.

"And do you know," Frankie adds, "not a single customer asked for a refund." It was probably the first concert in history in which the star singer appeared on stage and didn't sing a single note.

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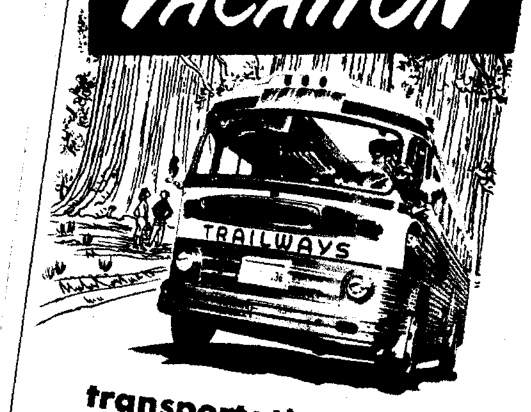

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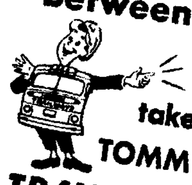

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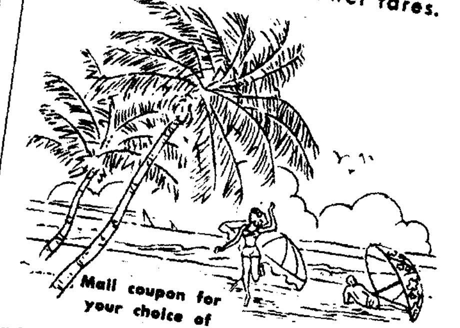

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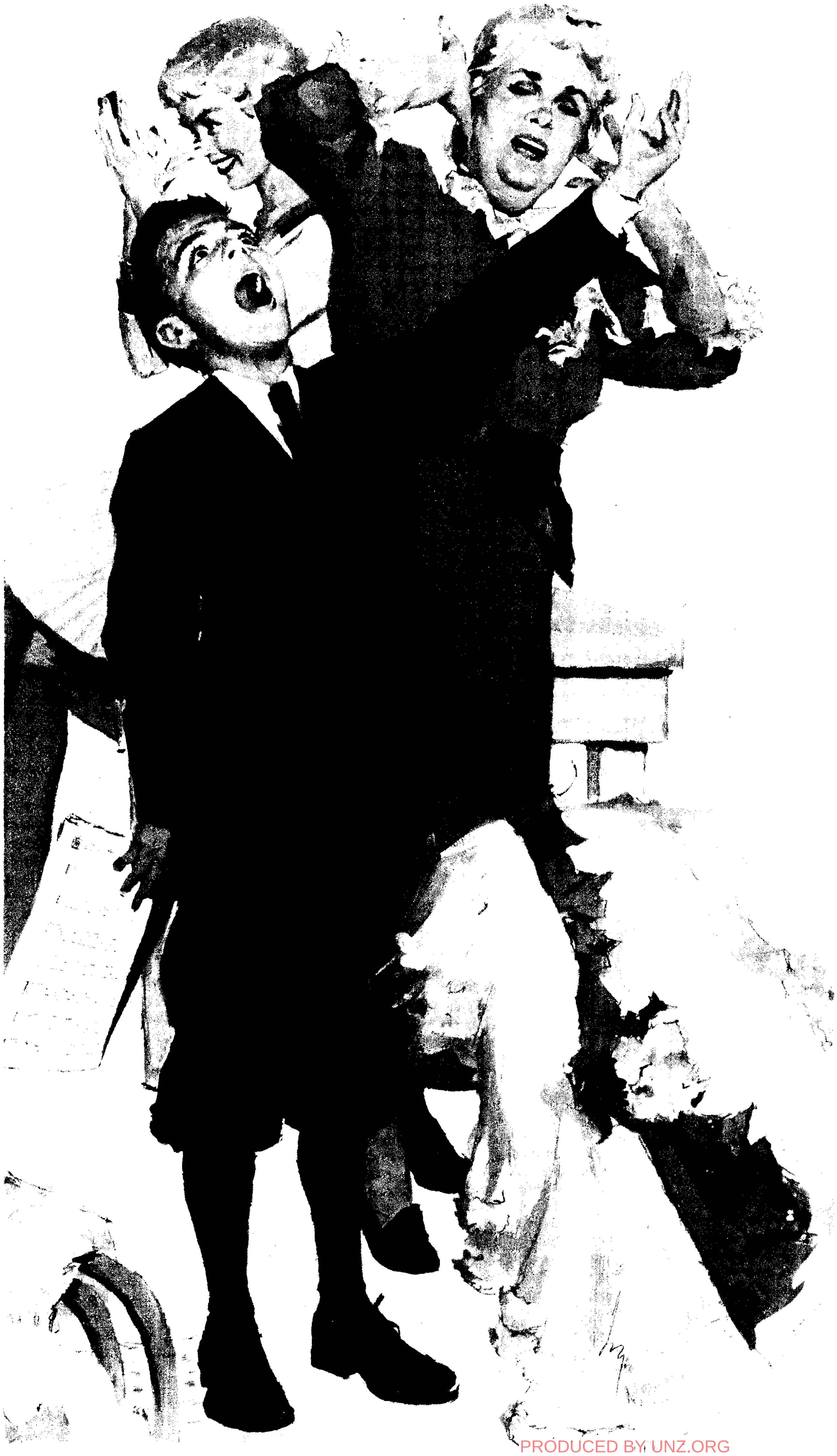
# Down a Garden Path

## *There is a Hillie in every man's life. She is beautiful; she is in love—but not with him*



### By RICHARD SULLIVAN

IT WAS in the blue-and-green spring of 1922 that I went, as the phrase is, on the stage. My voice in that remote period was cracking; my features were blotchy; my general appearance was diminutive. I nourished a heroic though somewhat intermittent ambition to become a great inventor; and I had no histrionic aspirations at all. But I was thrust—against inclination, talent and public interest—upon the boards.

Stories with lessons are out of fashion and I can find in my recollection of the past only a hint of a moral. Still my experience on and about the dusty stage of the Gruber Opera House in our town in 1922 seems to me weighted with meaning and charged with durable significance. Indeed, I am convinced to this day of the permanent importance of what I learned once from being in an operetta, although to this day, in my own secret mind, I am very hazy about how to summarize precisely what it was that I then found out. Truth does not always immediately—or even after many years—lend itself to easy exposition.

Down a Garden Path was the name—at this distance I see it as symbolic—of my vehicle, as fluffy a little operetta as has ever been concocted. I was in it only because it was directed, for charity's sake, by a pouter of a woman named Mrs. Prior, a widowed teacher of mathematics in the Thomas Jefferson Junior High School. The winter before, she had bought a fur coat at my father's store. My father was fond of teachers and always gave them a generous discount; perhaps on this muskrat, or Hudson seal, or whatever it was, he outdid himself. Anyhow, Mrs. Prior was stirred to her depths by the fine price he made her, and some months later, in a swoop of gratitude, she plucked me out of oblivion and stuck me into her show.

My father was as embarrassed as I was at this act of recompense. He was a man who liked to do things but not to have things done to him. Mrs. Prior's very gesture, I'm sure, caused him serious anxiety. And when he heard me practicing my main solo around the house, he grew downright apprehensive. "Louder, Jack!" he'd urge me. "Don't keep all the words inside your mouth that way! Let 'em out! *Sing!*"

As a boy, I had never been known for musical prowess. A couple of years before, when I'd gone out for the junior choir at St. Jude's, Mr. McCabe, the director, had got rid of me by offering the delicate advice that I try practicing at home for a while. Piano lessons over the years had failed to dent my tone-deaf crust. For a few months I had aspired to the Troop Two Drum and Bugle Corps; but the bugle my parents bought me failed to respond except in snorts and wild, uncontrolled brayings to my most dedicated and tight-lipped efforts, and the corps already had more than enough drummers. Privately I thought that I could whistle rather well, though nobody ever stopped me on the street to applaud. But I was not—it is clear to me now—I simply was not marked out for music; and I suppose that the obvious growth of my parents' consternation after I got into the operetta was caused by their awareness of this fact.

After the initial shock, I was personally quite happily disposed toward Down a Garden Path. My

**Mrs. Prior cried in despair, "You'll have to *give* it more!" I broke loose and gave, and my voice under pressure went wild, so that the people in the chorus began to giggle**

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attitude was the direct result of Hillie Compton's presence in the cast. I suppose that if today, with my present eyesight, I saw her as she then was, Hillie Compton would seem to me a bony, brittle, boyish and rather brash little blonde, with wasted cheeks and great violet eyes. She was rude, perhaps, and certainly a show-off: a silly, daring girl who—until Mrs. Prior discovered her and put a stop to it—occasionally did the shimmy, very new and shocking, for an admiring group in the corner of the old Badger Club Ballroom, where we rehearsed (to the clicking of balls in the billiard room beyond the closed double doors). She was a girl who fancied herself as wicked and seductive, this Hillie; but I think now that she was quite standard for her time, perhaps quite normal for any time. But it is hard for me to see her exclusively with my present eyes. One never really leaves the past; the urgencies of 1922 still dog my memory. I looked at Hillie then with ardor; she moved, she sang, she shimmied in the unextinguishable glow I put around her in my moony, shy idolatry. Sometimes her bare knees, above her rolled stockings, flashed through the side slit of her skirt; her bangs were pure Egypt; she smoked Turkish cigarettes languorously, one after another, for all the world to see.

According to my best investigation Hillie was about eighteen, four years older than I was; but the years between us seemed to me inconsiderable; and I hoped, secretly, terribly, that she would wait until I had become a great inventor and then would marry me. I saw us speeding at forty miles an hour in a Stutz Bearcat, feeling the sweet, fresh, balmy wind cleaving past our cheeks. We were forever merged, Hillie Compton and I, in those first weeks of rehearsal in the Badger Club Ballroom; to this day I would not want to deny her sway and power over me.

She remained kind to me during the increasing horrors of rehearsal. There was truly something wrong with my voice. Mrs. Prior was understandably slow to admit that a fur coat could have led her into such a trap as I turned out to be; and I was already entrenched in my part before she realized how kindness had betrayed her. But then she kept at me, with her fat, pink hands clasped before her bosom, and her agonized, beseeching eyes rolling round in their sockets. My acting apparently did not worry her, though she never intimated that I was faultless. But my singing perturbed her deepest soul. Time and again, she suggested openly and publicly, before all the cast, that my singing voice was likely to wreck the whole operetta. And sometimes fellow actors snickered. Then Hillie would mutter to me afterward: "Fat old hag. I'd like to cut her throat."

ONE night, disconsolate, I came home and told my parents I wasn't doing too well as a singer. They understood my difficulties immediately—better, indeed, than I did. But the operetta was a production designed for community charity; to be in it was an indisputable honor—and I was already well in. My parents didn't want me to pull out. In fact it was tóo late to pull out. They hoped against hope for a miracle to happen to my vocal cords; they prayed together, and I prayed privately, for an increase in my tunefulness and volume.

They coached me. "Jack, the very first thing about a song," said my mother, "it has to be *heard.*"

"You're still swallowing the words," said my father, rather bitterly.

"Oh, but he's trying, dear," said my mother.

"He has to try louder."

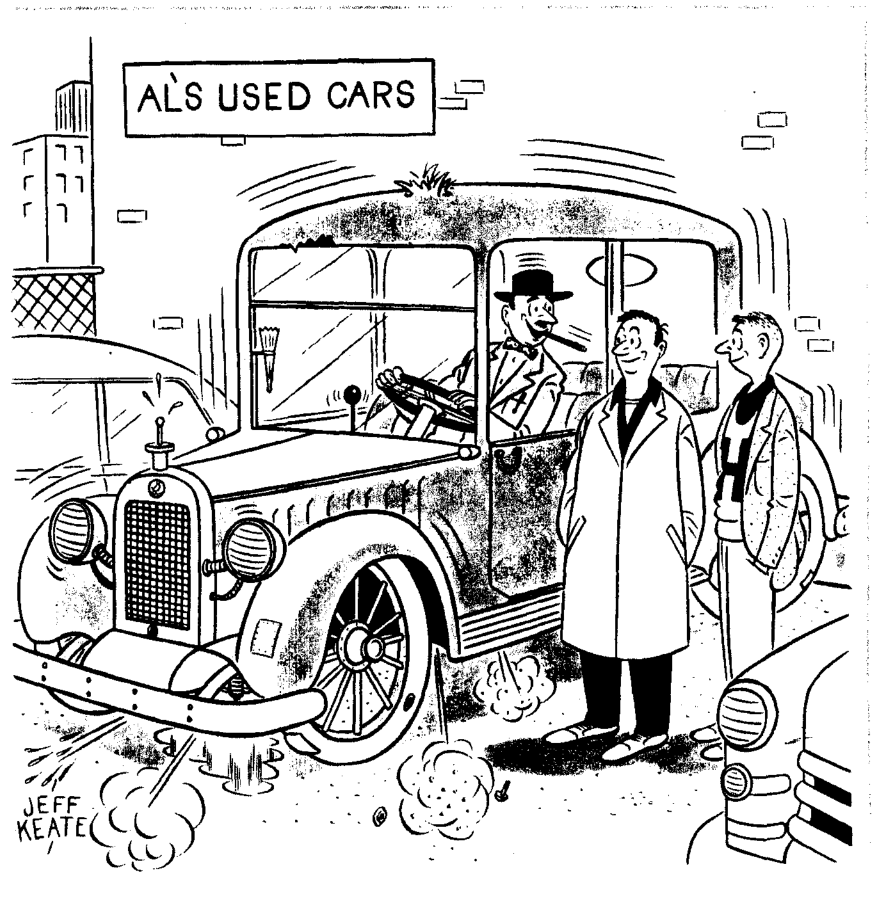
"When I try louder my voice cracks."

"Well, try it again right now," said my father.

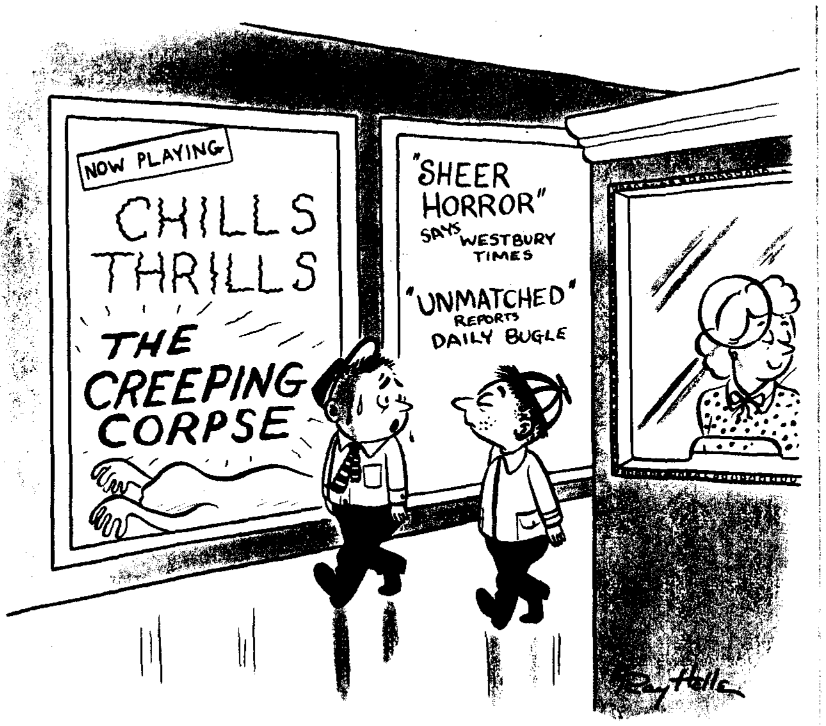
I started my solo loud, right there at the dining-room table; and in the third line my voice cracked, as it always did at rehearsals.

My father murmured to my mother, "Can we fight nature?"

My mother said, "Darling, you see,



COLLIER'S "Listen to that baby miss! There's a world of tinkering to be done with this car!" JEFF KEATE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COLLIER'S RAY HELLE

your voice is liable to do that whether you sing out loud or hold in. So really you ought to disregard the voice entirely and just be sure people *hear* you."

My father said, "Look now, Jack, if we can both hear you that night, from wherever we're sitting—and we'll be up as close as we can—I'll give you a ten-dollar gold piece."

He didn't often make offers like that, and when he made them they were ironclad, absolute and important. I was flattered by the trust he showed in me.

"You'll hear me all right," I promised him.

And at the next rehearsal, when Mrs. Prior cried in despair, "You'll have to *give* it more! Can't you *give?*", I broke loose and gave; and my voice under pressure went as wild as my bugle used to do, with very much the same sort of squalliness, so that the people in the chorus began to giggle.

Mrs. Prior cried, *"Really,* John! Your parents would be shocked if they knew how you were upsetting our rehearsals! You should be ashamed!"

The only thing I could do, of course, was to keep on pretending that I was cutting up on purpose; and maybe I saved some face with my fellow performers that way. But Hillie knew exactly what was happening. "Fat old hag," she always muttered to me, after one of my upsets; and she would jerk her eyes insolently in the direction of our directress. "Don't let her bother you."

Hillie had a curiously rich and lovely singing voice, curious because one would not have expected such sweet clarity of her; she didn't act like one who would have such a benign and untroubled voice. I envied her capacity to sing.

And because she called Mrs. Prior a fat old hag and was so sympathetic to me in my vocal misfortune, my devotion to her increased. Yet I couldn't help noticing that, as rehearsals progressed, she became more and more distracted, even when she was with me. She was not mean or inconsiderate, but distracted, as if when we were talking together (an intimacy which, remembered later, would keep me from sleep), she was thinking of something else, with a certain amount of pleasure which did not include me.

Of course I had no reason for suspecting why this strange effect kept recurring. But there was a cause. On the afternoon of the day before the performance of the operetta, my friend Albert Brockhaus, to whom I had unwisely confided the secret of my romance, told me what it was. On the way home from school that afternoon, Albert and I had been throwing stones at a log in the river; and he was vexed at my hitting it three times as often as he did, so he cut me down by asking if I'd heard about Hillie's coming marriage.

"You're crazy," I said. "She isn't getting married." In my springtime immersion in love, I honestly didn't consider it even a possibility that I could be betrayed.

"You go home and ask your mother," said Albert. "I heard my mother talking to her on the phone about it." He waited a moment and then went on. "Right after the operetta," Albert said, watching me closely. "It's hard luck, but then, she's practically twenty-one!"

"Eighteen!"

"I know how it must make you feel, Jack."

I shied another stone at the log and missed. "I don't believe it," I said.

BUT at home, where we were having supper early that evening so I could get to the dress rehearsal at the Gruber Opera House, I brought up—oh, very, very casually—Hillie's name at the table.

Nobody said anything for a minute, and then my mother took a deep breath. "I understand she's getting married soon," she said to my father.

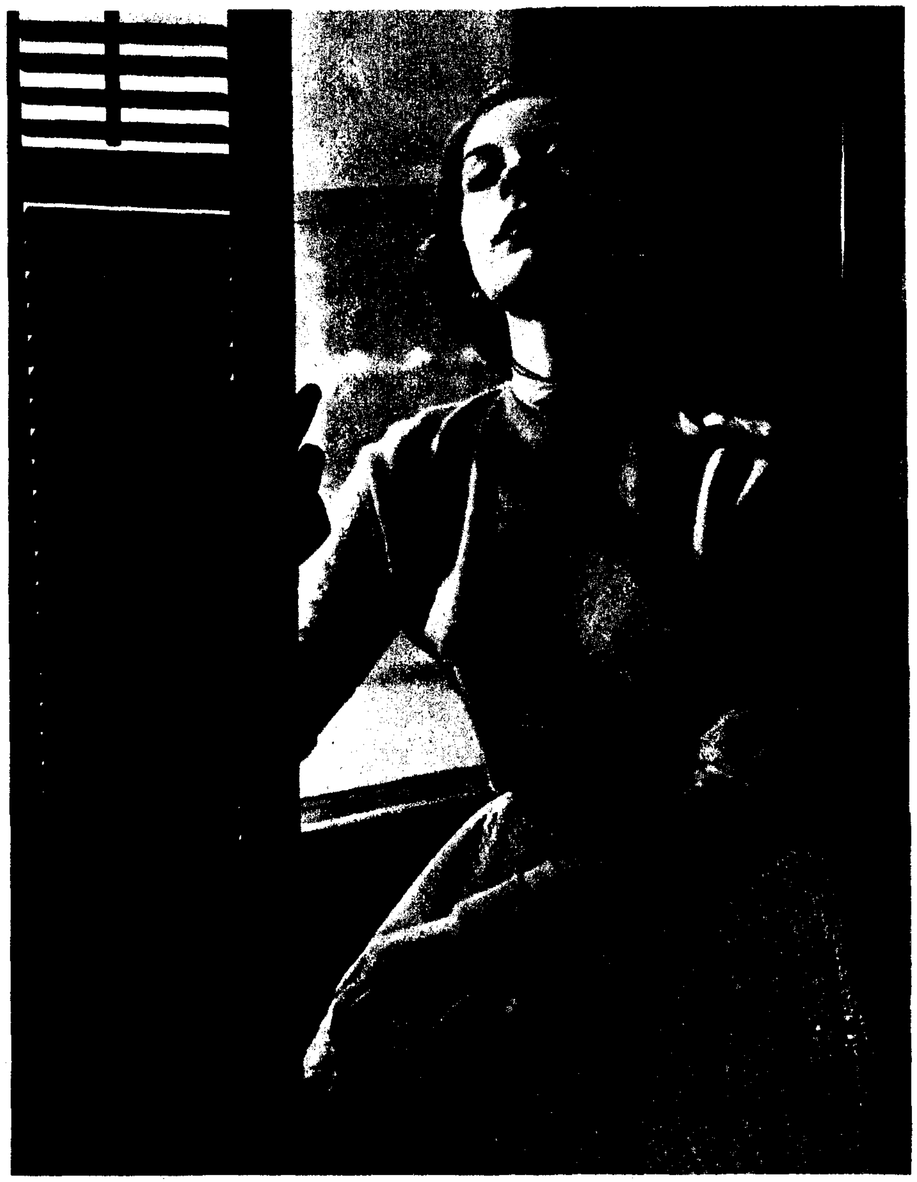
"To a fellow from Port Washington," said my father. "Somebody was telling me at the store."

"Oh?" I said, with my voice cracking the poor, simple vowel sound into a tremulous squawk. "When?"

"Very soon now," my father said. He looked hard at my mother, then spoke to me without turning his face in my direction. "Before you go to rehearsal tonight, come out in the yard, Jack. I want to talk to you."

"Yes, sir." . . .

He was bending over a row of new hyacinths when, twenty minutes later,



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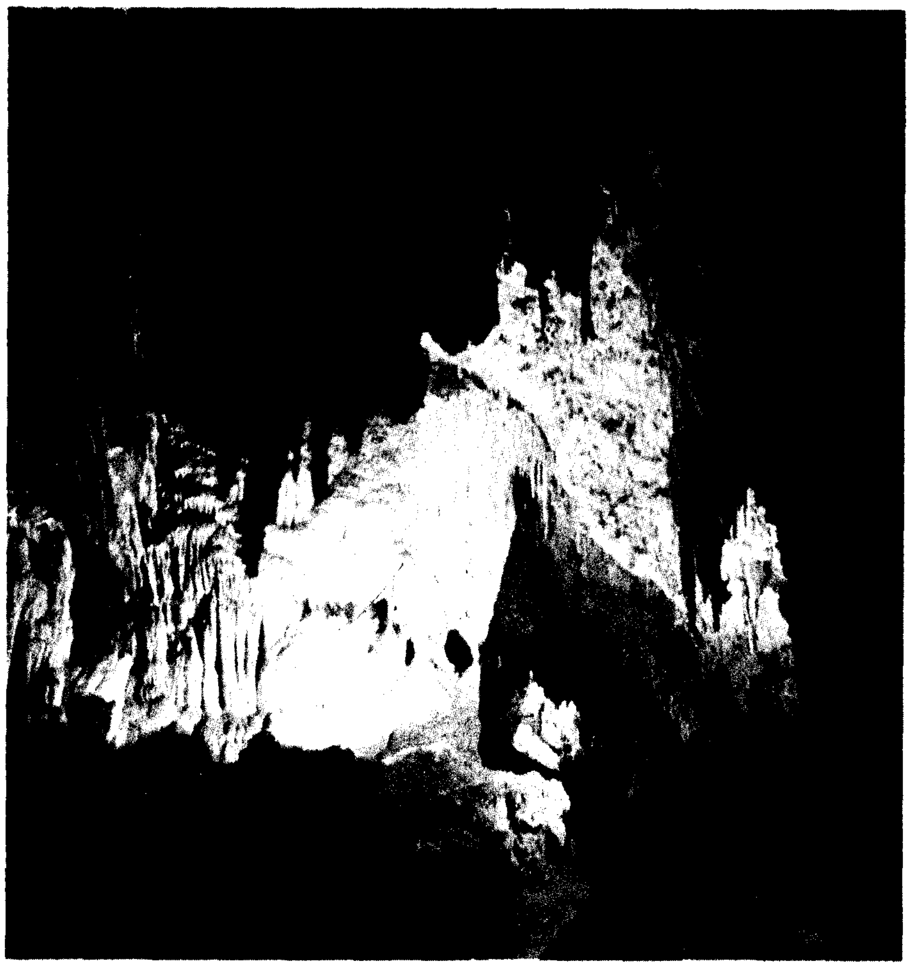

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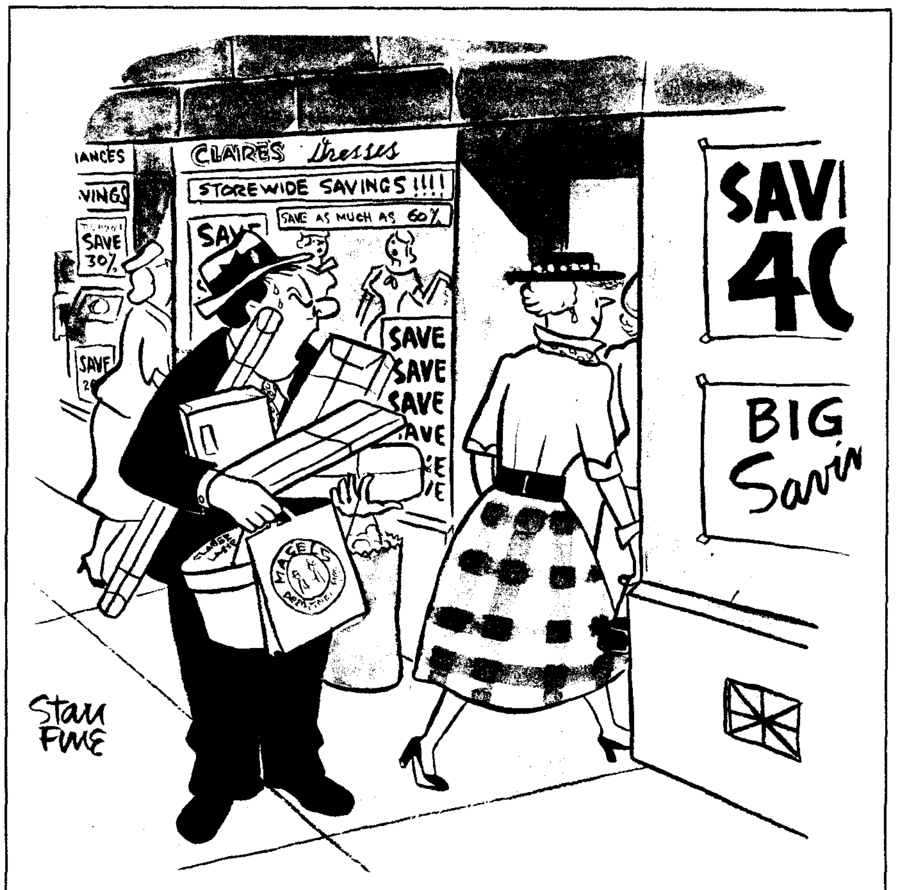

COLLIER'S

"Darn it, Martha, we simply can't afford to save any more today!"

STAN FINE

I cut across the grass to him. There were blossoms on the crab-apple tree. "About this Compton girl—" he said.

I stared up into the soft, shaking pinkness of the crab-apple blossoms. It was a terrible cruelty to me to hear even her name mentioned. I wanted to cut short this interview among the first spring flowers. I was ready to weep, to run away forever; and I was going to a dress rehearsal, where my voice would crack in absurd song and where I would see Hillie.

"It happens quite often," said my father, "that boys your age get a bit sweet on girls a few years older."

I stared at him and wished the earth would swallow me. I had no idea how he'd found out.

"Doesn't do any special damage," my father said, very calmly. "But this girl now, from what I hear, she's marrying a very nice fellow." He looked at one particular little spot on the fresh-growing grass at our feet. "That's the way it goes sometimes," he said, and I dimly understood that in some queer way he was on my side. "—don't know her myself," he was saying, "but when she comes into the store she seems a cute little thing. Skinny but cute."

Only, what he didn't seem to understand at all was the personal treachery, the way she had let me down and flattened me forever. Staring at the young grass, I could not for the life of me see why anyone about whom I could feel as I felt about Hillie could possibly be involved as she was, so selfishly, so wholly without thought of me.

"—main thing I wanted to tell you was that I wouldn't feel too bad if I were you," said my father. "This is all a kind of initiation. It happens to a lot of people."

"Yes, sir."

"Maybe you'd better run along now," he said, and after the faintest hesitation, he turned back to the hyacinths. I hurried across the grass. . . .

There was a lot of talk at the dress rehearsal. All at once everybody was bursting with excitement over the news of Hillie's engagement. I dodged the big clusters of gossipers, but I couldn't dodge the individuals; so I put on a pose of being indifferent, as if this were something I'd known about all along and now took for granted.

I had a hard time that night. I tried to avoid getting anywhere near Hillie. But she came up to me just before I went on, in my knee breeches, buckled shoes and blue velvet coat, for my solo. "Good luck, Jackie," she muttered, her cigarette bobbing up and down between her very red lips.

"Thanks, Hillie."

I saw her new diamond flash, as she cupped one hand round the cigarette, hiding it; we had been warned against smoking backstage. In her long, white, flowery dress, with her hair piled high and the blue make-up exaggerating her eyes, she looked quite disguised and unfamiliar. I stared at her. The truth is, she looked *old.*

MY VOICE was not too bad that night, and Mrs. Prior told me after the dress rehearsal that she was proud of the way I'd come along. I told her I was sorry if I'd been troublesome and that I'd try hard the next night to be as good as I could.

My father and mother had got seats in what at the Gruber Opera House was the most select location, first row, center, in the parquet circle. This put them about seven or eight rows from me on the night of the performance, when I blinked out over the footlights into the great, gaping, dark cave of the suddenly alive theater. I gulped a few times, feeling the critical life out there; but, marvelously, that night my voice did not crack; yet I was uneasily aware that I was holding it in.

After the show my parents both came backstage; there was a great crowd, and much handshaking and general babble. Mrs. Prior was puffing with joy and dabbing constantly at her flushed forehead with a wet, wrinkled, pale-blue handkerchief. I noticed a sullen old lout in a tweedy suit—he might have been close to twenty-five—hanging about Hillie. Everybody whispered that he was the one. A lot of people went over and were introduced to him, but I stayed away. My parents congratulated me, showing some relief; and we all went home.

A week later the story of Hillie's wedding was reported in the paper. It had been very quiet, in the little country town that her mother's family came from. I never saw her again. She set up housekeeping with that lout in Port Washington. For years when her name was mentioned I kept quiet.

And that was what my father did about the ten-dollar gold piece he had promised if my voice came through to him in the parquet circle: he kept quiet. He said never a word. For a day or two I thought he might have just forgotten; but he was a man of good memory as well as strict principle, and I came to understand from his silence that I'd swallowed the words again on the great night. The way I felt generally those first few days, it didn't make much difference.

But in the middle of the summer Albert Brockhaus and I started playing tennis once in a while with a couple of girls who were freshmen at the academy. I'd known them both a long time, but I'd never noticed them particularly before. One Sunday afternoon when we were going to play, my father followed me to the front door and handed me a couple of five-dollar bills. "Here," he said, "I'd like to see if you're old enough now to handle yourself. Take this, and let me know later how you spend it."

He made no explanation, but sometimes my father did sudden, strange things of that sort. Just then, of course, I wasn't interested in probing his motives. I can see now that there was a touch of consolation in his gift—though he was scrupulous about keeping this ten dollars clearly divorced from the other ten that my voice had lost me—and maybe also a touch of encouragement, a hint that he knew I'd changed a bit and that he approved.

BUT just then, thanking him for the ten, I didn't stop to puzzle out his reasons. I had other things to do. The girl I was playing tennis with was a tiny, fragile blonde, with bright, round, blue eyes. The fact is, she was just a little like Hillie in appearance. But by this time of the summer I wasn't thinking much about Hillie any more, except once in a while, say on a rainy day when the courts were wet; and even so I had to strain to recapture my old tender and turbulent self-pity. It seems that I just wasn't much interested in thinking about Hillie the rest of that summer, or in thinking about the operetta or the reason for the ten dollars either. I played a lot of tennis that year. I'd never cared much for the game before, but a lot of us—boys and girls both—would meet and play together on good afternoons. We'd play until it was time to go home for supper; and then, more often than not, we'd meet again later and go around together, in pairs, a boy and a girl, in the summer evenings. ▲▲▲

## *Next Week*

WIDE WORLD

**Mrs. McLaughlin (right) with atom spy Ethel Rosenberg**

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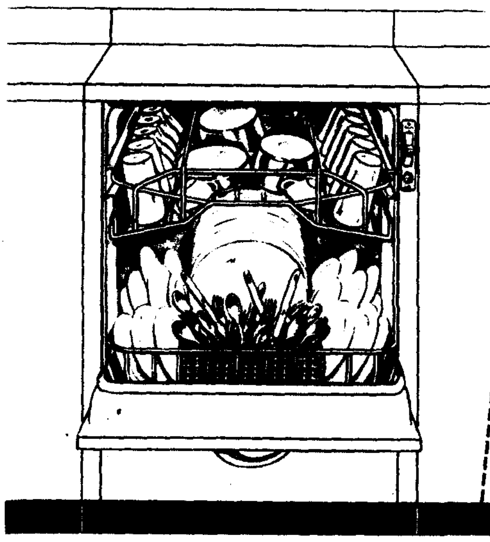

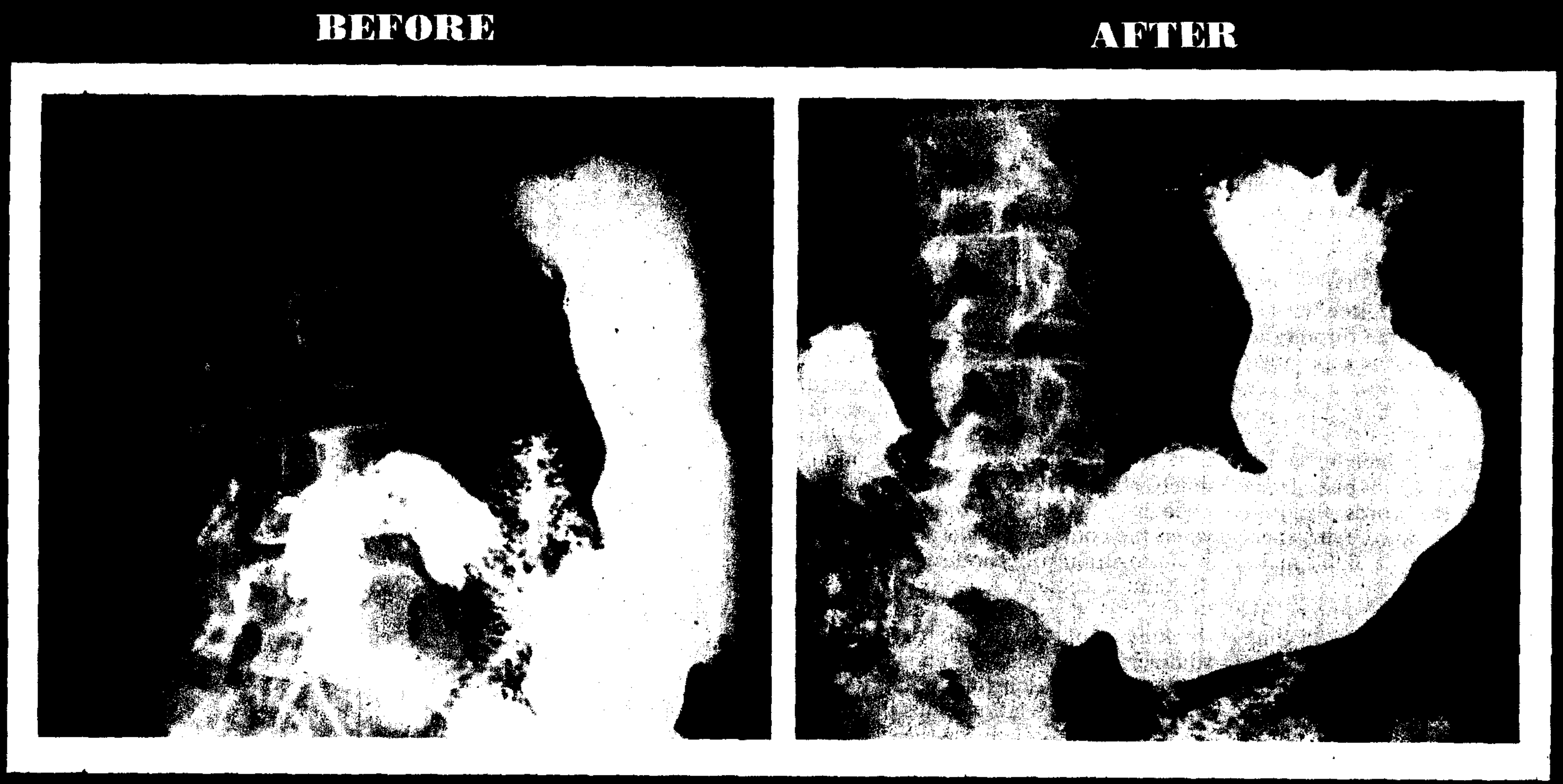

The arrow in the X ray at the left points to a penetrating gastric ulcer from which a woman had suffered for two years before she was given the new therapy. She swallowed one dose of Prantal, one of the vagus-blocking drugs, and got immediate and complete relief from pain. The X ray at the right, made after six months of Prantal therapy, shows that the ulcer has healed completely. The stomach looks different in the two X rays because it contracts and expands

# Pills That Perform An Operation

**New drugs that chemically cut a nerve connecting the brain and stomach hold bright promise for ulcer victims. One, in a clinical trial, gave complete relief from pain to 53 out of 56**

## By J. D. RATCLIFF

IF YOU haven't had a stomach ulcer, chances are one in ten that you will get one. A few years ago this prediction could have been the worst of bad news. Today, the news is better. A whole class of new ulcer drugs—the latest ones have come along only in the last few months—is changing the entire picture. In many cases the new drugs banish ulcer pains within hours and promote complete healing within a few weeks.

Normally, gastric juice is secreted in large quantities only as needed to digest meals, but ulcer victims tend toward excessive secretions all the time. Thus, fiery pains awaken them in the middle of the night. A thirty-six-year-old businessman who had suffered with an ulcer found it necessary to live on a bland, carefully regulated diet—conscious of every bite of food he ate. But one of the new drugs gave immediate relief, and X rays showed complete healing within five weeks.

Another twenty-seven-year-old man had lived—painfully—with his ulcer for nine years. Always, he had to have a bottle of milk at hand—to quench ulcer pains between meals. The new drugs took longer to work in his case: two weeks for pain to disappear and four months for healing. A thirty-one-year-old housewife, with an ulcer that was making home life a misery, got relief from pain in 48 hours and healing within six weeks.

Potentially, there are more than seven million such stories in the U.S. alone. There are at least that many ulcer victims; some estimates range as high as ten million.

In many respects, peptic (digestive tract) ulcers are medical enigmas. No one knows precisely what causes them, or why they tend to strike particular types of people. They can occur at almost any point in the digestive system: in the gullet, stomach or intestines. Their main point of attack, however, is the duodenum, the first few inches of the small intestine where it connects with the stomach. Why this particular place, no one knows.

You can get a pretty good line on whether you are an ulcer candidate and a possible customer for the new medicines by looking at the type of person most often afflicted. Ulcers have a predilection for the "long" human being—the lank, thin, long-jawed, big-toothed individual. They rarely strike the boisterous, friendly person who tells the world about his troubles. Ulcers like the silent, bottled-up person who keeps his worries to himself. In a way, the ulcer likes good company—it most often strikes the person with better than average intelligence. Mental defectives and primitive people almost never have them.

Ulcers seem to go with stressful living. With the increasing tempo of life in the U.S., the number of ulcer victims is mounting. During London's air raids, hospital admissions for acute ulcers requiring immediate surgery tripled. There were similar increases in other countries under aerial bombardment: Holland, Germany, France.

There's more to tell about the spectacular new drugs, but first let's look at our rapidly improving

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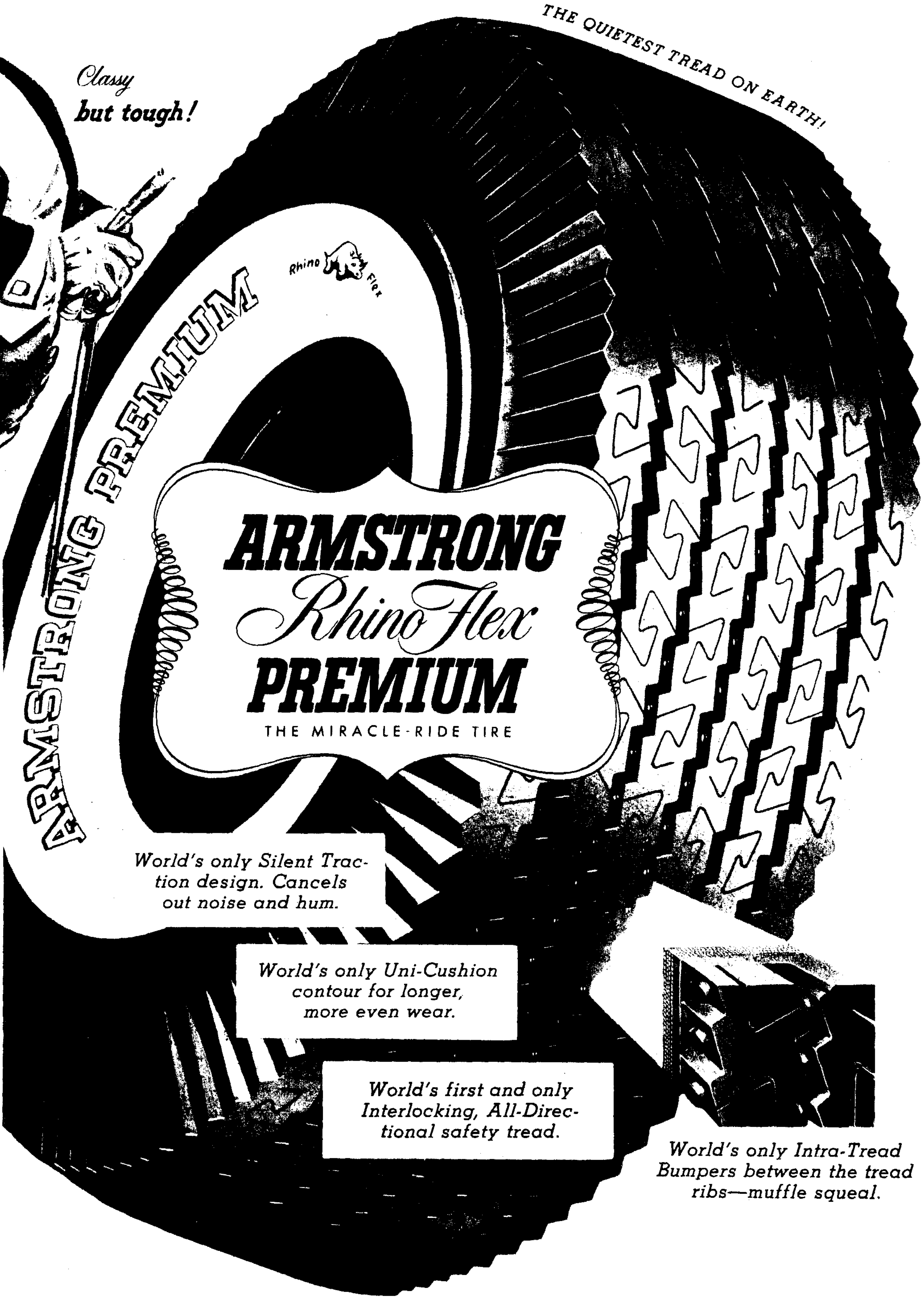

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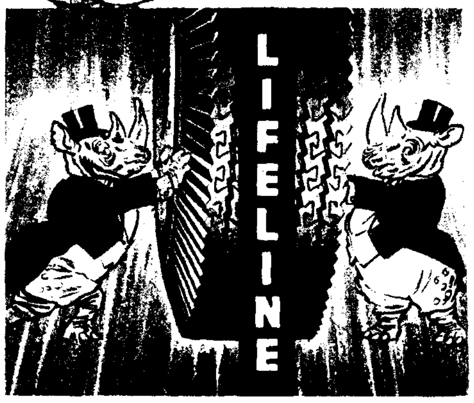

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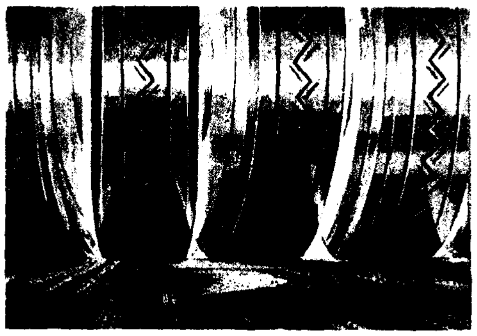

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conception of the peptic ulcer. For years, it has been a mystery why this malady strikes men four times as often as women. Now new study suggests an explanation.

Physicians have had the opportunity many times to study the stomachs of living men—mostly those laid open by gunshot wounds. They noted that in periods of stress and anger a man's stomach becomes inflamed and pours out acid gastric juices—irritants which presumably open the way for ulcer formation.

Then, not long ago, surgeons at Washington University in St. Louis had a similar opportunity to study a woman's stomach. A twenty-one-year-old girl, a college student, accidentally swallowed lye. It burned her throat so badly that thick scar tissue formed and food could not pass. To save her life, surgeons made an opening directly into the stomach. For months, they observed the girl's stomach and found that it reacted to anger in a manner opposite that of a man's. When the girl was angry, her stomach turned pale, contractions slowed, and there was less acid secretion. Drs. Russell J. Crider and Sheppard M. Walker, who handled the case, suggest that if all women react to anger in this manner here is a likely explanation of why women have fewer ulcers.

Another recent observation about ulcers is arousing research interest. Doctors have repeatedly noticed that when patients with an ulcer history are given ACTH or cortisone for arthritis or other diseases, their old, healed ulcers often flare into new activity. Why? No one knows at the moment. But it is suggested that the adrenal and pituitary glands—stimulated by ACTH and cortisone—must play some previously unsuspected role in ulcer formation.

### Ulcers Occur in Children, Too

Another startling development on the ulcer front is the growing realization that children, including mere infants, often are ulcer victims. Gathering evidence indicates that many a digestive upset attributed to a child's "weak" stomach may in fact be caused by an ulcer. Over a one-year period, Dr. Bertram R. Girdany, associate professor of pediatrics at the University of Pittsburgh Medical School, found 45 ulcers among children ranging in age from 14 months to 11 years.

Dr. Fay K. Alexander, of Fitzgerald-Mercy Hospital, Darby, Pennsylvania, had a similar experience. Routine X rays of the gastrointestinal tracts of 254 children showed ulcers in 30. These figures do not mean that one of every eight children in the general population has an ulcer. Dr. Alexander's patients were sick, remember. But the statistics do indicate that ulcers can and do strike at any age. They have even been found before birth—in embryos.

Ulcers are simply craterous internal sores. They may be pinpoint size, or may be larger than a lima bean. They are spots where an organ—say, the stomach—has turned cannibal and started digesting itself. Incidentally, it is something of a mystery why all stomachs don't digest themselves. They digest other proteins, and the stomach itself is mainly protein. Apparently mucus forms a protective screen and antienzymes may play a protective role; but at times this protection, whatever it is, breaks down. Then an ulcer occurs.

As far as we know an ulcer can start in either of two ways. The protective mechanism breaks down; or there may be a tremendous upsurge in production of digestive juices. They may be produced in such quantity that they overwhelm the protective barrier. Some ulcer patients have been found to secrete up to 18 times the normal amounts of digestive juices.

### A Vicious Circle of Disease

Once established, ulcers often start a vicious circle. They cause pain, and pain leads to increased acid production. In turn, this additional acid leads to further ulcer growth. The ulcer may eat through nerves to cause severe pain, or through blood vessels to cause bleeding or even hemorrhage. In rare instances, the sore may eat its way through the stomach or duodenum and empty the contents of these organs into the abdominal cavity. Ulcers may grow large enough to block entirely the passage of food through a narrow passage in the digestive system, or the constant irritation they cause may lead to cancer. In any of these cases, prompt surgery is usually the only means of saving life.

Until recently, control of ulcers was achieved mainly by careful diet. An effort was made to keep some nourishment on the stomach at all times. The victim would have to eat half a dozen or more small meals a day—meals of bland, nonirritating foods. Victims were asked to keep a bottle of milk ever handy and gulp it constantly. They were given alkalies to overcome stomach acidity, and perhaps sedatives, to calm them and maybe reduce secretion of digestive juices. Victims might be asked to follow this rigorous and unpleasant routine for months, years or an entire lifetime. If these measures failed, surgery was the only recourse—surgery that could promise good results not much more than half the time.

That was the situation in 1943 when a brilliant Chicago surgeon, Dr. Lester R. Dragstedt, began developing an entirely new concept of ulcer treatment—one that led directly to a whole class of new drugs that are the most promising weapons yet found against ulcers.

Dragstedt's reasoning went something like this: acid secretion in the stomach is controlled by the vagus nerve, which drops down through the body from the brain. In moments of stress or tension the brain is apt to order up too much stomach acid. If the tension persists, an ulcer results. Dragstedt's solution: cut the filaments of the vagus leading to the stomach. In effect, the procedure is like cutting a telegraph wire: with the vagus severed, messages from the brain cannot get through to order secretion of digestive juices.

This relatively simple operation has been performed on thousands of people—with mixed results. A nation-wide study completed in Britain last fall showed that after this operation many people have difficulty swallowing, and many are subject to fits of nausea and vomiting. Diarrhea is common and many subjects complained of foul breath. Also, in a considerable percentage of the cases ulcers recurred. The survey concluded that results were unsatisfactory 44 per cent of the time.

However controversial this operation may be, it served one tremendously im-

## ain, but completely heal ulcer in at least 60 per cent of the cases

portant function. It centered attention on the vagus nerve.

Since there are a number of drugs which temporarily paralyze nerves a question was raised: Mightn't there be a drug, or drugs, which would have a selective action on the vagus? If such a drug could be found, maybe you could chemically "cut" the nerve governing acid secretion in the stomach. In brief, the goal was an ulcer pill that would achieve the same result Dragstedt had been achieving with a knife.

Banthine was the first result of this thinking—a drug developed by researchers at Duke University and in the laboratories of G. D. Searle & Company, Chicago pharmaceutical house.

Banthine, which became available in 1950, achieved results in a novel manner. The ability of the vagus to transmit messages from the brain depends on the presence in the nerve of acetylcholine, a complex chemical. Banthine temporarily inactivates this chemical, thereby shutting off nerve impulses.

"What a thrilling book, Olga. Someone disappears and it turns out it wasn't the secret police who did it"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

### Balloon Test for Contractions

The drug, and newer ones of the same class, also quiet stomach contractions. This effect was checked at Duke University by getting volunteers to swallow balloons. The balloons were inflated in the stomach by means of a tube dangling from the mouth. With this rig attached to a pressure-measuring device, it was possible to check the number and the power of stomach contractions.

By laying a quieting hand on troubled stomachs, the new drugs also slow "emptying time." The effect was beneficial—since food on the stomach apparently hastens ulcer healing.

By and large, Banthine gave prompt relief to about 80 per cent of the patients who got the drug. Still, it had drawbacks. Its taste was little short of horrible. In addition, nearly everyone who took it had unpleasant reactions of one kind or another.

In most patients, the drug cuts salivary secretions and dries the mouth so there is constant thirst. It tends to dilate the pupils of the eyes and lead to fuzzy vision—making it difficult or even impossible to read or drive a car. Since the drug slowed intestinal contractions as well as those of the stomach, it often led to serious constipation. And a few people, mostly older men, suffered urine retention. There were other side actions as well—so many that Banthine fell far short of being an ideal drug.

In a considerable proportion of the people who took it, symptoms caused by the drug were even worse than symptoms caused by the ulcer. Still, the drug makers knew they were on the right track, and the search for something better continued.

Early this year the Searle laboratories came along with Pro-Banthine—more potent, and creating fewer side actions. This drug has been in doctors' hands too short a time for widespread clinical trials, but preliminary results look good. Meanwhile, several other drugs have been developed, all of them vagus-blocking agents. The one which has been most widely used and appears to hold greatest promise is called Prantal. Developed in the laboratories of the Schering Corporation, it appears to have all of Banthine's advantages and few of its drawbacks. Studies show that it decreases acid production and slows stomach contractions. Normally the stomach should pretty well empty itself an hour after mealtime. X-ray checks reveal that, after a person takes Prantal, 75 per cent of a meal remains in his stomach for three hours.

Clinical trials indicate that unpleasant reactions to the new drug are almost negligible. Dr. Jerome A. Marks, of New York's Harlem Hospital, administered Prantal to 46 ulcer patients. Of this group, 37 got relief from pain in an average of six days. Four got fair relief, and five none. Of the entire group, only two patients reported an unfavorable reaction—a slight dryness of the mouth and diarrhea.

Another clinician reported on an initial 56 patients. Of this group, 53 got complete pain relief. X-ray checks showed complete healing of ulcers in 60 per cent of the cases. In the rest there was evidence of scar formation where the ulcer had been—indicating that the ulcer had been roofed over and would presumably remain quiet. One of these patients got this peace after living with his ulcer 27 years.

A review of 365 patients on the new drug showed that only one in 40 reported any unpleasant side actions.

### How Delayed-Action Pill Works

As with other vagus-blocking drugs, it is necessary to take Prantal frequently—every six hours. This regimen means that the ulcer victim must wake up during the night for pill taking. Schering researchers saw a way around this—a delayed-action Prantal pill. This pill contains one dose of drug on the outside, a second on the inside. In between there is a protective coating which is resistant to stomach acids, but it dissolves away when the pill passes into the intestine. Thus, one dose of medicine is released in the stomach, and a second in the intestine about four hours later. Thus, the pill protects for about eight hours. Three pills a day will give 24-hour protection, and eliminate the necessity for getting up in the night.

Although drugs of this type were designed specifically for ulcer treatment, much broader uses are appearing. They work well in treatment of hyperhidrosis—excessive perspiring. They apparently have much the same inhibitory effect on sweat glands as they do on the glands which secrete gastric juice. This widely prevalent condition can be a business as well as a social handicap. It is almost impossible for many workmen—watchmakers, draftsmen, instrument assemblers and the like—to work with wet hands. When the feet perspire excessively, the skin becomes tender, often leading to fissures and infection that can be disabling.

Almost by magic, the new drugs turn off sweat glands, often in a matter of minutes. The effect lasts only a few hours—but that's usually long enough to save a woman embarrassment at a social function, or a businessman the necessity of presenting a clammy hand when meeting prospective customers.

Although there has been only a scattering of clinical trials, evidence is accumulating that Banthine and Prantal will find dozens of other uses. Banthine has given dramatic relief from pain in acute pancreatitis—inflammation of the pancreas, an often fatal disease. The new drugs have been useful in controlling gastritis—the painful stomach inflammation often called acid stomach. And they have worked wonders in calming overactive intestines—which pass food so rapidly that there isn't time for proper digestion.

In sum, the new drugs, which can be obtained only on doctors' prescription, are finding jobs far beyond the tasks originally assigned them. They promise relief from ulcer misery for millions of people, and are doing other outstanding jobs as well. Indeed, they appear to represent an entirely new class of drugs for which dozens of uses will be found. ▲▲▲

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# A Rose in Her Hair

## By ETHEL EDISON GORDON

**Elizabeth was enchanted by Mexico's beauty and its lazy charm, until she saw how enchanted her husband was by the beauty and lazy charm of Carlotta**

THE Warings emerged from under the squat palm which spread its fronds over most of the middle of the terrace, and then they had before them the view for which most tourists came to the Hotel Vista Hermosa: the village of Taxco tumbling down the bowl of mountains, each clay-roofed, bougainvillaea-covered little house turning its adobe face toward the ruined pink cathedral in the plaza. Those elderly guests who sat looking at the view for hours each day waited for their exclamations. They came.

"How perfectly beautiful!" This was Elizabeth Waring's voice, cultivated, clear, carrying effortlessly.

The elderly guests turned in approval, surveyed them with admiration. The Warings were a handsome family, tall, fair, well-bred, substantially dressed in no-nonsense tweeds and walking shoes; their little girl Katy would be as attractive as her mother one day, when she had filled out and the braces were off her teeth.

"Katy, isn't it perfectly beautiful? Isn't it like the picture I showed you in the Geographic?"

"Uh-huh, Mama," Katy said.

Sam Waring said, "Whew!" and whistled softly. "Almost worth ruining the car to come here."

"Let's turn these chairs to face forward," Elizabeth said, energetically pulling up a rattan chair. Sam lined up two more. "Now we can watch the sunset," she said, turning her clear profile toward the cathedral, the light of the setting sun behind her catching a few stray strands of her blonde hair and gilding them.

"You're looking the wrong way for the sunset," he said mildly.

"It's the last of the light on the cathedral I'm interested in," she said. "What a beautiful pink! Like the frosting on your birthday cake, Katy. Katy, do you see?"

"Tourists-loco," a voice said.

Katy started, turned around. A green parrot sat in a cage untidily littered with fruit rind and crackers. "Tourists-loco tourists-loco," he said rapidly and nasally.

"Listen," Katy said. "He's talking. Like a human being."

"Something's made that bird a cynic," Sam said, smiling at her.

"Katy," Elizabeth said. "You're missing the light on the cathedral." The back of Katy's head remained toward her. "Please listen when I speak to you," Elizabeth said gently. "The parrot will be here every day, but it may rain tomorrow and you'll never see the light as it is right now."

Katy turned back to the cathedral.

"Do you know who built that cathedral?" Elizabeth's voice went on pleasantly. "José de la Borda. They called him the silver king because he owned all the silver mines in Taxco. He built the cathedral for the town out of gratitude for all the money he made here."

Sam Waring had the feeling of being watched; that, plus the slight sound he heard, made him look to one side and meet the eyes of the girl in the next chair. They were brown, alert eyes; beyond that he had only the spottiest impression of her, including dusky black hair bound with a red ribbon, a full Mexican skirt that fell away from bare legs propped up on the railing, and red *espadrilles* laced around unusually fine ankles. She held in her hand one of those violently pink drinks that Americans were ordering in Mexico that year, made of tequila and lime and grenadine—as much responsible for ringing in the ears as the altitude.

She was startling, and yet not out of place in this vivid setting. Sam looked at her appreciatively for a few moments before he became aware that she was appraising him as interestedly.

"Sam?"

That was Elizabeth. He looked away hastily.

"Sam, I've been promising Katy that we'll take her to a silver mine tomorrow. I understand there's one that's open to visitors. We must remember to ask about it at the desk."

The girl with the dusky hair said, "There's a tour starting every morning from the plaza."

"Oh, we don't especially care for tours," Elizabeth said. "You can get so much more by yourself, with a good guidebook. Haven't you found it so?"

"Of *course!*" the girl said intensely, her brown eyes glinting.

"How about a drink?" Sam said quickly. "Elizabeth?"

"Yes, I'd like one," she said. "Something Mexican."

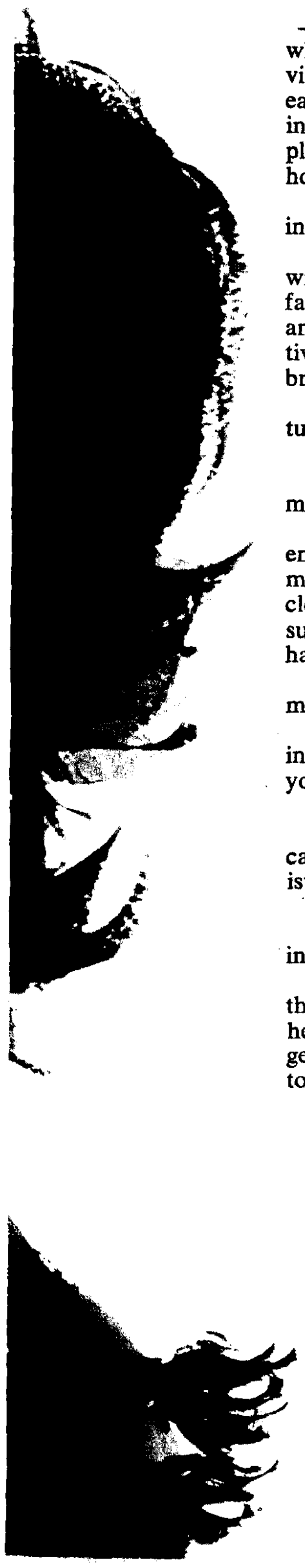
"Try a Berta," the girl said, lifting her glass with the pink drink in it. "It's a jigger and a half of tequila and all Mexican."

"Will you let me get you another?" Sam said.

"Why, thanks," she said, and drained her glass and handed it to him. "I'm Carlotta Larsen."

"I'm Elizabeth Waring," Elizabeth said. "This is my husband Sam. And our daughter Katherine."

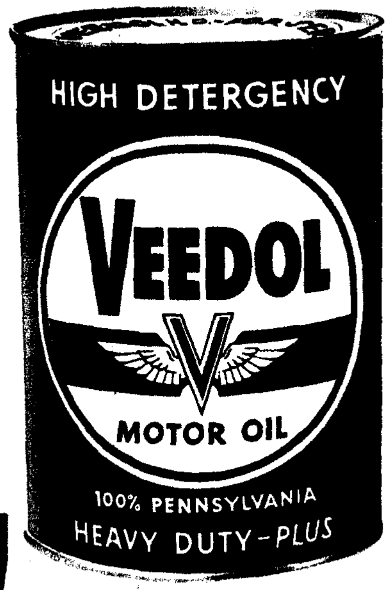
Sam went off to the bar behind the palm. Carlotta looked sideways at Katy. "Having fun, Katy?" she said.



ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON WOLSKY

**She turned her face to the side and dropped her arms, and the moment passed. Shaken, he thought: It's the only time since I married Elizabeth that I ever kissed another woman**

# Seal in All Your Horse-power!



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"Yes, thank you," Katy said politely. Her eyes were caught and held by something glittering at Carlotta's waist. It was a belt made up of silver fish, linked mouth to tail, each with silver scales and a turquoise eye. "Could I see your belt, please?" she said.

"Katy!" Elizabeth said.

"Here," Carlotta said, unfastening it. "Let's see how it looks on you." She tried to clasp it around Katy's waist, but it slipped down past her hips. "You'll have to get fat like me before you can wear it," Carlotta said.

"You're not *fat,*" Katy said. "I never saw anything so beautiful," she went on earnestly. "Did you buy it down in Mexico?"

"Right here in Taxco," Carlotta said. She turned to Elizabeth. "You could go a little crazy in this town after a day or two if there wasn't the shopping."

"But there's so much to see!" Elizabeth said. "There's supposed to be a completely unspoiled village a morning's walk away, and on the highway west there's a sixteenth-century hacienda, and there's a dam, isn't there, and the Casa Humboldt. Have you been everywhere already?"

CARLOTTA lifted her shoulders. "I come here every year, visiting my mother's family," she replied, "and so I never feel any rush to see anything. And so I *don't* see anything. I'm shamefully lazy."

Sam returned, followed by the barman carrying three Bertas on a tray, and a Coke for Katy.

"Mama," Katy said, "do we have to see the silver mine?"

"Don't you *want* to?" Elizabeth asked.

Katy looked embarrassed. She said, "I'd rather have fun."

"Seeing a silver mine will be fun," Elizabeth said. "Not many little girls in your school have been down in a silver mine, and you'll be able to tell your class all about it when you get back." She paused. "Oh," she breathed, "listen!"

The bells were ringing in the cathedral, strong in the evening quiet; the air was so clear that even from up here the men in the belfries could be seen pulling at the ropes, and the bells swinging out.

Up on the mountain another bell could be heard, a metallic, lonely, strangely archaic sound.

Elizabeth's cheeks were pink with pleasure. "I'm so glad we came," she said very low to Sam, and put her hand in his.

Unaccountably he snatched a quick glance at Carlotta; she was watching them out of wicked brown eyes, as he knew she would be, and the only sound he heard was the light tinkling of the silver belt around her waist as she recrossed her legs.

"I wish we could have gone somewhere where we could swim," Katy said. "I'm going to forget how to swim."

"But there's a pool," Elizabeth said. "It's one of the reasons we came to this hotel, so you could have a pool."

"I like to swim in the ocean," Katy said. "In Vineyard Haven we had the ocean." Her voice was beginning to grow plaintive.

"I think you're tired, dear," Elizabeth said, standing up. "I think you need some dinner and a good night's sleep so you'll be fresh tomorrow."

"I'm not hungry," Katy said.

"Well, let's get washed up, and we'll see how you feel in the dining room," Elizabeth said. "Sam, you coming?"

"I'll give the two of you a head start," he said.

Elizabeth went on, Katy following; Katy stopped at the parrot's cage. She stared at him fixedly. "Say 'tourists-loco,'" she said. Elizabeth stood by patiently; the parrot stared back at Katy, silently. Katy gave up and went after Elizabeth.

Sam finished Elizabeth's drink, frowning at the cathedral.

"You can stop looking at it now," Carlotta said. "She's gone."

He started. "I wasn't—" And then he grinned. "You have to understand my wife. She's very—serious about traveling."

Carlotta made another of her enigmatic sounds; this could have been sympathetic.

"I'm not being disparaging," he said quickly. "You have to know her background. Her manner may be academic, but she comes by it naturally. She's a full professor of English at Barton College. Her father was Brendan Shaw—the Harvard sociologist. You know."

"Should I?"

"In academic circles—" He paused, and grinned again. "Skip it."

"Katy is going to be the most informed girl in her class, I'm afraid," she said. "Poor Katy." The belt tinkled as she leaned forward to put down her empty glass. Her tone was so casual and uncritical it was impossible to take offense.

"I'm informed too," Sam said. The drinks were affecting him in a way that would have required at least three Martinis at home; the mountains were closer, his feet tingled. "All I need is Elizabeth, and all she needs is Terry's Guide. I spent three weeks here in nineteen thirty-five without ever hearing the name José de la Borda."

She narrowed her eyes at him. "I'll bet you had yourself a time."

Well, he'd been twenty-five then and single, and Pete had known everyone and every joint in Taxco. It *had* been a time, come to think of it.

She was laughing. "Easterners are so proper and restrained on the surface. Like icebergs, seven-eighths submerged. You should see your face," she said. "I wish I had been here in nineteen thirty-five, but it wouldn't have been much good since I would have been only five." She stood up, saying, "See you," and went past in a whirl of swishing skirt and tinkling belt and tequila, her fingers tapping him lightly on the arm.

HER touch seemed to remain on his arm for a few moments after. The way she is now is the way I was then, he thought, and this is the place for people with youth and some money and time to have fun in. Mexico was a heady country. The way I was then, he thought with sudden longing; he got to his feet unsteadily and went upstairs.

Elizabeth was standing at the bureau fastening her pearls. She wore a blue shirtwaist dress and a matching blue cashmere cardigan, and brown-and-white pumps. She looked cool and clean and very much the young professor, and she acted like a splash of cold water to his fuzzy head.

"What's the matter?" she said, catching his long look, glancing down at herself. "Does my slip show?"

"You're Vineyard Haven," he said. "Not Taxco."

"I happen not to have my mantilla with me," she said stiffly. "And I'm fresh out of red roses for my hair."

"Will you wear a red rose if I get it for you?" he said. Downstairs on the terrace the *mariachis* had arrived, in black embroidered sombreros and with yellow ribbons fluttering from their guitars. There was a tentative preliminary strumming of the guitars, and then the singing began, in the hoarse, plaintive, sad way of *mariachis*. He put his arms around her waist and put his cheek against hers. "How about that rose?" he said in her ear.

"Mood music for tourists," she murmured. "Cielito Lindo!"

They went down to dinner.

AFTER dinner they stayed on the terrace for a while. The nights have a nip in Taxco, and the stars were wintry sharp; the palm rustled dryly and the *mariachis* played, and Elizabeth and Sam tried a rumba, but they couldn't catch the rhythm. Then it was time for Katy to go up, and Elizabeth went with her. They passed Carlotta on her way down. She was with some friends; she wore a black lace *rebozo* over her white dress; in her hair was a red rose.

Katy turned her head to stare down after her. She said dreamily, "Someday when I'm grown up I'm going to wear a silver belt like Carlotta's and have a rose in my hair."

"You never used to talk so much about clothes, Katy," Elizabeth said. "There must be many more interesting things in Mexico for a little girl of ten to notice."

"I guess it's because I never saw anybody like Carlotta before," Katy said.

Elizabeth unlocked the door and switched on the light. "I'll see if there's hot water," she said, and went into the bathroom and turned on the shower faucet. While she waited she examined her reflection in the mirror over the medicine cabinet; what was wrong with blue gabardine, anyway? It was becoming; she'd been told that blue was her color, with her eyes . . . and gabardine packed well.

Steam curled from out the shower. She roused herself and looked through the doorway. "Aren't you ready yet, Katy?" She stopped abruptly.

Katy was at the mirror, on tiptoe to see her face; she looked painfully wispy, painfully long-legged in her cotton shorts, her straight hair fastened with a tortoise-shell barrette. "Mama," Katy said slowly, "do you think I'll ever be beautiful, like Carlotta?"

You too, Katy? Elizabeth swallowed, to ease the lump in her throat. "Why shouldn't you be?" she said, and swallowed again. "You have good bones and nice features. You should be an attractive girl. Now take your shower."

When she came downstairs again Sam wasn't where she had left him; he was dancing with Carlotta. Sam was very tall, and the top of Carlotta's smooth black hair, with the rose in it, came just to Sam's chin. Katy was going to be tall, too; it was harder for a tall girl to look feminine and appealing, a tall girl had a strike against her to start with. Sam had seen Elizabeth; he waved.

He left Carlotta with her friends and came to where she sat; he stared at her feet. She had changed back into her walking shoes. "Are we going somewhere?" he said in surprise.

"I thought we might walk down into the plaza," she said. "And see the people there."

"Oh," he said. "Sure."

"We didn't come down to Mexico just to be with other Americans," she said. "And we can dance at home."

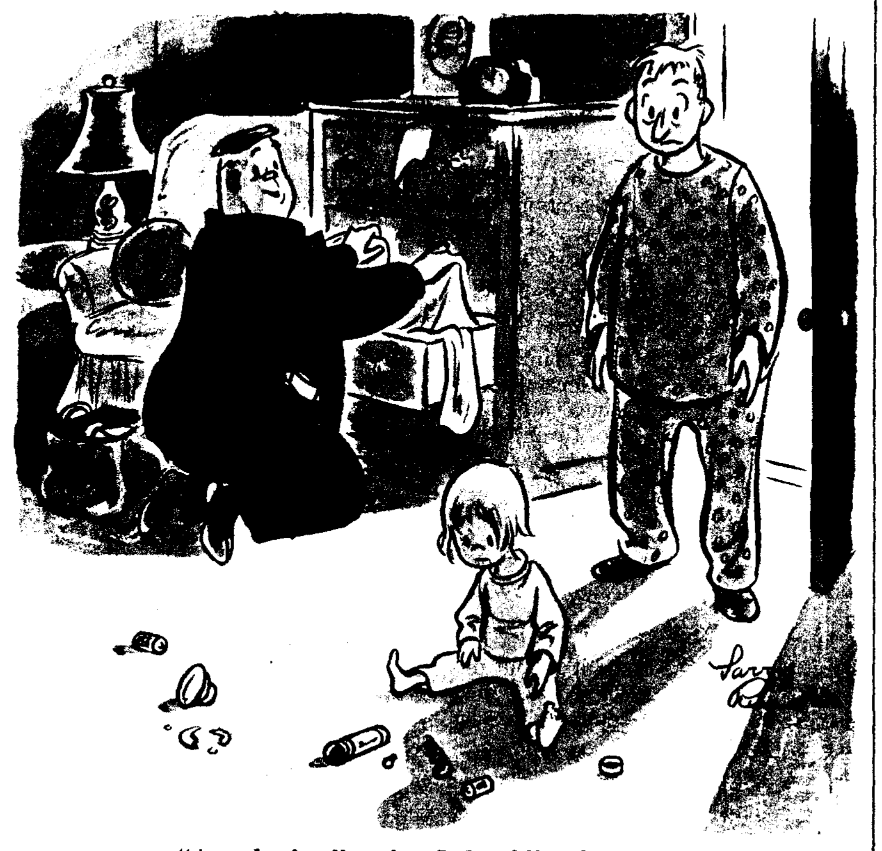
"I wasn't arguing, was I?" he said. "Let's go."

Elizabeth waked him early in the morning, so early that except for a single, pale shaft of copper on the French door, it was dark enough to be night. "What's the matter?" he mumbled, sitting straight up. "Katy?"

"Sh," she whispered. "Don't you remember? We were going to see the sun rise, if it was a clear morning, and it is."

He remembered and groaned. It had

## BUTCH



COLLIER'S "Aw, that's all right. I should'na let her play wit' the flashlight, anyways" LARRY REYNOLDS

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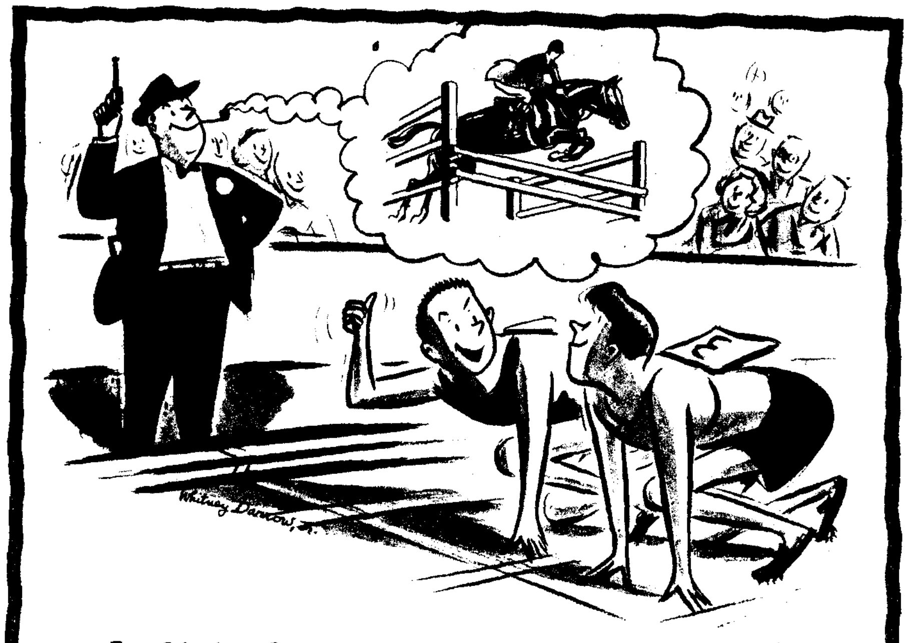

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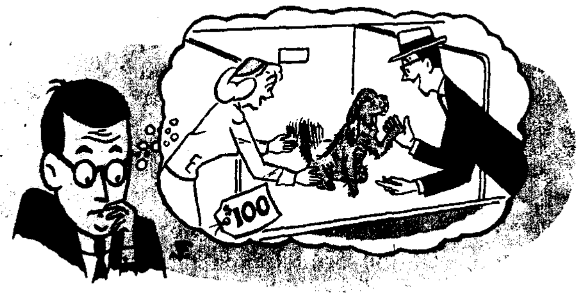


HOW WOULD YOU GET THE MONEY?

*By HERB MINERLEY*

DID YOU ever have a pooch wag himself into your life?

My wife and I had gone to a dog show—just to look around. Then, while we were walking through the section where the dogs were benched, he spotted us. The next thing I remember, a bushy tail was wagging for all it was worth and a pair of big, brown eyes were looking up into my face saying "please take me home with you."

He was for sale all right, but the price—ouch! It was a good $100 more than I could afford for a dog or anything else just then. Of course I couldn't explain that to the pooch, so I just patted him and walked away.

All the way home my wife kept saying, "Wouldn't it be wonderful to own him?" And I kept answering, "Sure, but where are we going to get the money?" Later, my wife was cleaning out the desk and came across my old pipes. "I wish you'd go back to smoking them," she said, "you always look so strong and masculine smoking a pipe."

Suddenly, something clicked in my brain cells. I remembered reading about a man who said he saved over $100 a year by switching from cigarettes to a pipe.

I'm not ashamed to admit that I changed from cigarettes to a pipe in order to buy Tucky. He's a lot of fun. Know why we named him Tucky? Because it was Kentucky Club pipe tobacco that taught me how satisfying a pipe can be. It sure is a great smoke—smooth as Tucky's ears.

been a tough trip down here, negotiating those narrow, spiraling curves, ending up with a forty-five-degree grade into the hotel garage. His body ached; he could have slept on and on.

Elizabeth had moved on to Katy's room. "Katy, dear!"

Katy was protesting, Elizabeth was insisting; why didn't she let the kid sleep?

"But why do I have to?" Katy was saying.

"You'll be glad you did."

They were both standing on the balcony when he came in, Katy rubbing her eyes. He came up behind them and put his hands on Katy's shoulders.

"Isn't this worth getting up for?" Elizabeth said happily.

THE mountains were purplish blue against the pale sky, and the cathedral seemed poised on the edge of space, etched in black except for its blue dome with the gold stars that caught the light in the east and sparkled. Thin spirals of blue smoke came from the little houses on the mountain; a light clop, clop, clop on the cobbled road above the hotel was a pack train coming down, each burro neatly loaded with panniers of firewood.

Katy yawned.

"Go on back to sleep," he said, giving her a little push. He took Elizabeth by the arm and led her back to their room. She climbed into bed and lay there for a few moments before she said, "Are you asleep, Sam?"

He really wasn't sleepy any more, just lying there and thinking.

"I have such a funny feeling about Katy," she whispered. "Sam?" she said again, when he didn't answer.

"I heard you. You have a funny feeling about Katy."

"She seems to have grown away from me. More, even. She seems to ignore me."

"Well, Liz," he began, and stopped, because he realized all at once what a painful thing it would be for her to discover.

"You've noticed it, too," she said.

"Elizabeth," he said slowly, "let's put it like this: maybe you're too conscientious a mother."

"You say that as if it were bad."

"It's bad if you work too hard at it. All the time. After all, the three of us are on vacation."

"But none of us needs a *rest,*" she said in surprise. "I feel the way my father did—a vacation should stimulate, and build up a fresh perception, and enlarge one's vision."

"You mean a vacation can't be simple relaxation? It sounds reasonable and sensible to lie fallow a few weeks out of the year."

"But I'm not like that, Sam," she said seriously. "I couldn't lie fallow if I tried, not with all the new and wonderful things to see and do. I want Katy to feel the way I do; I want to open her eyes the way my father opened mine."

"Maybe she can't take as much as you could."

"Nonsense," Elizabeth said. "She's been tested. She's an above-average child."

"Maybe there's a weakness somewhere," he said. "Maybe it's from my side of the family. We've been just paper-box manufacturers for the past three generations."

"You're being silly," she said firmly. She looked wide awake and disturbed in the yellow sunlight that filled the room. "Don't minimize what it takes to run a successful business."

"If you say so," he said meekly.

She turned over on her side with a bounce. He studied her nice, bare shoulders with the frivolous ruffle of lace around them and he sighed and closed his eyes.

Before they set out for the silver mine, Katy disappeared to return with Carlotta, who now wore a brilliant red *rebozo* against the briskness of the morning.

Katy said, "Carlotta can come to the silver mine with us, can't she? Carlotta never saw a silver mine either."

Carlotta said, "Katy insisted that I come. I hope it's all right."

"Of course," Elizabeth said. "We're glad to have you."

Katy pulled Carlotta ahead. Sam and Elizabeth walked more sedately behind, but he could hear Katy's excited chatter and her laughter, and see her small face glowing, upturned to Carlotta, and he wished a little wistfully that he could hear what they were saying.

In the afternoon Katy stayed behind at the pool with Carlotta. Elizabeth and Sam went to a studio Elizabeth had heard about, and when they returned they were in time to see Carlotta diving beautifully off the springboard at the far end of the pool. Katy waited raptly, holding Carlotta's towel, handing it to her when she emerged, sleek and glittering, from the water.

"Katy," he called, and she came running. Her eyes were alight, and her fair skin was a bright, scorched red.

Elizabeth gasped. "You're going to have a burn. Why didn't you cover up with a towel? Come inside, and I'll make a solution to put on your face and back."

"I'll say good-by to Carlotta first. I want to ask her if she'll go swimming again tomorrow."

They waited without speaking for her return.

"Did you see her dive?" Katy said, walking backward in front of them toward the hotel. "She does everything keen, doesn't she? She rides too, Mama. Carlotta says if you'll let me, she'll take me riding tomorrow."

Elizabeth didn't answer right away; then she said, "Papa and I are going to walk to that Indian village we were telling you about."

Katy said, "I think I'd like to ride with Carlotta." She waited. "Please, can't I?"

"All right, if you're not too sunburned," Elizabeth said.

"Swell! It's a good thing I have my jeans with me," Katy said happily. "Carlotta rides in jeans, too."

Sam had a picture of Carlotta in jeans, riding swiftly on a black horse, with her hair streaming back in the wind, and he began to smile.

"Is it so funny to you?" Elizabeth said under her breath.

"I was just thinking of that strain of paper-box manufacturers," he said.

"You may have something there, at that," she said, walking faster.

THE next day, he and Elizabeth took their walk, and Katy rode with Carlotta, and the day after that Elizabeth had to stay in bed, a little sick. Elizabeth insisted Sam go riding with Katy and Carlotta.

The day was beautiful, as the days in Taxco are, and his spirits rose to match Katy's and Carlotta's; he put on a sombrero like theirs, and the three of them rode out of Taxco up into the mountains.

After a while they had to give Katy a head start, waiting until she'd covered a little distance before they followed. He was unreasonably conscious of being alone with Carlotta, and at a loss for words. To make conversation he said, "You've been wonderful with Katy. We really appreciate it."

"Why so stuffy?" she said, smiling at him. "I just like people to have fun. You too." She gave him a long, even appraisal. "I don't recognize you today. You look like a different man."

"Same guy," he said.

"Maybe," she said. "Only the part that didn't show is coming to the surface. Of that iceberg, I mean."

They had caught up to Katy, and again they slowed down. "Don't come so fast," Katy shouted, rounding a curve.

"Take it easy," he shouted after her, and then he looked at Carlotta astride her horse, her black hair dusky below the brim of her sombrero. He looked at her a long time. "What was that crack about an iceberg?" he said at last, when she met his eyes.

"I'm wondering, too."

When they returned to the hotel Elizabeth was feeling better; she was waiting for him, already dressed. "How was the riding?" she said.

"We had a swell day," he said. It *had* been a fine day, with sun and mountains and warmth, and Carlotta flirting with him shamelessly. He liked it for the sheer willfulness of it, for the lightness and the lift it gave him, for the rolling back of years and responsibilities, and his conscience bothered him a little for liking it that much. But why did Elizabeth have to be so . . . undeviatingly Elizabeth? For just once, why couldn't she be a *little* unpredictable, just a *little* giddy?

She said, "Did you tell the desk about leaving tomorrow?"

He lifted his head sharply, stunned. "Tomorrow?"

"Did you forget, Sam?" she said. "We have reservations in Acapulco for tomorrow night."

He had forgotten; he hadn't thought about much except that he was having a good time. "We might cancel them," he said slowly.

Katy had come into the room through the connecting door. "Are we going away?"

"To Acapulco," Elizabeth said.

"But going away *now?*" Katy cried.

"I thought you wanted the swimming, Katy. You can swim in the Pacific Ocean."

"But I want to stay here," Katy said. "With Carlotta."

He saw the expression of hurt and bewilderment on Elizabeth's face, and he said, "That's enough, Katy. We're leaving tomorrow."

Katy flung herself out of the room.

"She's going to Carlotta," Elizabeth said in a small voice. "Cancel the reservations, Sam. I can't seem to please anyone any more."

Almost roughly he said, "We're going to Acapulco."

THEY packed after dinner; Elizabeth was tired and went to bed, but he was still keyed up from the day and restless, and he went down to the terrace for a smoke. The terrace was deserted, the *mariachis* gone; he sat a long time after his cigarette was finished, looking at the cathedral, eerily dark against a bank of rain clouds. He heard footsteps; they hesitated and then approached him. It was Carlotta.

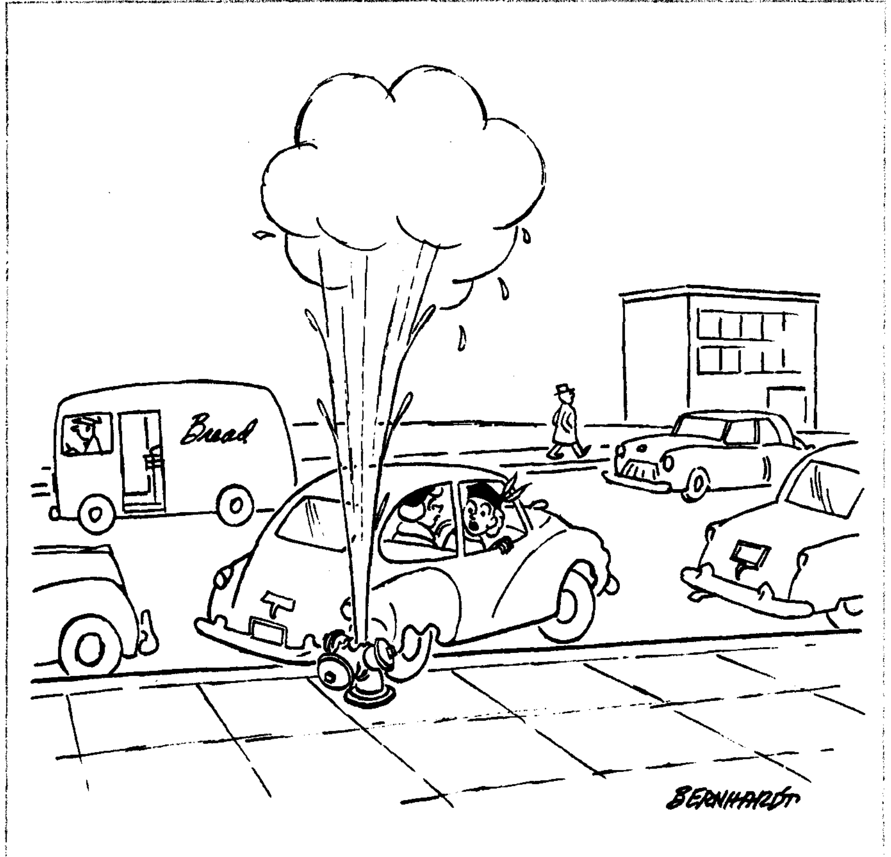
He didn't want to admit even to himself that he might have been waiting for her. He went so far as to stand up and say almost rudely, "I was just going to bed."

"I was afraid I'd missed you," she said softly. "I was afraid we weren't going to say good-by."

"I'll see you tomorrow. We're not leaving till after lunch."

She whispered, "That wouldn't be the same at all."

It was too dark to see her face, but it was even darker under the palm fronds, where she drew him. She lifted her face to him and put her arms around his neck, and he kissed her, wanting to, holding her hard against him. Then she turned her face to the side and dropped her arms, and the moment passed. He put her abruptly away



COLLIER'S "I think you're parking next to a fireplug, Etta" GLENN R. BERNHARDT

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from him, shaken. He thought: It's the only time since I married Elizabeth that I ever kissed another woman.

"Good night," said Carlotta, chilly and definitely impatient.

He waited until she'd gone up the steps before he followed. Elizabeth was asleep; he was grateful for that, and put out the light and undressed in the dark.

THEY had forgotten that there would be plenty of time for Katy to have another swim in the pool after breakfast, and so they had to unpack the bathing suits again in the morning. He thought he might kill an hour there himself; he felt disturbed and uncomfortable alone with Elizabeth. As he was getting into his trunks he saw through the window that Carlotta was already at the pool, stretched out on a slatted bench in her brief suit, a sombrero over her face. He almost smiled, except that conscience and regret welled up contradictorily within him, stopping the smile short. He felt bad about the kiss; he felt bad that he'd allowed the enjoyment he'd had from the flirtation to get out of hand; he felt disloyal that the kiss should have been that exciting; disloyal that he should have stayed down at the terrace waiting, yes, waiting for Carlotta. And yet there was this other feeling of regret, as if he were being yanked away forcibly from where he was happy, like a kid having to leave a ball game because supper was ready.

There was a tap on the door. Elizabeth answered it, closing the door and holding a tissue-wrapped package in her hand. She stared down at it. "Katy," she called, "something for you."

Katy came running, said "Thank you" hastily, and unwrapped the package. Coiled on its nest of tissue paper like a silver snake was Carlotta's belt. Katy read the card out loud, word by word: "For when you get old enough to wear it, to remember Carlotta."

Elizabeth did not meet Sam's eyes at once; when she spoke her voice was flat. "Should she keep it? It's much too expensive a gift."

Katy looked from one to the other of them in disbelief. "But Carlotta wants me to have it! To remember her!"

He said as steadily as he could, "I think it's all right to keep it. It's extravagant of Carlotta, but it would be worse to return it."

Elizabeth looked away from him. "All right then, Katy. Be sure and thank Carlotta when you go down."

Katy rushed back to her room, the belt tinkling in her hand like the ghost of Carlotta's presence. It was what she wanted, the little witch, he thought, wryly. "Coming down for a swim?" he said to Elizabeth.

Bright color came into her cheeks; she looked at him almost defiantly. "I have only that old bathing suit that you said was too matronly for me," she said. "Maybe I'd better not go down in it, with Carlotta there. The comparison would be too unkind."

He flared suddenly, "You could have bought yourself another bathing suit, if what I said made any difference to you. If you weren't so damn' set in your ways and so sure you're always right."

"I'm not sure that I'm right," she cried. "I'm very unsure. I didn't know you wanted me to be any different. You never did, before Carlotta! I'm sorry I've been such a disappointment to you, that I don't come up to your new standards . . ." Her voice trailed off; she fled to the bathroom, the slamming door cutting off the last, choked sound.

He went after her. "Liz!" he said, rattling the door. "Liz!"

Muffledly she said, "Go away!"

He felt frustrated and helpless and frightened and uncomfortable. He said, "*Will* you come out? Liz, *please!*"

"Go away. Katy will hear."

He compressed his mouth, staring at the closed door, and then, heart pumping furiously, he stomped out of the room and went down to the pool.

Carlotta tilted her sombrero to see him. "Why, Sam!" she said. "I never saw you look so gloomy. Is it because you're leaving?" She stared more closely at him. "Well," she said soothingly, "I feel low about it myself." She sighed. "I don't know whether to join you in Acapulco or wait for something exciting to turn up here."

He managed to feel a sort of rueful admiration for her; even in 1935 he doubted whether he'd had that much *sang-froid*.

### *Problem Weather*

**To take an umbrella and look like a jerk,**
**Or get soaked through and through on the way home from work.**

**—JOE RYAN**

Up in the room, Katy was sitting timidly on her mother's bed when Elizabeth came out. Elizabeth had bathed her reddened eyes and dabbed them with powder, but the evidence of several minutes of passionate tears was still there. "Go down to the pool, Katy," she said, trying to clear the huskiness out of her throat.

"Is it about the belt?" Katy said, subdued. "Because I'll give it back to Carlotta if you don't want me to keep it."

"It has nothing to do with the belt, darling," she said. She moved blindly toward the window and stared down at Carlotta's smooth olive-skinned body in her brief black suit, at Sam sitting close to her and frowning in a disturbed way. Katy came up beside her, stared down with her.

"Then why are you crying?" Katy said, inching up against her.

"Maybe I still don't feel so well," she said thickly. "Someday I'll explain."

Katy said, "Is it because Papa likes Carlotta?"

She caught her breath. "Why, Katy!" she said, attempting to laugh, but the tears started again, and she couldn't keep them back. Her loss of control in front of Katy horrified her. She scrubbed at her eyes with a tissue, doing them no good at all.

"I don't think he likes her as much as you," Katy whispered.

"Katy, go down to the pool, darling."

"I don't like her as much as you, either, Mama."

"Go on downstairs, Katy."

"You come too. I'll wait for you."

"Katy, darling, please go down now."

"But I want you to come too."

"I packed my bathing suit last night."

"I'll get it out for you. I saw where it is."

Katy lifted the lid of the valise, pulled out the suit. It had seemed just right for Vineyard Haven; everyone wore suits like it, everyone they knew, although Sam made fun of it and called it a Helen Hokinson-character kind of suit. "It's awful," Elizabeth said.

"I think it's sort of nice," Katy said. "It's nicer than—Carlotta's old black thing."

"Katy."

"Well, *I* think it is," Katy said. "You going to put it on?"

"Maybe."

"Promise."

"All right, I promise. Now go," Elizabeth said, but she caught Katy to give her a brief squeeze before she pushed her through the door.

Outside the door Katy called, "We'll wait for you," and then she ran down the steps to the pool. Her steps slowed when she came within sight of her father and Carlotta; she sat down on the edge of the pool a little away from them and dangled her feet in the water.

Carlotta shifted the sombrero. "Hi, sugar!"

"Hello, Carlotta," she said formally. "Thank you for the belt."

"You don't look very happy about it," Carlotta said. "Everyone is so sad about leaving."

"I'm not sad," Katy said. "We're going to Acapulco where we can swim in the Pacific Ocean."

Sam looked at her curiously. Carlotta lifted her eyebrows. "Well!" she said.

Sam stood up moodily. "I'll race you to the other end, Katy."

She said, "I'm waiting for Mama, here."

"Did she say she would come?"

She nodded. "She's putting on that old bathing suit that you don't like but I think is nice. She looked nicer in it than—than anyone I ever saw." She avoided looking at Carlotta.

He sat very still. His daughter was really rubbing it in. She didn't have to feel that much loyalty; she was only born to Elizabeth, but he'd *chosen* Elizabeth, because he loved her for what she was. He had been amused but touched by her bluestockingism, her primness, her decorum; he'd been proud of her being a professor, as young and pretty as she was, proud of her interests and her energy, and proud of her daughter. Because how wrong could her methods be when they called forth such loyalty?

"Here she comes," Katy said. She added almost fiercely, "Isn't she beautiful?"

FUNNY thing, she was. She brought something with her that didn't suit this brilliant, gaudy place; she brought Vineyard Haven and gray houses and a windswept beach and she brought tea dances at college and snow and furs and fireplaces. The awful bathing suit she wore was sprigged with little white flowers and had a modest bow tied over the bosom, but it couldn't hide the facts. She was slim and tall and fair and had nice legs, and except for slightly pink eyelids, she was very pretty. Maybe she didn't quite suit Mexico, but vacations weren't the whole year, either.

He heard Katy saying to Carlotta, "My mother can't dive because she's not used to pools. But she knows how to swim in the ocean."

And don't let us put too low a premium on that, Sam added silently, going to meet Elizabeth. ▲▲▲

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# I, THE PRIVATE EYE

### A veteran confidential op *Spillanes* the beans about his profession. He had to read the adventures of fictional detectives to learn what a dull life he has been leading

I DON'T go in for detective stories. You see, I'm a private detective myself. I'm not one of those guys with their offices in their hats. I've got five salaried operatives and a two-room suite at 1834 Broadway in New York City; $5,000 worth of photographing, wire-tapping and recording equipment; clients whose names would surprise you. A good little business, and the ulcers that go with it. When I get home to our two-family house in the Bronx, I'm ready to criticize my wife's cooking, play with my baby grandson, and maybe yarn about my work for the benefit of my teen-age daughter's boy friends. I don't have to go to books or TV dramas for excitement. As a matter of fact, I used to think I'd seen everything.

That was before my son-in-law, Arthur, got me to read one of his paperbacked books with a half-dressed corpse on the cover. Now I realize for the first time that I've been leading a dull life. Boy!

The book is about an investigator who for some reason calls himself a "shamus." He packs a jittery rod, a fast-cracking blonde secretary and plenty of action. In the course of a single day, he turns down three paying clients, murders a murderer, kidnaps a material witness to a murder, rapes a brunette he's "roping" for information, saves a jewel smuggler from the police, spurns a job investigating rackets for the city, conks the wrong man on the head and gets his jaw broken.

Well! I'm secretary and chairman of the public relations committee of the Associated Licensed Detectives of New York State, Inc. If the public thinks we private detectives are like this shamus, I'd better straighten it out right now. I've spent 20 years in this business, but I can't begin to measure up to the boy in the book.

I do not solve murders, least of all on my own time. I have investigated some suspicious deaths, but my client nearly always was an insurance company primarily interested in *whether* a murder was committed, not who did it. The insurance men were concerned with their policy, and I was concerned with my fee.

I do not commit murders, on or off duty. I've committed some excusable "crimes" in the course of my employment—wire tapping, illegal entry, "borrowing" documents, disturbing the peace—but I'm careful not to injure an innocent party who could legitimately haul me into court. One mistake and I'd be out of business. My bonding company might be out $10,000.

I once "kidnaped" two children from their mother. Remember the Bostock case a couple of years ago? We had a 13-state alarm out for us, but we got them off in a chartered plane from a little airport in Flushing, Long Island, which the police had forgotten to check. I reported to the authorities as soon as my female op phoned from Canada.

It was all legal because my client was the children's father and there had been no separation proceeding depriving him of custody. The police were a bit put out with me, though, for not letting them in on the deal. They had mobilized half their force to pursue a "kidnaping" which was not legally a kidnaping. But I felt sorry for the mother and sorrier for the kids. And I refused to do anything to scare the youngsters. My girl cultivated them and their nurse in the park so well that the actual nabbing came off without a whimper.

#### Love Fixed Phony Injury

Although I've cultivated some ladies interesting to my clients, I've never done any "roping" I couldn't report to my wife. Romance helped us out just once. One of my operatives fell in love with a subject who had made a phony claim for injuries to her back allegedly suffered when she tripped over a torn hotel carpet. My boy didn't make love to her to get her to confess. He married her. He's no longer with us because he and she are running their own detective agency now.

As for jewel smugglers I've had a lot of firsthand experience with these gentry. Back in 1948, a man named Allen Licht claimed he had lost $200,000 worth of diamonds he was supposed to deliver to a New York

ALFRED GESCHEIDT

### By IRVING SHUMBORD
### with CAROLINE BIRD

merchant. When he didn't show up on schedule, the merchant retained me to locate him. We found Licht all right—just as he was stepping on a plane to get out of the country. He claimed he had secreted the stones in a rectal suppository to evade customs and lost them en route. We suspected he had stolen them. Customs authorities took over my leads and eventually recovered those gems, plus an additional $200,000 worth that had been cached over in New Jersey.

And in 1946, I was custodian of the $8,000 reward which the Lloyd's insurance people put up for information leading to the recovery of the more than $80,000 worth of jewels stolen from the Duchess of Windsor in England. Lloyd's figured the thief had brought the gems to this country, and that's why I was commissioned to hold the money.

The jewels were never recovered. I believe they had been broken up and disposed of in diamond centers here and abroad.

Both cases were serious business. Nobody involved in them talked about "hot rocks."

I do not save criminals from the police. I once lived in the Brownsville area of Brooklyn, where I knew some of the Murder, Inc., crowd. Through them I was able to get information on criminals known to the gang but not part of it. I used this information in my own investigations and turned some over to the police. Any dealings I've had with them have been to my benefit, not theirs. A crook did hire me once, but I turned the goods on him in to his firm. He'd embezzled money from his partner and then hired me on behalf of the partnership to throw suspicion off himself. And was he surprised when we found him out!

Unlike the detective-story boys, I have never spurned an assignment from the city government. I'm proud to say my agency was retained to track down fraudulent claims in the workmen's compensation division the city of New York maintains for its own employees. Apparently they felt that we were better fitted for this special assignment than investigators on the municipal payroll.

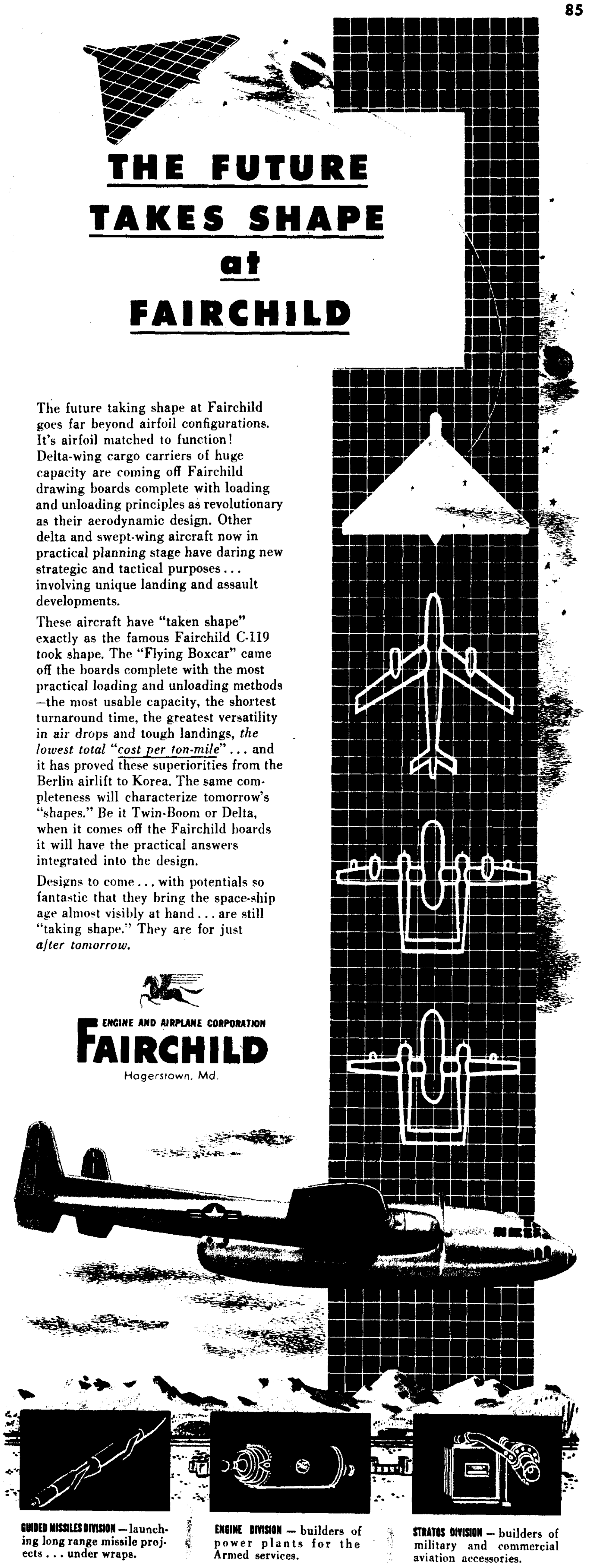
### Op Mistaken for Burglar

I've never given or received a conk on the head, although I have received more than my share of threatening phone calls. These calls don't bother me because we have found that people who threaten seldom make good. Nearest I can come to the conking that goes on in television scripts is the time one of my ops was planting a microphone in a cellar we thought pilferers were using as a rendezvous. A tenant who thought he was a burglar knocked him out and called the police. My op wouldn't talk for fear of blowing the case, but I got him released.

I do wire tapping, but it's always with the authorization of the telephone subscriber. I recently tapped the office phone of a sales manager of a large electrical-appliance concern which had been suffering from pilferage and an inexplicable loss of sales.

Recordings of the subject's telephone conversations disclosed that he was building up a competing business on his employer's time and at his employer's expense. A considerable amount of the pilfered property was recovered later at the subject's secret place of business. Just for good measure, our subject turned out to be a love thief as well. We intercepted conversations with a lady who on subsequent investigation turned out

**Two corpses. A choice of murder weapons. Scads of dough. A puzzled policeman. Only private eye Irving Shumbord has command of situation. But it just never happens this way**



THE FUTURE TAKES SHAPE at FAIRCHILD

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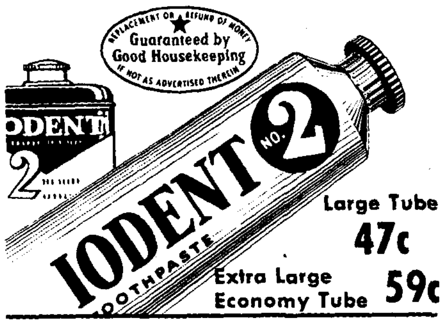

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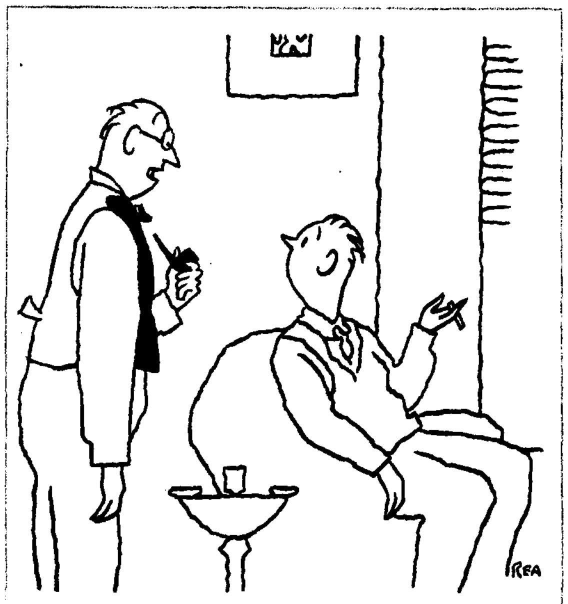
the wife of the head of the firm who had employed us.

I often have to "borrow" documents to get the information I need for a job. Borrowing isn't too hard in most cases. Busy offices, hotels, even private homes are accessible to ops disguised as messengers, delivery boys and waiters. It doesn't take too much skill to make off with an important paper and return it sometime later. Nowadays, too, a lot of borrowing is done with a miniature camera strapped to the op's wrist. He gets his photo and that's all there is to it.

### When a "Rod" Proved Useful

I do "pack a rod," as the writers say. Though many private detectives don't carry guns, I like to be prepared for anything. "Anything" has included two recent occasions on which I helped our undermanned and underpaid police force fight the current upswing in crime. Because I was armed, I was able to help frisk seven ugly characters a cop was covering singlehanded when I passed by. Another time, I fired a shot over the heads of a gang of teen-age hoodlums who had broken into a small store near our home, nabbed them and held them until the police arrived. I'm a citizen, and it was my neighborhood. Incidentally, a neighborhood boys' club I helped organize meets in the basement of my home.



"I don't quite know how to go about asking you this, Son—but may I have the car tonight?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

That's my record. I realize I don't add up to a shamus, but you have to remember that I'm a businessman, not a hero. I'm hired by people who think they're being done out of money or have other worries. They come to me because they don't have enough evidence for the police or because they think the publicity on foul play is bad for business. It's not entirely the fault of the police that so many criminals in this country are never apprehended: those who are injured by the crime often prefer to keep it quiet, particularly if it's an inside job. I make most of my living investigating phonies who make fraudulent claims against insurance companies and employees who are stealing from their employers.

Some of our language is, of course, taken straight from the colorful police and criminal slang which the writers have picked up, too. We refer to receivers of stolen goods as "fences." And we try to be as familiar as possible with the special slang of the criminal element we occasionally have to cultivate.

In reporting to our clients, however, we speak of "cultivating" rather than "roping"; "surveillance" rather than "tailing" or "shadowing"; and the person under investigation is always called the "subject." But we aren't immune to the inroads of Mickey Spillane and fiction writers on our speech. Among ourselves, a subject can become a "monkey," a "mope" or a "bum"; a good-looking girl is often a "chick." A subject who seems suspicious is "hot," and one who eludes us successfully often becomes a "cutie."

If you want to know what my work is really like, here's a typical day.

I leave home about eight in the morning and drive my daughter Lois to high school. The car is black because I use it for tailing and a black car is less conspicuous. After I drop her, I chat over the two-way car radio with an op on an insurance case in Queens. Our subject out there has been collecting payments for an allegedly disabled leg. We know his leg is all right because we saw him playing sand-lot baseball one Sunday, but the company needs movies to clinch the case in court. That's why my op has taken a car and motion-picture equipment. Neither one of us thinks he'll have much luck catching the subject without his crutch on Monday morning.

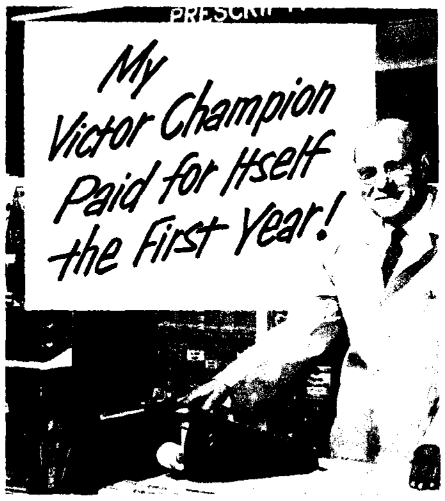
I get into the office a little after nine o'clock. It's a two-room suite in a middle-aged building. My ops do not need desk room. They work from home and send their reports in by mail. My secretary greets me: "Good morning, Mr. Shumbord." She does not call me by my first name. She is not and has never wished to be a fast-cracking blonde. She is opening the mail when I arrive.

Most of it is routine. The Photostat bill for copying the documents we borrow. A pistol permit renewal for one of my ops. A legal article for the Spotlight, a mimeographed bulletin I edit every month for the private-detective association. A big square business card announcing a change of address from a detective in Vienna who is a member of the Federation of British Detectives.

### Over Far-Flung Crime Trails

This organization is an international roster of private detectives all over the world. If a trail leads to Bangkok, I can phone the correspondent out there to carry on for me. I enjoy giving to charities, so there are solicitations from the Police Athletic League and other worthy causes.

My club bill reminds me how much I spend buying lunches for employees of government agencies and others who can save us time. A friendly clerk in a record office can check a birth, marriage or death record, look up the registration of a voter, a driver's license, or the papers filed with the court in a lawsuit. Friendly businessmen provide references when my men need to get a job in a particular shop, or pass themselves off for what they aren't, while cultivating a subject. Finance companies and banks are in a good position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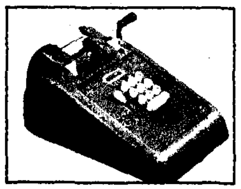

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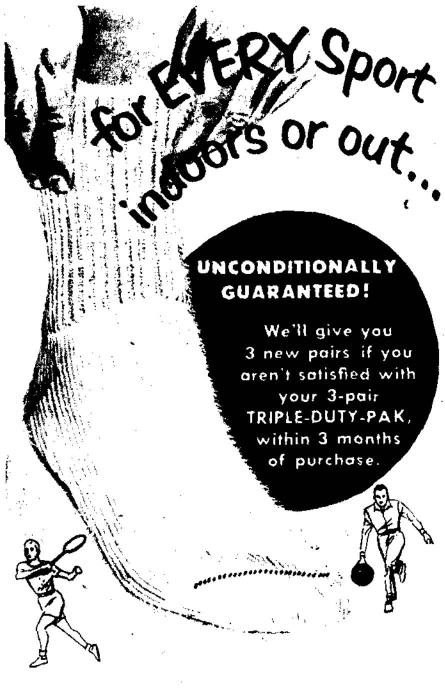
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to get payroll information from employers, and many of them know us because we've helped them locate people who've skipped out on their obligations. Contacts are one of my stocks in trade. Last year, tax-deductible Christmas presents ran well into four figures.

Then there are the daily reports from operatives, which my secretary has typed up for me. Daily reports are usually dull reading. "Picked up subject leaving his office at 5:03, followed him to Saks Fifth Avenue, where he purchased three pair men's socks size 12." Reports never mention names. This practice insures security in case the reports fall into the wrong hands. If there is more than one subject, it's Subject A and Subject B, according to a prearranged code. Sometimes we use numbers or even the names of animals to designate specific subjects in reports.

### Sizing Up "Mrs. Brady"

The phone stops me while I'm checking an unfamiliar name against the 10,000-card index where we record all the clients, subjects and sources we've encountered in 20 years of investigation. My secretary announces a "Mrs. Brady" who won't state her business. "Mrs. Brady" isn't fooling me. Before saying hello, I know that she wants me to check on her husband and that her name is possibly O'Connor. People often take a false name on their first approach to a private detective, but it's usually a name that sounds like their own or suggests their own national origin.

Funny thing about jealous wives. By the time they come to us they've usually done so much amateur spying they've bungled the case beyond hope, yet they want us to investigate. Most of them don't really want to learn the truth about their husbands anyway. They're just mad.

I'm tempted to tell "Mrs. Brady" that I ordinarily don't handle matrimonial matters, *but I make an appointment* to see her next week in the hope she'll not show.

If she comes, I'll probably try to talk myself out of a job. I've prevented more than one divorce by persuading suspicious wives to concentrate on the evenings their husbands spend at home instead of their evenings out. Maybe it's the social worker coming out in me (during the depression I worked as an investigator for the New York City Department of Welfare), but I don't particularly like domestic cases. They're nasty. I once had a man ask me to put a tail on his married sweetheart. He wanted us to check up on her while he was out of town.

Besides, divorce work leads to raids in the state of New York, where adultery is the only ground, and raids are risky. If you don't find evidence of illicit love on the other side of the door, you might have a suit for defamation of character on your hands. I know of one raid on which the neighbors sued the raiding detective for disturbing their rest. Even when you've got the goods—photographs and all—defense attorneys shout "frame-up" in court, or try to prove that you're a Peeping Tom. The worst of it is that you feel like a Peeping Tom.

Another reason I don't like matrimonial cases is that most squabbling couples can't really afford to spy on each other. It costs $100 a day—three shifts of shadows plus car and bar expenses if the subject is pleasure-bent—to follow a reasonably active man. You can watch him for weeks without turning up anything more sinister than a game of poker or a visit to his mother he hasn't reported to the home front. And you never know when you're going to be spotted. You'd be surprised how many wives get mad and tell their husbands all about us—and then expect us to continue the surveillance. Sometimes they make up and the husband refuses to pay our fee. On matrimonial cases, I prefer payment in advance.

### Crackpot Refused to Pay Bill

Mrs. Brady's call reminds me to write another dunning letter to a crackpot who owes us for 10 days' surveillance. He claimed that a neighbor was spying on him, but we found it was *all in his mind.* Instead of being relieved, he said we were no good and refused to pay.

People with hallucinations stick to them like grim death. A psychiatrist once called me in to check on a woman patient who had convinced him that men might really be annoying her on the street. I introduced her to our ops

ALFRED GESCHEIDT

**Author Shumbord usually is in his office about nine. His secretary, Edythe Gould, "is not and doesn't want to be a fast-cracking blonde"**

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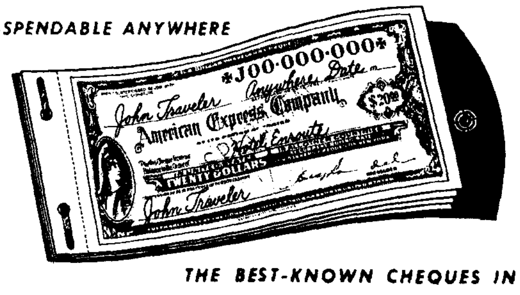
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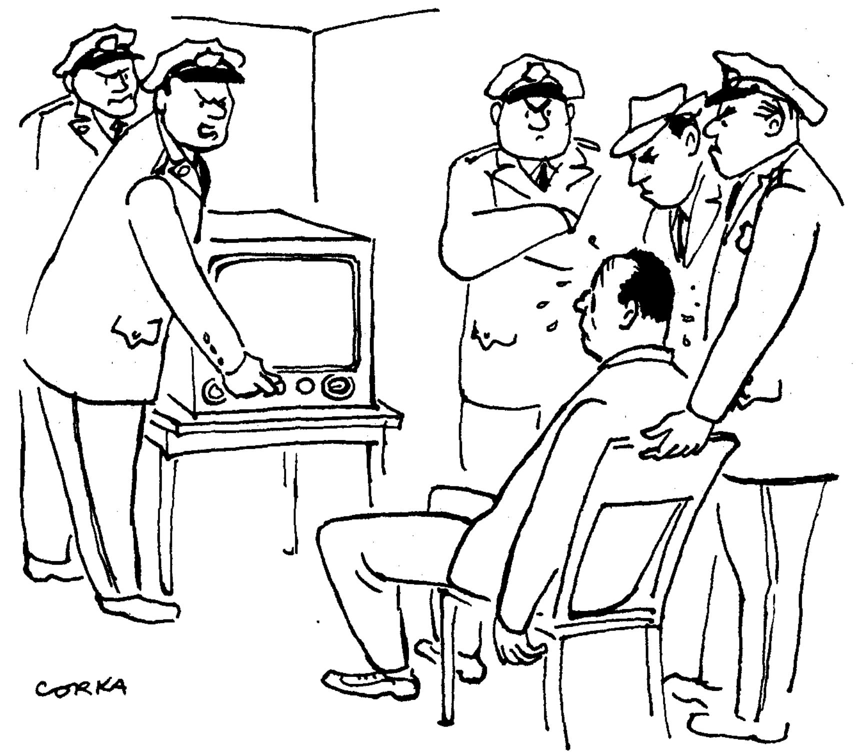


COLLIER'S "Wanta start talking, or do we turn on another old movie?" CORKA

and they followed her around for three days. No men, insulting or otherwise, paid the slightest attention to her. She was a type most men wouldn't bother looking at twice. The fourth day, I had an operative she didn't know jump out of a dark hallway and thumb his nose at her. The others closed in and hustled him around a corner. She figured we'd caught the man who was annoying her, and, of course, he never annoyed her again. She not only paid her bill, but she keeps writing to tell me how much I've done for her. She says she doesn't need the psychiatrist any more.

### Phone Report on a "Subject"

The phone again. This time it's my op in Queens. "Subject sitting on front porch and getting interested in my car." He's talking fast because he can't see his subject from the corner drugstore, where he is having a fast cup of coffee and making his phone call.

If he were green, I'd assume he was "tail-shy." New ops are so self-conscious that they often jump to the conclusion the subject is onto them. But this man is a seasoned op who's probably just bored and wants me to send out some relief. I don't have anyone around to send.

"Give him a loose tail," I advise. "When school's out, maybe you can persuade a kid to get him into another ball game."

"Not a chance," my op says. "They've had a sex criminal around here and the kids have been warned not to talk to strangers."

A crime wave always interferes with our work. Building supers won't talk. Subjects expect to be followed. I figure I'd better get my op squared right away.

"What's your precinct number? Anyone we know at the station house? Well, never mind. I'll think of something." A few phone calls pass the word to the cop on the beat that the loiterer is from a licensed private-detective agency.

My secretary introduces the nephew of a client who wants to get into private-detective work. He's one of those wide-eyed youngsters who's willing to give up a job with a future for the thrill of sticking his nose into other people's business.

"I can't hire you," I tell him frankly. "But I can give you a piece of valuable free advice. Stay out of this racket. It's no fun."

He thinks I'm stalling, of course, so I try to explain the business from a vocational point of view. A good operative should have held some kind of nondetective job, preferably several. And although there are schools for this sort of work, you won't find many operatives who've been to one. A man really has to learn it on his own, and the broader his background, the better his judgment. I've had some ex-cops, but most cops don't have the tact for it. Young journalism students or taxi drivers make fair prospects. They're onto the angles, and the journalism students at least write good reports. In order to work as an op, you have to have a clean record with the police. I personally prefer married men with children. They're more stable.

### Qualifications of a Good Op

An op should be a young man or woman of good appearance, but with no outstanding features which would cause him to be noticed in a crowd. He must be patient, levelheaded, persevering, and above all able to stay awake for hours on end while doing nothing. I'm no good at surveillance myself. Too nervous. And for an ambitious op, a law background is a big help. It was law-clerking that got me into this business in the first place.

There are about 5,000 licensed private-detective agencies in the country, most of them one- or two-man shows which specialize in matrimonial matters, and nobody knows how many unlicensed snoopers who are not above an occasional odd job of business or personal spying for pay. The steadiest and cleanest work comes from business corporations, large law firms, insurance companies and retail merchants.

A few very large detective agencies take in millions of dollars in fees and retainers a year. If he's lucky, an ordinary licensee with a few operatives on his payroll may take home $20,000 a year, but it is alarmingly easy for him to have nothing at all to report in the way of income. There are some fly-by-night licensed agencies, too, which will take on anything and everything for a fee, regardless of their ability. The turnover is high.

### About Pay and Working Hours

In my agency, I employ operatives on a steady salary. All of them make $75 a week or more for a 40-hour week, but the hours are irregular. Week ends are often the best time for observing subjects or cultivating their acquaintance. When it's necessary for an operative to take a job to survey conditions inside a shop, I let him keep the pay. Some detective agencies demand a kick-back.

When I'm busy, I sometimes hire free lances. Free lances make $12 a day and expenses—when they work. Usually, they're housewives who want to pick up some extra change. Unemployed actors and college boys drift into free lancing, too, and there is a steady flow of professional free-lance operatives in town. I prefer not to use free lances because they aren't as reliable generally as my salaried people. If they're hard up, they may be tempted to sell their information to the other side when the case is petering out for them. In this business, you get so you don't trust people.

My lecture to the boy doesn't seem to be getting anywhere. Luckily for me—the kid's uncle is a good contact—a call from my crack female operative cuts short the interview.

"Okay. Tony's pizza restaurant on Tenth Avenue, 12:10," I tell her. "Good girl."

The kid's eyes bulge as I grab my hat and coat and make my excuses. My gal has caught up with a receiver of stolen goods she's been cultivating for six weeks and there's apt to be fireworks.

Our client on this case is a costume-jewelry manufacturer who employs 20 women. Six months ago he began missing high-quality zircons, the white stones that look like diamonds. We put this female op right in his shop working at a bench. She kept her eyes and ears open, but the zircons kept walking out. One day a girl worker dropped a half-empty pack of cigarettes on the washroom floor. Our op noticed it was loaded with loose zircons. She cultivated the suspect and eventually the suspect's boy friend.

Pretty soon the boy friend asked our girl to collect expensive zircons, too, but she refused. Instead, she told him about a friend who might buy the stuff he already had on hand. He was wary, but this morning he asked our op to arrange a meeting with the "friend" on her lunch hour. Naturally, I'm the "friend."

I get to Tony's ahead of my gal and her crook. He's a real beaut. When I see them walking in together I decide the girl deserves a raise. She introduces him to me, but I don't say a word. I just flash the metal badge the state of New York has issued me to prove that I am a licensed private detective. If you're guilty—and we never play games unless we're sure our party is guilty—you'll take any badge for a police badge. I don't correct his error. For a moment, he's literally struck dumb.

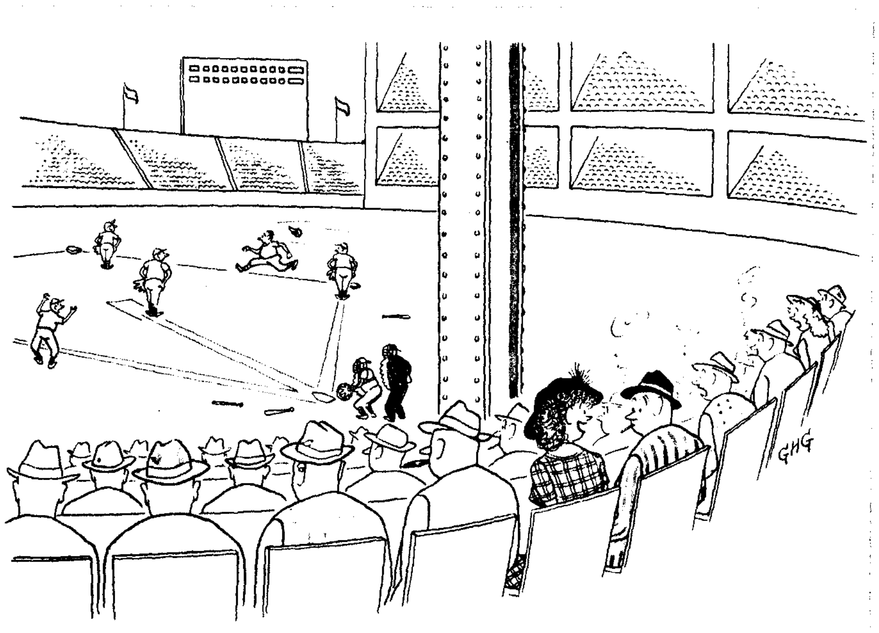
"What's this—a frame?" he finally shouts. When they shout, you have to shout back louder than they do.

"Stop putting on an act or we'll put *you* in a frame," I tell him. Heads turn, but, like most crooks, he comes quietly.

### Client Feared Bad Publicity

We march him to his furnished room, and there we find all the missing zircons except a few he'd given to girls. He hasn't dared to sell one. We gather them and him together and close the case at the jewelry factory. Our client fires the zircon-packing girl and decides not to bring charges against either of them. He figures that it would be bad publicity.

By five o'clock, I'm ready to quit. I'll be eating dinner at home, which will make it a good day for my long-suffering wife. I'll have stories to tell the family tonight, but they wouldn't interest the detective fans. No corpse, no strip act, no rape, no conking, no policemen outwitted. Just the daily round of petty cheats, pilferers and crackpots. They're not so grand or so glamorous as the crooks in the books or on TV, but there are enough of them around so that I can make a living. ▲▲▲



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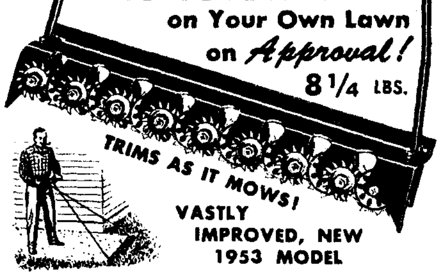
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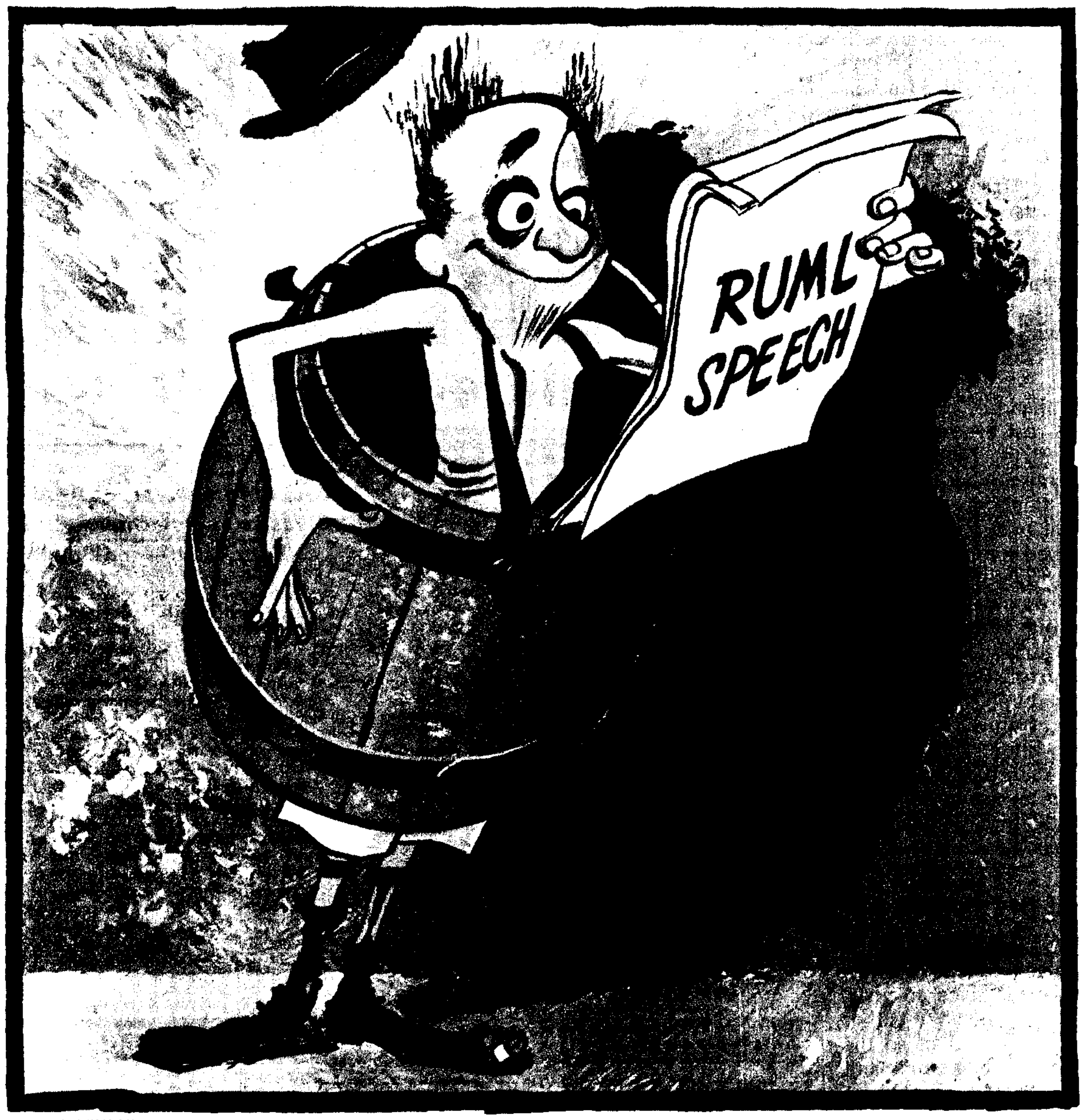

HARRY DEVLIN

# Out of the Barrel at Last?

REDUCED TAXES and a balanced budget may not be the world's sprightliest subjects for editorial comment, but they are dear to the heart and wallet of practically every American. So we are going to pass along to you some of Beardsley Ruml's thoughts on these topics, as he set them forth in a speech in Los Angeles a few weeks ago.

Mr. Ruml, for our money, has one of the freshest and most imaginative financial minds in the country, and when he speaks up we are inclined to listen. And we think his recent proposals deserve a wider audience than they had originally. We think especially that they merit the attention of official Washington, which can do something about them.

By way of solving some problems, Mr. Ruml started off by asking himself and his audience a couple of questions: What is the budget, and what do we mean by balance? He then revealed a fact which may be news to a lot of us. There are two official federal budgets—the administrative budget and the cash consolidated budget. The first one is the basis of the Treasury's daily reports, but it doesn't include all government receipts and expenditures, and those it does include are not always stated on a cash basis. So it doesn't answer very accurately the question: What do we mean by balance?

The second one, a complete, dollars-and-cents statement, is used only once a year, when the annual federal budget is drawn up. Mr. Ruml simply proposes that this second budget be used by the Treasury as the basis for current financial reporting. "The administrative budget," he says, "is no guide to the inflationary or deflationary consequences of federal fiscal operations, nor does it give us any clue as to the amount of the cash deficit, or as to the size of the national debt."

That's a surprising statement, but we're quite sure that Mr. Ruml knows what he's talking about. And when you couple that quotation with former Defense Secretary Lovett's recent statement that the Army's accounting system is set up today "as it has existed since shortly after the days of George Washington," you begin to suspect that a general overhaul of government bookkeeping is considerably overdue.

With the new cash-budgeting system adopted, Mr. Ruml would then like to see further changes made in the interest of more businesslike operation. He would not list as budget expenditures some actual or potential assets of the government. Two examples which he cites are FNMA mortgages, which yield 4 per cent interest, and the stockpiling of strategic materials which, says Mr. Ruml, "are certainly an asset in our national inventory account."

If this were done, Mr. Ruml thinks that the cash-consolidated budget would provide a precise and comprehensive guide to a close scrutiny of government spending. He would like to see every budget item tested for efficiency of administration, and for the economy and wisdom of present and projected programs. Only then, he believes, could the government see the full possibility of tax cuts.

The rearrangement would not be hard to bring about. The Ruml-proposed budget system already exists, on a once-a-year basis. The Treasury would only have to put it into operation on a regular basis. If the system can provide the government with a better way to see what it's doing and where it's going—and we think it can—then the system should be adopted. And we'd like to see the administration adopt it before the start of the new fiscal year in July. Here is another good chance to put into action that successful slogan, "It's time for a change."

## Well, $10,000 Isn't Bad

MORE THAN 16,000 Collier's readers have written to Joseph Kolodny since his article, Would You Like a Job Paying $10,000 a Year?, appeared in our March 28th issue. If you are among those thousands of correspondents, we hope that you will be patient and understanding about the reply. Mr. Kolodny, as you can well imagine, is swamped with mail, and it will be some time before he can even acknowledge the receipt of all those letters. But he plans as soon as possible to provide information to all his Collier's correspondents in more detail about the opportunities and problems of running a "modern general store."

If you are not one of those 16,000 letter-writing readers, you may be interested, as we were, in this response to a single article. In spite of all the talk about the welfare state and the drift toward Socialism and so on, we think this flood of mail is evidence that there still is a deep desire in the hearts of a lot of Americans to operate their own modest business and be their own boss—and that they still don't mind working long, hard hours to make that desire a reality. We've concluded that small business isn't dying and individual initiative isn't dead, and we find the whole thing right encouraging.

## Salute to Quiet Heroes

BEHIND THE CALM, understated account by Lieutenant Commander Faucett of his 60 days in a sealed submarine, which appears in this issue, there lies a story of peacetime heroism which at least approaches the magnificent heroism of Walter Reed's volunteers in the fight against yellow fever in 1900. There were no fatalities among Commander Faucett's volunteers, as there were among Major Reed's. But the illness, discomfort, monotony and irritation of two cooped-up months are obviously beyond the imagination of anyone who did not experience them.

We gratefully salute Commander Faucett and his men, who served a 60-day sentence of carbon dioxide, hypodermic needles and claustrophobia without temperament or tantrums. We are sure their services will prove of great value in the coming era of atom-powered submarines, just as will the services of others like them who, in the future, will have to continue testing the ability of human endurance to survive the advancing and ever more complex scientific achievements of human ingenuity.

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